

LONDON: WARD AND LOCK, 158, FLEET STREET

All rights of reproduction and translation are reserved.



TOURISTS AND TRAVELLERS,

Visitors to the Seaside, and others exposed to the summer sun and dust, will find the application of **ROWLANDS' KALYDOR** both cooling and refreshing to the face and skin. It allays all heat and irritability of the skin, eradicates eruptions, freckles, tan, and discoloration, and produces a healthy purity and delicacy of complexion. Price 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle.

The heat of summer also frequently communicates a dryness to the hair, and a tendency to fall off, which may be completely obviated by the use of

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL,

An Invigorator and BEAUTIFIER of the HAIR beyond all precedent.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO, OR PEARL DENTIFRICE, bestows on the Teeth a Pearl-like whiteness, frees them from Tartar, and imparts to the Gums a healthy firmness, and to the Breath a pleasing fragrance. Price 2s. 9d per box. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers.

•• ASK FOR "ROWLANDS'" ARTICLES.

THE BEST CORN FLOUR IS MAIZENA.



THE Jury of Class 3, Sec. A, finding it so far superior to all others, reported it exceedingly excellent, and awarded to it the only Prize Medal for Corn Flours. The *Lancet* says, "Maizena differs from all other Corn Flours in its mode of preparation. It is very pure, analogous to Arrowroot in its dietetic properties, but superior to it in Flavour." For Recipes see Packets (1 lb., 8d., $\frac{1}{2}$ lb., 4d.) obtained of all first-class grocers.

N.B.—"The famous Puddings, Blanc Manges, Custards, &c., of the International Exhibition, were all made from Maizena. It is only from Maizena that these delicious luxuries can be made to perfection."—*Standard*.

RIMMEL'S PERFUME FOUNTAIN,

As used in the Princess of Wales' Bridal Boudoir. An elegant adjunct to the Drawing-room, Ball-room, Dinner-table, &c. Price from £1 10s.

Lent on Hire for Bazaars and Parties.

RIMMEL'S VIOLET-WATER FOR THE TOILET.

In elegant Parian Bottles, 3s. 6d.

RIMMEL'S TOILET VINEGAR,

Of world-wide celebrity. 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s.

THE GASSOLETTE FAN,

Deliciously perfumed, combining a Fan with a Smelling-Bottle, from 3s. 6d. A Specimen sent by post for 52 stamps.

RIMMEL'S PELLUCID GLYCERINE SOAP,

Warranted to contain 30 per cent. of Glycerine. The best Soap ever produced for the Skin. 1s.; extra scented, 2s.

THE ALEXANDRA CREAM,

A transparent Pomade, for fixing the Hair and making it glossy without greasing it. Price 1s. 6d.

RIMMEL, Perfumer by Appointment to H. R. H. the Princess of Wales, 96, Strand, and 24, Cornhill, London; and 17, Boulevard des Italiens, Paris.

VINTAGE WINE COMPANY,

IMPORTERS OF SPANISH AND OTHER WINES.

The Vintage
Xeres
Comida
SHERRY,
18s.
Per Doz.

The
Vintage
CLARET,
13s.
Per Doz.



The
Vintage
**CHAM-
PAGNE,**
27s.
Per Doz.

The Vintage
PORT,
20s.
Per Doz.

14, BLOOMSBURY STREET, LONDON.

(FOUR DOORS SOUTH OF NEW OXFORD STREET.)

THE SIXPENNY MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER 1, 1863.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
I.—THE SMUGGLER CHIEF. BY GUSTAVE AIMARD	109
CHAPTER X.—INSIDE THE TENT.	
CHAPTER XI.—THE SONS OF THE TORTOISE.	
CHAPTER XII.—A HUMAN SACRIFICE.	
CHAPTER XIII.—THE BALASS RUBY.	
CHAPTER XIV.—THE RUPTURE.	
II.—ONE FIT OF JEALOUSY.....	129
III.—FORTY-EIGHT HOURS IN A MAD-HOUSE	132
IV.—SOMNAMBULISM	138
V.—EVENING.....	142
VI.—LADY LORME.....	143
CHAPTER IX.—A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.	
CHAPTER X.—IN WHICH SIR ROBERT GETS INTO COLD WATER, AND MY LADY INTO HOT.	
VII.—THE BURDEN.....	151
VIII.—PARLOUR OCCUPATIONS. WITH SEVENTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS	158
PAPIER-PLASTIQUE, OR PAPER MODELLING.	
IX.—OLD BEN	165
X.—WHAT SHALL I DO?	170
XI.—HANS HEILING'S ROCK	172
XII.—IDEAL AND REAL	177
XIII.—OLD AGE	179
XIV.—THE GOLDSMITH OF MANNHEIM	180
XV.—COME UP HIGHER	186
XVI.—THE MISERIES OF YOUTH	189
XVII.—THE COUNTRY	192
XVIII.—SACKVILLE CHASE	198
CHAPTER XVIII.—THE EARL OF SACKVILLE IN LONDON ON HIS WAY TO NEW- MARKET. A TRIAL ON THE HEATH, IN WHICH THE COLT WITHOUT A NAME FIGURES, BUT NOT GLORIOUSLY.	
CHAPTER XIX.—A NIGHT AT NEWMARKET.—AGONY JACK'S STORY.	
CHAPTER XX.—MDLLE. D'ARLINCOURT AT HOME.	
CHAPTER XXI.—DENZIL RAIKES BECOMES ACQUAINTED WITH MR. SHERATON.	
CHAPTER XXII.—JONAS NIXON UNBENDS, AND RELATES A STORY.	



. Subscribers are informed that elegantly designed Cloth Cases, for binding Volumes I., II., III., and IV., price One Shilling each, are now ready. Any bookbinder can insert in these cases the Five Numbers that form each Volume.

CONSUMPTION IN ALL ITS STAGES,
COUGHS, WHOOPING-COUGH, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, FEVER, AGUE, DIPHTHERIA, HYS-
TERIA, RHEUMATISM, DIARRHŒA, SPASMS, and COLIC, are immediately relieved by a dose of

TRADE



MARK.

CHLORODYNE is a liquid taken in drops, according to age. It invariably relieves pain, of whatever kind; creates a calm, refreshing sleep; allays irritation of the nervous system, when all other remedies fail; leaving no bad effects, like opium or laudanum, and can be taken when none other can be tolerated.

Among invalids, it allays the pain of neuralgia, rheumatism, gout, &c.; it soothes the weary aching of consumption, relieves the soreness of the chest, cough, and expectoration, and cures all chest affections, such as asthma, bronchitis, palpitation, &c.; it checks diarrhœa, alvine discharges, or spasms and colics of the intestines, &c.

EXTRACTS OF MEDICAL OPINIONS.

From W. VESSALIUS PETTIGREW, M.D.—"I have no hesitation in stating that I have never met with any medicine so efficacious as an Anti-spasmodic and Sedative. I have used it in Consumption, Asthma, Diarrhœa, and other diseases, and am most perfectly satisfied with the results."

From Dr. M'MILLMAN, of New Galloway, Scotland.—"I consider it the most valuable medicine known."

J. C. BAKER, Esq., M.D., of Bideford.—"It is without doubt the most certain and valuable Anodyne we have."

From A. MONTGOMERY, Esq., late Inspector of Hospitals, Bombay.—"Chlorodyne is a most valuable remedy in Neuralgia, Asthma, and Dysentery; to it I fairly owe my restoration to health, after eighteen months' severe suffering, and when all other medicines had failed."

CAUTION.—Beware of spurious imitations or substitutes. Each bottle of the genuine bears a Government Stamp, with the words "DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE" engraved thereon in white letters.

Sold only in Bottles, at 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d., by the sole Agent and Manufacturer,

J. T. DAVENPORT,

33, GREAT RUSSELL STREET, BLOOMSBURY SQUARE, LONDON,

With Professional Testimonials enclosed.

FOR MODELS OF ELEGANCE,

THOMSON'S



CRINOLINES.

COMFORT IN WEAR,

THOMSON'S P. M. CRINOLINES.

FOR DURABILITY AND FLEXIBILITY,

THOMSON'S P. M. CRINOLINES.

BUY ONLY

THOMSON'S PRIZE MEDAL CRINOLINES.

THEIR TRADE MARK IS A



ALL GOOD DRAPERS KEEP THEM.

CAUTION, Crinolines stamped "THOMPSON," "THOMSEN'S PATENT," or "W. S. & C. H. THOMSON," are thus stamped to secure sale for inferior goods.

Our Crinolines are never stamped thus, but always with our Trade Mark of a CROWN.

THE SMUGGLER CHIEF.

By GUSTAVE AIMARD, Author of "Prairie Flower," &c.

CHAPTER X.

INSIDE THE TENT.

WHEN the alarm was given by the sentry, Diego, usually so prompt to go and meet danger, rose cautiously, and without making a single gesture which could reveal any anxiety, stood leaning on his rifle with a smile on his lips. So soon as the Spaniards had disappeared in the tent, Leon turned to him with an inquiring glance, which the latter only replied to by a very careless nod.

"Did you know, then, that we should meet Don Pedro?"

"I presumed so," Diego replied, laconically.

"In truth, for some days past, brother," said Leon, "things have occurred of which you keep the secret to yourself."

"What are they?"

"In the first place, this journey which you consented to make with the Soto-Mayor family as far as Valdivia."

"What, you complain of it, and your beauty is with you?"

"Certainly not; but after all, we have nothing to do at Valdivia."

"You are right, if you are referring to our commercial trips; but as regards my personal interests," the half-breed added, his large eyes flashing in the darkness, "the case is very different."

"What do you mean?"

"That we must go there because we are expected there. However, if you wish to know more, come, and you will see that the two days I spent in Valparaiso were put to good purpose."

And leading his friend, and warning him to be silent, he cautiously passed to the other side of the tent. On reaching that point, Diego lay down on the ground, invited Leon to imitate him, and gently raising a corner of the tent, he listened to what was being said inside.

"We are doing wrong," said Leon.

"Silence," the other replied, "and listen."

The captain obeyed, and looked at the persons who were conversing, while not losing one of the words which they interchanged.

"I cannot imagine," said Don Juan, "how it is that you, whom I fancied at

Santiago, are now only a few leagues from Talca."

"It is because a good many strange things have happened since my arrival in that city."

"What are they?" asked Inez, whose curiosity was aroused.

"Speak, Don Pedro, I implore you," said Don Juan in his turn.

"I will do so, general. The Chilian government, which, as you are aware, is unable to cope with the incessant invasions of the Araucano Indians, reluctantly agreed to treat with them, and supply them annually with necessaries, such as corn, tools, and weapons which they might have need of. At various times, however, it attempted to shake off this disgraceful yoke; and the Indians, beaten and dispersed in various encounters, appeared to comprehend how ridiculous these claims were, and have refrained during the last two years from claiming the tribute and making incursions into the territory of the republic. Hence what was our astonishment when, four days ago, we saw arrive at Santiago a dozen Indian bravos in their war-paint, who marched haughtily in Indian file, and proceeded with the silence that characterizes them toward the Government Palace.

"What do you want?" the officer of the guard asked them at the moment when they passed through the gates.

"Art thou a chief?" one of the Indians replied, who appeared to exercise a certain authority over the rest.

"Yes," the officer replied, without hesitation.

"Maitai," said the Indian, "tell our great white father that his Indian sons of the Péré Mapou have held a great deliberation round the council fire, at the end of which they resolved to send him a deputation of twelve warriors, chosen from the twelve great Molucho nations, in order that the dissensions which have up to this day reigned between our great white father and his Indian sons may be eternally extinguished, and the war-hatchet buried so deeply in the earth that it can never be found again."

The officer then informed the President of the Republic of the strange

visitors who had arrived, and, as the senate was assembled, orders were at once given to introduce the Indians with all the respect due to their ambassadorial quality and the lofty mission with which they were entrusted.

"When the twelve envoys entered the Senate Hall, which was splendidly decorated and filled with officers dressed in magnificent uniforms, they did not appear at all dazzled by the sight of this unexpected pomp; they slowly advanced toward the foot of the dais on which the President of the Republic was standing to receive them, and after bowing they folded their arms on their chests and waited.

"My Indian sons are welcome," the President said, in a soft and insinuating voice.

"My father is a great chief," the Indian who had hitherto spoken replied. "Guatechu will protect him because he is good."

"The President bowed his thanks.

"What do my Indian sons desire?" he asked.

"The Ulmens," the orator resumed, "assembled in the seventh moon of this year round the council fire and asked themselves the following questions:—

"Why are not our white fathers satisfied with the possession of the lands which we left to them on the seashore?"

"Why do they refuse to pay us the tribute they consented to, as they have done up to this day?"

"Why, instead of kindly treating the Indians whom they capture, do they use them cruelly?"

"Why, lastly, do they wish to compel the sons of Bheman to renounce the faith of their fathers?"

"You can understand," Don Pedro continued, "the amazement produced in the minds of the senate by the Indian's speech, which demanded the establishment of the Chilean frontiers, the payment of the impost, and the liberation of the plundering and vagabond Indians. Only one reply was possible, a pure and simple refusal. This was given; but then the Indian, whose stoicism had not failed him for a single instant, drew, without a word, a packet from under his poncho and laid it on the dais at the President's feet. It was a bundle of arrows, whose points were dipped in blood, and which were fastened together by a cascabel's skin.

"Then, taking advantage of the gene-

ral stupor, the ambassadors withdrew, and when, a quarter of an hour later, the President ordered them to be pursued, it was too late; they appeared to have become suddenly invisible."

"Why, it is war," the old general suddenly interrupted, who had been listening with sustained attention to Don Pedro's narrative; "war with the Indians."

"Yes; a war such as they carry on, without truce or mercy, and which, incredible to relate, has already begun."

"What?" said Don Juan.

"Alas! yes; two hours after the strange disappearance of the Indians, a courier reached Santiago at full gallop, announcing that the Araucanos, more than fifty thousand in number, had crossed the Bio-Bio, and were firing and destroying all the villages up to the gates of Valdivia, while another band had arrived under the very walls of Forts Araucos and Incapel.

"On hearing this news, the President of the Republic offered me the command of the province of Valdivia, while ordering me at the same time to explore the neighbourhood of Talca. I eagerly accepted, and set out with the rank of general, following at only a few hours' interval your son Don Juan, who has received orders to defend Incapel."

"What, Don Juan!" the Senorita Soto-Mayor interrupted.

"Yes, your son, madam, or, if you prefer it, Lieutenant-Colonel Don Juan, for he, too, has received the reward due to his merit; but, now that I think of it, he must have passed in the vicinity, and I am surprised that you have not seen him, for as he was aware of your departure for Valdivia, he hoped, like myself, to meet you on the road."

"It is probable," the old gentleman remarked, "that he passed at a distance during one of your night halts; and yet we have not left the usual road."

"Oh," said Inez, "I am very sorry that my brother was unable to embrace us before proceeding to his post."

"I regret it, too, my child; but he did well in avoiding a meeting with us, if the time he might have given us could be employed in making speed. The duty of a soldier is superior to family joys. As for you, Don Pedro, though the news you have brought us is afflicting to the heart of a Chilean, I thank you for having come to inform me, and I implore you to continue your journey, while we make

sincere vows for the success of your arms."

"I thank you, general; but I can remain with you without any inconvenience. As I told you, I am marching at easy stages, in order to assure myself of the state of the roads as far as Valdivia, and if you intend to continue your journey as far as that town, I will ask your permission to join your party with my men."

"Most willingly. My plan is most assuredly to go to Valdivia, and as we are close to Talca, it would be folly to turn back."

"Pardon me, general, if I insist, but it is because I have not yet told you all you ought to know."

And Don Pedro seemed to hesitate before proceeding.

"Speak, speak," the general and his wife said in chorus; "what is it?"

"If the reports which have reached Santiago are correct, the Indians have plundered and burnt your fine haciendas between the Bio-Bio and the Valdivia."

"It is the fortune of war," Don Juan answered in a hollow voice; "and if I have only that misfortune to deplore, I shall console myself."

"It is also stated," Don Pedro continued, anxious to finish the sad story he was telling, "that your brother Don Luis has been utterly ruined by a band of Indian bravos, who suddenly attacked his estates with fire and sword, and devastated them."

General Soto-Mayor had remained motionless on hearing of the misfortune which personally affected him, but on learning that which had assailed his brother, he could not restrain the indignation which he felt against those of whom he was the victim.

"Oh, these villains! these villains!" he exclaimed, stamping his foot passionately; "will they never be weary of persecuting my unhappy family? Oh, you know not, my children, what this accursed race is, these Indians! Oh, why cannot I crush to the last of the impious cowards who have done me so much injury? Don Pedro, fight them, make them perish in the most cruel tortures, and bid my son remember that the Soto-Mayors have ever been the implacable foes of these obstinate demons; let him avenge his family, since the sword of his father is now in his hands."

The old man was suffering from an agitation impossible to describe, his face was covered with a sallow pallor, and a

nervous tremor agitated his limbs. The remembrance of all the hatreds of former days was rekindled in his heart. The ladies, terrified at the state in which he was, strove to calm him.

"Oh, you are right," Don Juan said, a moment later; "I did wrong to break out thus in empty words, for throughout the wide republic of Chili there will be no want of arms to crush my enemies under their blows, and since a Soto-Mayor is fighting, I ought rather to bless Heaven for not allowing me to die ere I had seen the triumph of my race. My brother has recovered, you say, Don Pedro; hence it is more than ever my duty to go to him and console him, and offer him one half of what is left to me. I am still rich enough to relieve one of my family."

* * * *

"Come," Diego said at this moment to Leon, making him a sign to rise; "you have heard enough."

"Oh!" the young man exclaimed, sorrowfully, "all this is frightful."

"Why so?" the half-breed said. "As the old man remarked, it is the fortune of war."

"Oh, ill-fated family!"

"To which do you allude?—to mine or that man's? Yes," he added, with a terrible accent, "unhappy is the family which, born to command millions of men, finds itself reduced to wander about without shelter or friend among its enemies. Is that what you are pitying, brother?"

"Forgive me, Diego. I swore to help your vengeance because it is just, so dispose of me."

"Good!"

"But why stoop so low as to wish to torture women?" Leon continued; "would the noble lion murder timid hares? Avenge yourself on men, face to face, chest to chest, but not on women."

"Leon, the woman who loves my brother is my sister, and she shall be happy and respected, because in exchange my brother has left me at liberty to dispose of the others. Remember that a Tahí Mari was the brother of Mikaa, and that the mistress of Don Ruiz de Soto-Mayor, was the wife of a Tahí Mari."

"Enough, brother; I remember it."

The two men had returned to the middle of the camp, and were now walking side by side; a deep silence had followed the last words of the smuggler captain. It was hardly nine in the even-

ing; the night was calm; thousands of stars glittered in the azure of the celestial vault, spreading over the peaks of the mountains which bordered the horizon a vaporous light; the moon shone brilliantly, and a light breeze made the leaves of the large palm-trees that surrounded the camp rustle.

Suddenly a shrill whistle traversed the air: Diego started, stretched out his head, and with his eyes fixed on the distance, listened attentively.

"It is a coral snake!" Leon exclaimed, as he looked round him with instinctive terror.

A few seconds passed and another whistle was heard in the same direction, but nearer.

"It is a coral snake, I tell you," Leon repeated.

"Silence!" said Diego, seizing his arm.

And taking from his lips the cigarette which he was smoking, the half-breed shook off the ash, and threw it in the air, where it described a luminous parabola; then he turned to his friend.

"Come with me," he said to him.

"Where to?"

"There," Diego replied, pointing to the wood, in front of which the camp was pitched.

"What to do?"

"You will learn."

"But they?" Leon said, hesitatingly, as he pointed to the tent in which the Soto-Mayor family was assembled.

"Be at rest."

"But really——"

"The moment has arrived, brother," Diego said, fixing his flashing eyes on the young man; "I have need of you."

"In that case I am ready."

"Thanks, brother."

And the two smugglers, forcing a passage through the trunks and bales which formed the outer wall of the camp, disappeared unseen by the sentry, and buried themselves in the tall grass.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SONS OF THE TORTOISE.

AFTER walking for about ten minutes the two smugglers stopped; then Diego, looking around him inquiringly, imitated the whistle which had served as a signal to him, with such perfection that Leon at the first moment could not refrain from

starting, although he knew it was his friend who had uttered it. Almost at the same instant an Indian in full war-paint rose before them: with his motionless body carelessly leaning on his rifle, he contemplated them silently, doubtless waiting to be addressed.

He was a man of about thirty years of age, of a height exceeding six feet, perfectly proportioned in all his limbs, and who offered the true type of Indian beauty—strength united to elegance of figure: his solidly attached and muscular limbs seemed to possess incredible elasticity and suppleness; his forehead was lofty and open; his eyes, covered by thick brows and fringed with long lashes, were black, piercing, and restless; his bent nose, and his handsomely chiselled mouth, lined with teeth of dazzling whiteness, produced an *ensemble* really stamped with grandeur, but slightly obscured by the expression of pride, disdain, and cunning which animated his countenance.

No tattooing disfigured his face, which was of a dark copper colour. His dress was extremely simple; his long black hair, drawn up and fastened on the top of his head by a thong made of a snake-skin, fell in large curls on his shoulders, while an eagle's feather placed on the side indicated his rank as chief. He was wrapped up in a poncho, and through the girdle which served to hold up the wide drawers which fell to his knees, were passed an axe, a machete, an ox-horn, which served as a powder-flask, and a bullet-bag of llama-skin. His legs were covered with boots of ox-hide, unassailable by the bites of the reptiles so dangerous in these countries, round which he wore human scalp-locks as garters. A second poncho, much wider and larger than the other, fell carelessly from his right shoulder to the ground, and was employed as a mantle. On seeing the Indian, Diego waved his hand, and said to him—

"My brother is welcome."

The Indian bowed without replying.

"What does my brother desire?"

Diego continued.

"Iskarre is growing on the holy Inapere and the hour has arrived; all the Molucho warriors are assembled; is the descendant of the great Tahí Mari ready to answer his brothers?"

"My brother will guide me," Diego replied, without any further remark.

"Matai! my brother can come, then, and he will see the great Molucho chiefs."

While uttering these words the Indian looked at Leon with marked suspicion, but whether that he did not dare question Diego about him, or expected an explanation from the latter, he resolved to show the road to the two men. The further he advanced the thicker the wood became, but the Indian marched lightly, without any hesitation, and like a man perfectly acquainted with the locality. Turning his head repeatedly to the right and left, he examined the thickets and clumps of trees, and after half an hour of this rapid and silent march he halted. They had reached the entrance of a vast clearing, in the centre of which some forty men were assembled; the Indian made the smugglers a sign not to advance, and went off with the straightness of an arrow in the direction of the Indians. A strange spectacle was then offered to Leon.

The Indians were smoking round a large fire, whose reddish glare illumined them, and a dozen huts of boughs, hastily constructed, proved that this temporary encampment was not a mere night halt. A few Indians walked up and down before these huts, while others, rifle in hand, seemed to be guarding two European prisoners, whose features the distance and scene prevented the smugglers from distinguishing, and who were lying at the foot of a tree with their limbs bound.

The Indian who had guided Diego and Leon went up to those of his brothers who seemed to be the oldest, and spoke to them with great animation. They soon rose and entered a hut, and then came out again almost immediately, addressing a few words to the men who were guarding the prisoners. The latter raised the Europeans from the ground and carried them into the hut.

"All this is inexplicable," Leon said to his companion; "what mean these comings and goings?—who are the two men being dragged away?"

And he made a movement as if to rush forward.

"Do not stir," Diego exclaimed, as he held him back: "no imprudence, for the slightest movement would ruin us; do you not know that we are surrounded by invisible watchers? Know that behind every one of the trees that surround us is hidden a man, whose eye is fixed upon us."

Leon made no reply, but continued to observe, till their Indian guide reappeared.

"My brothers will follow me," he said,

so soon as he was a few steps from the smugglers.

They bowed and obeyed; and Longscalp led them right down the clearing, and introduced them into the most spacious hut. It to some extent resembled a bee-hive, except that its base was square, and might be thirty feet in depth, by the same in width. The narrow, low door only allowed passage for one man at a time, and he was obliged to stoop. In the roof a hole was made for the smoke which escaped from a fire of dried branches that occupied the centre of the hut.

Twelve or fourteen Indians, gravely squatting on their heels, smoked while listening in the most religious silence to a Sayotkatta, who could be easily recognised by his pacific costume, which consisted of a long white dress of llama hair, fastened round his hips by a blue and red girdle. His hair, parted on his forehead, fell on his neck, and he wore on his head a species of diadem composed of a gold fillet surmounted by an image representing a tortoise supporting the sun. His features, though grave and stern, had something gentle and majestic about them which inspired respect.

It was he who pointed out to Diego and Leon a place at the fire, and without appearing to pay any further attention to the new-comers, he began speaking, all raising their eyes to him.

"At the beginning of ages," he said, in a guttural and marked voice, "when Guatechu only reigned over the chaos of worlds, there existed but six men, who, tossed about by the winds, wandered on the backs of clouds, which allowed them to soar over the immensity of space. These men were sad, because they understood that their race was accursed and could not be perpetuated.

"One day when they met, they all passed on to the same cloud, and held counsel, in order to arrange a plan for avoiding such a misfortune. For a long time they had been talking together and proposing measures one more impracticable than the other, when suddenly Mayoba appeared in the midst of them. He gazed at them for a moment in silence, then an ironical smile curled his upper lip, and he said to them, in a voice that resembled the hoarse howling of a distant storm—

"What you are seeking exists; choose the bravest and handsomest from among you, for he alone can attempt the adven-

ture: let him go to Paradise, where he will find Ataentsic, the woman; it is she who will prevent your race from perishing, and that is the reason why Guatechu keeps her far from you, in order that you may perish, for he repents having made you.

"After uttering these words Mayoba disappeared with a burst of savage and shrill laughter, which caused the men to shudder with terror. Our first fathers held another counsel, and pointed out one among them, the handsomest and whitest among them, of the name of Hoquaho, to go and conquer Ataentsic.

"Hoquaho accepted the mission entrusted to him, and aided by his five companions, he piled up the clouds on each other in order to scale Paradise: but, in spite of all their efforts, the distance seemed ever to remain the same, and they began to despair of succeeding in this bold enterprise on seeing the inutility of their efforts, when the birds of heaven that had followed their movements anxiously had pity on them, and forming into a compact flock, made a convenient seat for Hoquaho, whom they bore away on their wings.

"On reaching Paradise, Hoquaho concealed himself behind a tree opposite the wigwam in which Ataentsic was, and he waited till she came out, as she was accustomed to do every morning, to go and draw water at the spring. As soon as she appeared, he went up to her and offered her some grizzly bear's-grease to eat, of which he had laid in a stock.

"The woman, surprised and charmed by the appearance of Hoquaho, easily let herself be seduced, and they soon came to a perfect understanding; but Guatechu soon perceived what had happened, and furious at seeing his plans overthrown by the fault of a woman, he expelled the two unhappy beings from Paradise, and hurled them into space.

"They fell thus for nine days and nine nights, imploring, but in vain, the mercy of Guatechu, for he had stopped up his ears with wax, and did not hear. At length a tortoise took pity on the wretched couple, and placed itself under their feet to stop the fearful fall. Then the otters, cayonans, and sea-fish went to the bottom of the waters to fetch clay, which they brought up and fixed all round the shell of the tortoise, and thus they formed a small island, which gradually increased through their incessant labour, and ended by forming the earth such as you see it at present.

"Thus, sons of Hoquaho, the first man, you come," said the sayotkatta, in conclusion, "to respect and adore Chemiin, who is the soul of the world and the centre of the universe, which his shell alone supports and enables to float in immensity."

"Maitai!" cried the Indians, inflamed by their priest's narrative, "Chemiin Aulon (the Tortoise-sun) is the master of the world."

The sayotkatta hung his head on his breast, and throwing over his eyes the corner of the ample poncho which floated from his shoulders, he remained plunged in deep meditation. After this a gloomy silence fell upon this strange assembly. Then an Indian, whose great age was indicated by his noble but worn features, and his long grey hair, took up a calumet full of tobacco, lit it at the fire, took a few whiffs, and passed it to his right-hand neighbour, who did the same. The calumet thus went round the circle till it returned to the old Indian, who seemed to preside over the meeting.

He finished the tobacco, and when the last grain was consumed, shook the ash out on his hand, and threw it in the fire, saying—

"This is the supreme council at which the great Molucho chiefs are present. May Agrikoué come to our assistance, for the war-hatchet is dug up, and the Sons of the Tortoise are about to recapture their territory, unjustly invaded by the pale faces."

"May Agrikoué aid us!" the Indians repeated.

"Which are the nations," the old man continued, "ready to take part in the struggle?"

Then one of the Indians spoke in reply—

"The Tecuitles of the Curuhi, whose hunting-ground extends from the town of Valparaiso to the Gulf of Guapatika, has raised the war-cry, and six thousand fighting men have answered his appeal. I have spoken."

Another spoke as follows—

"The Tecuitles of the Huiliches has assembled seven thousand warriors."

Then another said in his turn—

"Four thousand Oumas are awaiting the signal."

"Ten thousand Puelches are ready to utter the war-cry," said a fourth.

"Eight thousand Tehuels are under arms," continued another.

After the chief who had last spoken,

rose a man whose features had a singular blending of the European and Indian tribe. In fact, his tribe was descended from the crews of three Spanish ships, who, having mutinied, abandoned their officers, and landed on the American coast, where they settled. By degrees they became allied with the Indians, whose religion and customs they adopted, and multiplied to such an extent as to form a tribe.

"The Aigueles," he said, "have five thousand warriors round the war-stake."

"My brothers the Ulmens have done well," the president replied, "and the great confederation will be complete; nearly all the nations have risen, and Guatechu will give us the victory. The Moluchos count thirty thousand warriors, who, with twenty-five thousand of the sacred tribe of the great Toltoru, have passed the Bio-Bio, and are encamped on the banks of the Valdivia: one nation, however, has not sent a deputy to the great council, and the valiant Jaos alone are not represented here."

"My father is mistaken," replied a young Indian of martial aspect, whose face, bathed in perspiration and clothes covered with dust, indicated the speed he had displayed in covering the ground which separated his territory from the place of council. "It is a long distance from the country of the Jaos to that of the Moluchos, but twelve thousand men are following me."

A quiver of enthusiasm ran round the assembly.

"My son is welcome," replied the aged man. "The Jaos honour us by sending us a chief so celebrated as Tcharanguui, the invincible Ulmen."

A flush of satisfaction passed over the features of the young chief of the Jaos.

"You see," the old Indian continued, "that one hundred thousand warriors will march along the war-trail, resolved at length to take back the territory which the Spaniards have so long unjustly held. Everything is at length ready. The great confederation which has enveloped them for the last twenty years in its thousand folds is about to draw closer and crush them. War to the death upon the cruel invaders, and let us drive them into the sea which vomited them up. No truce, no pity, and to the courage of the lion let us add the prudence of the serpent."

Then, turning to Diego, who, during the whole period that this scene had lasted, remained motionless by the side

of Leon, whose anxiety was increasing, he said—

"The hour has arrived for my son Tahi-Mari to rise and give us a report of the manner in which he has carried out the mission entrusted to him twenty years ago by the assembled chiefs of the great Molucho nations. Our ears are open, and all my sons will listen, for it is a great chief who is about to speak!"

For the first time since Leon had known Diego, the face of the latter grew animated, and a smile of triumph had taken the place of the cold expression of indifference which seemed stereotyped on his lips. He bowed to the chief, whose eyes were fixed on him, and leaning on his long rifle, he raised his head, and answered in a firm voice—

"I am ready to reply to my father, Unacha Cuayac, and to the great chiefs of the Twelve Nations. I am the son of the tortoise, and my race supports the world. Let them question and I will answer."

"My brother will speak, for, as he has said, he is the son of the Chemiin which supports the world," the Indian remarked, "and the words that fall from his lips rejoice our heart."

Diego began—

"Twenty years ago, the great chiefs, fatigued with the continued vexations of the Spaniards, formed a vast confederation and assembled, as on the present day, in a supreme council to consider the means to be employed in order to end the struggle which they had supported so long, and finally free themselves from those sanguinary and perfidious strangers, who had in one day stolen from us our gods, our hunting-grounds, and our wealth. As at the present day, more than one hundred thousand warriors dug up the war-hatchet, assembled to invoke Guatechu at the foot of the war-post, and took an oath to live free or die. The signal was about to be given, and Okikiouasa was already waving his fatal torch ready to bear fire and death among our ferocious enemies, when a chief rose in the council and asked permission to speak. This chief was my father, Tahi-Mari, a warrior renowned for his valour in combat, and an old man revered for his wisdom at the council fire; he alone, when all loudly demanded war, dared to speak in favour of peace; but Tahi-Mari was so respected by the other chiefs, that far from bursting into fury against the man who tried to overthrow their projects, they listened

to him in silence. What he said you all know, and hence I need not repeat it; the chiefs accepted his advice, and it was resolved that a young Molucho warrior, chosen among the most worthy, should leave his tribe and go among the Spaniards, whose manners and religion he should pretend to adopt; that he should pass five years among them, trying to surprise all the secrets which rendered them invincible, and after that period should come and give an account of his mission to the great council of the nations.

"This mission was delicate and difficult to carry out; continual dissimulation was imposed on the man who undertook it; an hourly torture, by forcing him to live with his most cruel enemies, and feign for them friendship and attachment. The choice fell upon me, not because I was the most worthy, but because I was the son of Tahi-Mari, the great beloved Inca chief of the Moluchos. I joyfully accepted the painful though honourable distinction offered me; I at that time counted eighteen summers; life appeared to me happy and smiling; I had a bride to whom I was to be married at the next melting of the snow, but I was compelled to abandon this sweet dream, renounce the happiness which I had promised myself, and devote myself to the service of my country. I left everything without regret, for the chiefs had spoken, and I ought to feel jealous of the honour they had done me. The five years passed, then five others, but the hour for deliverance did not strike; for twenty years, in fine, I wandered about all the countries subjected to the Spaniards, listening at each step that I took to the maledictions which fell upon those of my race. My father died, and I was unable to close his eyes and sing the tabouré at his interment; my betrothed has left the earth, summoning me, but I was unable to reply to her voice; my whole family is extinct, and has gone to join Garonhea in the paradise of the blest. I have remained alone and abandoned, but my courage has not weakened; hesitation has not entered my heart, and I have continued to walk in the path which I traced for myself, because Tahi-Mari had made a sacrifice of his life and his happiness to his brothers. To-day my mission is accomplished; I know in what the strength of the Spaniards resides and how they may be laid low; all their towns and fortresses are known to me; I can give the numbers of their soldiers, indicate their hopes and

projects, and I have infallible means to break every one of the springs which set their government in motion. In a word, nothing has been omitted or forgotten by me, and I can answer beforehand for the success of our cause. I have spoken."

Diego ceased speaking and waited, and a solemn silence followed on the narration which he had just made. The Indians were profoundly affected by the sublime self-denial and perfect devotion of the man, whose heroic will had not failed him for a single moment during the long trial which he had undergone.

Leon shared the general enthusiasm. The great character of his friend was perfectly revealed to him, and, measuring the importance of the sacrifice the Indian had made of the twenty fairest years of his life with that of his own love for Maria, which he had been unable to make up his mind to relinquish, he confessed to himself that there was in Diego's heart a paternal devotion far superior to any that he was capable of feeling.

At length the Sayotkatta rose and walked towards the Inca with a slow and majestic step: on coming in front of him, he stopped and gazed at him with pride, and then said,

"The piaies are right, you are really a descendant of the race of the Tortoise. Son of Tahi-Mari," he added, as he took off his gold diadem and placed it on Diego's brow, "be our chief."

"Yes, yes," the Indians exclaimed, eagerly rising; "Tahi-Mari! Tahi-Mari! he alone ought to command us; he alone is worthy to be the Toqui of the Twelve Nations."

CHAPTER XII.

A HUMAN SACRIFICE.

WHEN the first moment of effervescence was over, and tranquillity was beginning to be restored, Diego made a sign that he wished to speak, and all were silent.

"I thank," he said, "the chiefs of the Twelve Nations for the honour which they do me, and I accept, because I believe myself worthy of it: but the war we are about to undertake is decisive, and must only terminate with the utter extermination of our enemies. We shall have terrible contests to endure and extraordinary difficulties to overcome. Now, one man, whatever his genius may be, and however great his knowledge, cannot satisfy such claims."

"My son speaks like a sage; let him tell us what to do, and we will approve it," Huachacuyac answered.

"We must continue," Diego went on, "in the track which has been followed up to this day: a man must remain among the Spaniards, as in the past, in order to know the secret of their operations. Let me remain this man, and I will transmit to the chiefs whom you select to take my place the orders they will have to carry out, and the information which I may think useful for them, up to the time when I resume the command of the great army."

Universal assent was testified by the assembly, and Diego continued,

"Perhaps I shall return among you soon, if circumstances decree it, but I propose for the present to attach to myself three chiefs renowned for their wisdom."

"Speak," the Indians replied, "for you are our sole master."

"In that case, appoint as my assistants our venerable Sayotkatta, Vitzetpulzli, and Huachacuyac, if the choice suit my brothers."

"Maitai," said the Indians, "Tahi-Mari is a great chief."

Then Diego turned to Leon and invited him to rise, and the latter obeyed, without knowing what his friend wanted of him. Diego, or rather Tahi-Mari, laid his hand on the young man's head and addressed the Indians, who gazed at him curiously.

"Chiefs," he said, "I have still one request to make to you: this is my brother: he has saved my life and his heart belongs to me. He is a Frenchman, and his nation has frequently fought against our enemies. I ask that he may be regarded as a son of the Twelve Molucho Nations, and be loved by you as I love him."

The chiefs bowed to Leon, whose heart beat violently: then Huachacuyac, taking him by the hand, said to him in a voice full of gentleness and gravity, after kissing him on both cheeks:

"My brother, thou art no longer a stranger among us. I adopt thee as my son."

Then, addressing the Indians:

"Molucho warriors! let this man be for ever sacred to you, for he is the son of the Twelve Nations."

And taking off the gold necklace he wore, he threw it over the young man's shoulders, adding:

"Here is my turbo, do you consent to receive the adoption of the Moluchos and march with them?"

"I do, brother," Leon answered, with some emotion.

"Be it so, then, and may Guatechu protect thee!" Then each of the Indians came to kiss the young man on the face, make him the present of adoption, and change with him a portion of their weapons. Diego followed with interest the details of this scene, which profoundly affected Leon, who was sensible of the new mark of friendship which the half-breed gave him: and when his turn came to give him the embrace, a tear of joy sparkled in his black eye. This ceremony terminated, the Sayotkatta advanced into the centre of the assembly.

"Ikarri is in the middle of his course," he exclaimed, "the piaies are waiting; let us make the war sacrifice in order to keep the evil spirits at bay and appease them, so that Guatechu may grant us the victory."

All the Indians present seemed to be anxiously awaiting these words: hence, so soon as they were pronounced, they hastened from the hut and proceeded to a much larger spot, in the centre of which was a pedestal, a colossal statue of the sun, called in Indian Areskoui, and which was supported by a tortoise.

In front of this statue was a sort of stone table sustained by four blocks of rock. The table, slightly hollowed in the centre, was provided with a trough intended for the blood to flow into; and a few paces from it was a figure, formed of resinous wood. Six piaies surrounded the table: they were dressed in long white robes, and all wore a golden fillet resembling the one which surrounded the Sayotkatta's head, but of smaller dimensions. The hut was also guarded by forty armed Indians, who preserved a religious silence. During the short walk from the council hut to the one we have just described, Diego took aside Leon, and said, as he pressed his hand fiercely,

"Brother, in the name of all that you hold dearest in the world, shut up in your heart any trace of emotion: I should have liked to spare you the horrible spectacle you are about to witness, but it was impossible: not a word, not a gesture of disapprobation, or you will destroy us both."

"What is going to happen?" Leon asked, in terror.

"Something frightful, brother; but

take courage, remain by my side, and whatever may happen, be calm."

"I will try," said Leon.

"You must," Diego repeated; "swear to me to check your emotion."

"I swear it," the smuggler repeated, more and more surprised.

"It is well: now we can enter:" and both went into the hut and mingled with the crowd of spectators. One of those awful dramas which seem impossible in the nineteenth century, and which unfortunately are still in vogue in remote regions, was about to begin. The Sayotkatta, with his head bowed on his chest, was standing at the base of the statue of the sun, with six piaies on the right, and six on the left. Two young Indians held a torch, whose red and flickering glare cast light and shadow with sinister reflections. The Sayotkatta at length spoke:

"The hatchet is dug up, the toqui has just been proclaimed, and the hour has arrived to stain the hatchet. Ikarri demands blood."

"Let us give blood to Ikarri," the Indians shouted, "so that he may give us victory."

The Sayotkatta made a sign, and two piaies left the hut: then all present fell on their knees, and began a chorus to a slow and monotonous rhythm. A moment after the piaies returned, bringing a man between them. The Indians rose, and there was a deep silence, during which every man waited with feverish impatience.

The individual whom the piaies brought into the hut wore the uniform of the Chilean lanceros. He was a young man of twenty-four or twenty-six years of age, with an open face and elegant and bold features. All about him revealed the mocking carelessness peculiar to soldiers of every country.

"Asses!" he said, laughing at his guardians, who pushed him on before them, "could you not wait till to-morrow to perform all your mummeries? Carai! I was so sound asleep! the devil take you!"

The piaies contented themselves with shaking him rather roughly.

"Miserable bandits," he added, "if I had my sabre, I would show you certain cuts which would make you sink six feet into the ground. But all right, what I cannot do my comrades will do, and you will lose nothing by waiting."

"The papagay is a chattering bird, that

speaks without knowing what it says," a piaie interrupted in a hollow voice: "the eagle of the Andes is dumb in the hour of danger."

"In truth," the lancero continued, with a laugh, "this old rogue is right; let us show these Indian brutes how a Spanish hidalgo dies. Hum!" he added, taking a curious look around him, "these fellows are very ugly, and I should almost thank them for killing me, for they will do me a real service by freeing me from their villanous society."

After this last sally the soldier haughtily raised his head and remained silent and calm in presence of the danger which he had before his eyes. Leon had not lost one of the words uttered by the young man; and he felt moved with compassion, and thinking of the sorrowful fate which was reserved for the hapless prisoner. Leaning against one of the walls of the hut, he admired with a sort of irresistible fascination the bright glance of the soldier, so haughty and careless, and asked himself with tears to what punishment he was going to be condemned.

He had not long to wait; the sayotkatta gave a signal, and two piaies began stripping off the lancero's uniform; after which they removed his shirt, and only left him his trowsers. The young man did not attempt to make any resistance, and the muscles of his face remained motionless; but when one of his assassins tried to remove the scapulary which, like all Spaniards, he wore round his neck suspended from a black ribbon, he frowned, his eyes sparkled, and he cried in so terrible a voice that the Indian recoiled in terror—

"Brigand! leave me my scapulary!"

The Indian hesitated for a moment, and then returned to his victim.

"Nonsense, no weakness!" the prisoner added, and held his tongue.

The Indian seized the string, and without taking the trouble to remove it from his neck, pulled so violently that a red mark was produced on the soldier's skin. Suddenly a sudden pallor discoloured the prisoner's cheeks; the sayotkatta advanced upon him, holding in his hand a long-bladed, thin, and sharp knife. Then came a moment of indescribable agony for Leon, who felt his hair bathed in a cold perspiration, while his temples were contracted by pain. He saw the man with the knife attentively seeking on the victim's chest the position of the heart, and

a smile of satisfaction passed over his lips when he had found it; then pressing very lightly the sharp point of the knife on the flesh, he drove it inch by inch, and as slowly as was possible, into the soldier's chest.

The latter kept his enormously dilated eyes fixed on those of the sayotkatta, all whose movements he watched; ere long the pallor that covered his features became now livid, his lips blanched, and he threw himself back, stammering—

"Santa Maria, ora pro nobis!"

The sayotkatta was pressing the hilt of the knife against the body, and the Indians struck up a mournful hymn. The knife was drawn out—a jet of blood came from the wound—a convulsion agitated the body, which the piaies supported in their arms, and all was over. The lancero was dead!

Leon bit his poncho to prevent his crying out. A hundred times had the captain of the smugglers' band braved death in his encounters with the custom's officers and lanceros, and his arm had never failed him when he was obliged to cleave a man's head with a sabre cut, or level him by the help of his rifle, but at the sight of the cowardly and cruel assassination being performed he stood as if petrified by disgust and horror. He gave a start when the lancero drew his last breath; but Diego, who was watching him, went up to him.

"Silence! or you are a dead man," he said.

Leon restrained himself, but he had not reached the end of his amazement yet. The piaies raised the corpse, laid it on the stone table after removing the rest of the clothes, and the sayotkatta pronounced a few mysterious words, to which the Indians replied by chanting.

Then the latter, taking his knife up again, cut the victim's chest down the whole length, and examined with scrupulous attention the liver, heart, and lungs, which he pulled out to lay on the prepared pyre. All at once he turned round and addressed the spectators with an inspired accent—

"Sons of Chemiin, Guatechu protects you. Everything is favourable, and our cruel enemies will at length fall under our blows."

Then one of the piaies collected in a vessel the blood which dripped from the table, and carefully placed it outside. It was not enough to have mutilated the corpse. This horrible butchery was suc-

ceeded by an operation which completely froze Leon's blood, and he could hardly restrain the feeling of repulsion which the hideous spectacle aroused in him.

One of the Indians brandished a cutlas with a gesture of furious joy over the cold head of the assassinated lancero; and while with the left hand he seized the pendent hair, with the other adroitly scalped him. The sight of this despoiled head produced a lively movement of satisfaction among all the spectators, who resumed their chanting.

At length the other four piaies seized the bleeding body, and carried it, quivering as it was, to the centre of the camp, followed by all the other Indians, who sang, accompanying themselves with furious gestures and yells. As we stated, it was in the middle of the nineteenth century that this scene—which our readers might be inclined to fancy borrowed from the history of barbarous times, but of which we were an eye-witness—occurred.

On the command of the sayotkatta, the piaies stopped near a young tree, which he stripped of its branches by the help of an axe. All the Indians halted, and formed a sort of thick hedge several rows in depth. Chanting sacred prayers, the piaies deposited the corpse at the foot of the tree, from which they stripped the bark. Then the Indians who held the vessel of human blood poured it over the stem, after which the one who had scalped the lancero attached the scalp to it.

The strange songs recommenced with fresh energy, and ere long the piaies, bringing piece by piece the wood employed to construct the pyre in the hut of sacrifice, built it up again at the foot of the tree, and laid the corpse upon it, carefully placing near it the heart, liver, and lungs. When all these preparations were ended, the Indians formed a circle round the tree, and the sayotkatta ascended the pyre.

The scene then assumed a character at once savage, majestic, and imposing. In fact, it was something striking to see on this magnificent night, by the light of the torches which illumined with fantastic flashes the dark foliage of the trees, all these Indians, with their harsh and stern faces, arrayed around a pyre on which stood an old man dressed in a long white robe, who with inspired eye and superb gestures contemptuously trampled under foot a blood-stained corpse.

The sayotkatta took a scrutinizing

glance around him, and then said in a loud and solemn voice—

"The victim is immolated, and Ikarri is satisfied. Guatechu protects us. The victory will be faithful to the right, and our enemies will fall never to rise again. Sons of the Tortoise, this is the war-stake!" he continued, as he pointed to the tree; "it is for me to strike the first blow in the name of Guatechu and Ikarri."

And, raising the axe, which he held in his right hand, the old man dealt the tree a blow, and descended. This was the signal for a frenzied assault; each Indian, drunk with fury, advanced with horrible yells to the tree, which he struck, and each blow that re-echoed seemed to arouse such ardour among those who were waiting their turn, that they soon all rushed with deafening noise upon the tree, which could not endure such an attack for any length of time. Long after it had fallen, furious men were assailing a few inches of the trunk which stood out of the ground.

The kindling of the pyre by the sayotkatta by means of a torch could alone interrupt these attacks on the tree, which they treated as if they were dealing with a real enemy. A few minutes later, the flames whirled up, the snapping of wood and the cracking of the bones which were being calcined in the midst of the fire became audible. A dense smoke escaped from the furnace, and driven by the wind, suffocated the birds sleeping in the aspens and larch trees that surrounded the clearing.

It was the finale of the festival, and like most Indian festivals was accompanied by a dance, if such a name can be given to the mad round which the Indians performed. Taking each other by the hand, without distinction of rank or dignity, they began whirling round the pyre, forcing Leon, who did not dare decline, to share in this horror.

Ere long, over-excited by the sound of the Molucho war-song, which they struck up in chorus, they went round so hurriedly and quickly that at the end of ten minutes it would have been impossible for any human being to distinguish a single ring of the chain, which seemed to be moved by a spring. Imagine an immense wheel turning on its axle with the speed of a railway-carriage wheel, and you will have an idea of the exercise which the bravest and most brilliant warriors of the twelve Molucho tribes indulged in with gaiety of heart.

They did not stop till the pyre had become a pile of ashes. Carefully collecting these ashes, the piaies went with great pomp to throw them into a torrent which leaped no great distance from the camp. A portion of the Indians, that is to say, those among them still able to use their limbs, accompanied them with a new dance and fresh songs. As for Leon, utterly exhausted, he had fallen almost in a fainting state near a hut.

"Come, brother," Diego said to him, as he helped him to rise, and pointed to the dawn which was beginning to whiten the horizon, "let us depart; it is late, and we must be back in camp before daylight."

"Let us go—let us go," said Leon, "for my head is turning. The smell of blood chokes me, and the atmosphere here is poisoned."

Diego looked at him without replying; then, after exchanging a few words with the great chief Huachacuyac and the sayotkatta, he took the arm of the smuggler captain, and went with him toward the camp where the Soto-Mayor family were resting.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BALASS RUBY.

THE sun was rising radiantly when Senor Don Juan de Soto-Mayor, with pale face and features worn by the unhappy news which Don Pedro de Sallazar brought him on the previous evening, raised the canvas of the tent in which he had spent the night, and stepped forth. General Don Pedro accompanied him.

The morning was superb, and the arreiras were engaged in loading the mules and saddling of horses; Leon, seated apart on a fallen tree, seemed plunged in deep and bitter thoughts. The old gentleman approached, and he did not seem to notice his presence.

"Good morning, Senor Captain," he said to him, lightly touching his shoulder.

The young man started at the sound of this voice; then rising, he slightly raised his hat off his head, and bowed to the old general, while replying, mechanically—

"May Heaven grant it be good to you, caballero."

"What is the matter, my friend?" the speaker asked him, kindly; "has anything unpleasant occurred during your sleep?"

"Nothing, sir," Leon said, hastily; "I trust that the ladies have slept well."

"Yes, yes; at least, I suppose so, for I have not seen them yet."

"Here are the senoras," Don Pedro, who had remained a little behind, said to the general: "and, what is more, all ready to mount."

The two gentlemen advanced to meet them. "Ah! ah!" said Diego, good humouredly, "everybody is up; all the better, for the sooner we start, the sooner we shall reach our journey's end."

"Gentlemen, one word with you, if you please," General Don Juan said to the two smuggler chiefs, after inquiring after the health of his wife and daughters.

"We are at your orders, general," Leon and Diego said. And they followed Don Juan, who led them apart from the muleteers.

"Gentlemen," he said to them when he fancied himself out of ear-shot, "I received strange news last night; it seems that the Indians have risen, and are disturbing the province of Valdivia; hence we must try to reach the city as speedily as possible."

Diego affected surprise.

"Really," he said, "that is extraordinary."

Then, after appearing to reflect for a moment, he added:

"Must you absolutely pass through Talca?"

"No; but why that question?"

"Because," Diego answered, "I know a road across the mountain which shortens the journey twenty leagues."

"That is true," said Leon, "by crossing the mountain we shall save a day's march."

"In that case, gentlemen, let us do so, for when a man is in a hurry to arrive, he must choose the shortest road. Ah, by-the-bye," he added, "before forming a determination I must consult with General Don Pedro, in order to know if he consents to accompany us without stopping at Talca."

Don Pedro did not consider it advisable to oppose the plan; on the contrary, his plan of inspecting the vicinity of Talca was served by the measure, which would allow him to reconnoitre whether the Indians had as yet entered the woods skirting the forest.

For a moment the fear of some surprise seemed to occupy his mind; but reflecting that his escort, joined to that of Don Juan, would be sufficient to protect the caravan, he saw no inconvenience

in adopting the change of route proposed by Diego.

The latter had not seen, without some displeasure, the caravan swelled by Don Pedro and his soldiers; but, too clever to let it be seen, he pretended to be extremely pleased by this increase of men, who, in the event of an attack, would serve as a reinforcement. However this may be, Don Pedro ordered four of his lanceros to march about a hundred paces ahead of the column, and then they started. Each horseman, fully armed, advanced with his eye on the watch, and in profound silence, while two other lanceros, forming the rear-guard, rode fifty yards behind. The small troop was composed altogether of five-and-thirty persons.

Leon scarce dared to raise his eyes to Maria, who rode by her mother's side. Each time that the maiden's glance met his, a sort of confusion or remorse was depicted on his features, in spite of the efforts which he made to recover his usual coolness. Donna Maria knew not to what to attribute this change in the young man's manner, and seemed to be striving to discover the cause.

"Can it be the arrival of Don Pedro that thus brings a cloud to his brow?" she asked herself; "perhaps he is jealous of that cavalier. Oh! if that be the case, it is because he loves me."

And turning her face once again toward the smuggler, she smiled on him in a way that must remove his error; but he, far from deriving from the marks of love which the maiden gave him, the joy which the heart feels on knowing itself beloved, he found in it a motive for secret grief.

The scene he had witnessed during the previous night in the Indian camp had produced so deep an impression upon him, that he could not refrain from thinking of the mournful consequences it must have for the Soto-Mayor family, which was, doubtless, devoted to death.

Although Donna Maria's life had been guaranteed by Diego, he trembled at the grief which must assail her, when struck in her dearest and tenderest affections; and, while recognising the apparent justice in the name of which Diego had condemned the general, his wife, and his other children, he was horrified by the terrible position in which the half-breed had placed him by making him swear to aid his revenge.

"What!" he said, "I love Donna Maria, and not only must I allow the

death of her family to be carried out without opposition, but if the contest breaks out between them and the Indians, my duty orders me to join the latter. Oh, no! for I feel that I shall never commit such an unworthy action, and I would sooner let myself be killed than array myself against those whom I am pledged to serve, or those whom I have sworn to defend."

And the young man's cheeks were flushed by the action of the internal fever which devoured him; his burning forehead, and his sharp, quick gestures announced the agitation which the combat going on in his mind produced.

The caravan had entered the wood where the Indians had assembled on the past night, and they soon reached the middle of the clearing where they had camped. The sons of the Tortoise had disappeared, but the huts built by them, though half destroyed, still stood, as well as the trace of the ashes of the pyre on which the body of the ill-fated lancero had been burnt. Leon could not see the spot again without feeling a shudder of awe and terror. Diego looked around him carelessly, and whistled a *sambacusa* between his teeth.

"Oh, oh!" said Don Pedro, looking all around; "what have we here?"

And with the experience which he had acquired in the wars in which he had taken part against the Indians, he began to rummage all the huts, after giving Leon a sign to follow him, and the rest orders to go on ahead. Leon acceded to his wishes, and both remained behind; and at the moment when they entered one of the huts, Leon saw something glistening on the ground, which he fancied was a precious stone.

He suddenly stooped, and eagerly picking up the article, examined it; it was a gold ring, set with a balass ruby of inestimable value. The young man thrust it into his belt with a vague feeling of alarm. He asked himself to whom this ring could belong, for it was not probable that an Indian had lost it: moreover, he fancied that he had already seen one like it, though he could not remember on whose finger.

"On the lancero's, perhaps?" he said to himself, thinking of the soldier who had been assassinated in his presence; but this latter supposition was speedily abandoned, for it was impossible that a simple private could be the possessor of such a jewel. Then he thought of the other prisoner, and a terrible presenti-

ment was rising in his mind, when Don Pedro called him. The latter had completed his inspection, and was preparing to rejoin the travellers, apparently knowing all that he desired to know. Leon was soon at his side.

"I have two words to say to you, sir," Don Pedro remarked to him.

"Speak, sir," the smuggler answered, affected by the tone in which the general had uttered these words.

"I do not know you, sir," the general continued, "nor do I know your usual mode of conduct with the travellers whom you may escort."

"Do you wish to insult me, general?" Leon interrupted, as he drew himself up and fixed his firm and haughty glance on the speaker.

"Not the least in the world; still, as I do not share the friendship which the Soto-Mayor family—whether rightly or wrongly—displays for you, I wish to inform you of the reflections I have made on your score, and give you a piece of advice."

"Speak, sir," said Leon, disdainfully; "but in the first place, know that I do not care for your reflections, and shall not accept your advice."

"Perhaps so, senor captain. At any rate, you shall have them," Don Pedro continued, not deigning to notice the arrogance which the smuggler placed on his remarks. "The place where we are at this moment is an Indian camp; if I doubted the fact, this," he added, as he knocked over a broken pipe, "would afford me a certainty. This camp was but a few hours ago still occupied by Indians, and here is the proof," he said, stooping down; "the ashes are quite warm."

"Sir," said Leon, in his turn, who felt a cold perspiration beading on his temples, "what you are saying appears to me highly probable, but I do not see how that can personally interest me, or form any motive for what you said to me just now. Be good enough to explain yourself more clearly."

"I will do so, sir, and frankly," the general replied; "for I am a soldier, and do not like any prefacing."

"Nor I, sir; so to facts."

"They are these. Last night, after a lengthened conversation with General Don Juan, I had a fancy to go and smoke my cigar in the open air; the night was magnificent and invited a walk. Now, at the moment when I raised the tent-curtain to

go out, I saw two men glide between the bales and leave camp without warning the sentry."

"What next, sir?"

"Next? Good gracious! that is very simple. I asked myself what these two men could have to do outside the camp at that hour, when duty imposed on them the obligation of remaining at their post; but as I could learn nothing at that moment, I resolved to satisfy my curiosity by awaiting their return. I waited a long time, captain; but that did not cause me much annoyance, for I am naturally very patient, as you will say, when I tell you that I saw these two men go out and also saw them return, although they did not do so till a few minutes before daybreak. Now, I conclude by begging you to tell me where they went, for one of the two men was yourself."

"It is true, sir, I left the camp, and only returned at daybreak."

"But what important reason urged you to do so?"

"That I cannot tell you, sir," Leon said with firmness. "Suffice it for you to know that I allow nobody, not even you, general, the right to inquire into my conduct, and that, moreover, the step which I took in no way compromised the safety of the persons confided to my charge."

"Very good! that answer does not surprise me; but bear this in mind—at the first mysterious sortie you make in future—at the first action which appears to me suspicious—I will simply have you seized by my lanceros and give them orders to shoot you within an hour. You have understood me, I suppose?"

"Perfectly, general; and whenever you please, you will find me at your orders," the smuggler replied, with a tinge of irony; "but, in the meanwhile, I think it would be more useful to rejoin the caravan."

"You are warned, sir," the general continued, "and will only have yourself to blame if anything unpleasant happen to you. Now let us start."

"Very good, general."

And the two men, leaping into the saddle, galloped in the direction of the small party, which they soon rejoined. Don Pedro placed himself at the head and rode by the side of Diego, still silently, while Leon, who had remained a few paces in the rear, drew from the belt the ring which he had found, and regarded it afresh with sustained attention.

"I have certainly seen this ring before,"

he said, after turning it over and over in all directions; "but on whose finger, in Heaven's name?"

Then, thrusting it on to his finger and pulling it off again, he continued in vain to rack his brains in recalling his recollections, but could not succeed in fixing his doubts. Then pressing his horse's flank, he rode up to the travellers, and soon found himself by Donna Maria's side.

"Senor captain," the latter said to him, "shall we go through this wood for any length of time?"

"For about two hours, senora."

"Oh, all the better, for there is an exquisite freshness in it. I am delighted that we have left the road which we were following yesterday; here it is so picturesque that I am never weary of admiring the scenery."

"And then it will shorten our journey by a day," Leon said, sadly.

"That is true," the maiden answered, each of whose words was overheard by her mother and sister.

But at the same moment she gave the smuggler a glance which signified how much she regretted to see him so badly interpret the words to which she was far from giving the meaning which he attributed to them. The journey ended, what hope would remain to the maiden of seeing again the man whom she loved.

Leon understood the reproach, and bending down his head, he concealed his trouble by spurring his mustang, which soon carried him up to General Don Juan, who was engaged in a conversation with Don Pedro.

"For all that, general," the latter was saying to Don Juan, "I am astonished that your son did not meet you when you were following the Talca road, for I do not know any other which he could have taken in order to arrive sooner."

"Did he command any detachment of troops?" the general asked.

"No; he started for Tulcapel, merely accompanied by two lanceros."

Leon did not hear the close of the conversation, for a sudden revelation had been made to him. Suddenly his blood was frozen and his teeth were clenched. He remembered that young Don Juan de Soto-Mayor wore on his right hand, on the night which he spent at the general's country house, a ring resembling the one which he had in his belt. He perfectly remembered having noticed the sparkling of the ruby, whose exceptional size had attracted his attention.

But in proportion as his thoughts, becoming more lucid, rendered the truth more distinct, he saw with horror the dark drama of which he scarce dared to seek the meaning, so afraid was he of finding the reality in it. He had picked up the ring in the tent into which he had seen the prisoners carried on the previous evening; one was a lancero, and he was dead; but the other—— Was not the other Don Juan, the son of the old general in front of him? And if, as he feared he was certain, this prisoner was Don Juan, what had become of him? Perhaps, at that very hour, he might be expiring under the frightful sufferings which the Indians were making him undergo.

Leon wished at once to question Diego on the point, for he must know the truth, but the fear of not being able to master his emotion in the presence of the two generals prevented him from doing so, and he resolved to await the first halt to satisfy his anxious curiosity. But, agitated by a thousand conflicting emotions, he did not dare look at Maria, for he was already afraid lest the maiden should ask him, with tears in her voice, what he had done with her brother's blood, as he was the accomplice of those who had assassinated him.

The caravan still advanced, and soon left the wood to debouch upon a plain intersected by numerous rivulets, which wound through a hard and rocky soil. At the moment when the last man left the edge of the forest, the dense shrubs that bordered the road noiselessly parted and made room for the head of an Indian, who looked out cautiously, after having, so to speak, smelt the air around him. His eyes settled on the little troop, which they followed until it had bent to the left and entirely disappeared; then carefully removing the twigs, the Indian thrust forward the rest of his body and crawled out. He soon found himself in the middle of the road, and began looking around him again in all directions, after which his face assumed a marked expression of satisfaction.

"Maitai," he said, smiling so as to show his long white teeth.

And then he began running with the lightness of a llama in the traces of the caravan. On reaching the spot where the road formed a bend, he thrust out his head, and then hurriedly withdrawing it, climbed up the side of a wood-clad height and disappeared.

This man was Tcharanguii, the feared

and formidable chief of the Jaos, one of the most powerful tribes of the twelve Molucho nations. For some minutes, the rustling of parted branches might be heard, then all became silent again, the sole interruption being the imposing sounds of the desert.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE RUPTURE.

THEY travelled the whole day without any incidents: the heat which had so incommoded them all during the first few days, had been succeeded by a temperature which hourly became colder. The foliage of the trees assumed a deeper tinge of green; the singing birds of the llanos, whose sweet notes ravished the ear, had been succeeded by the eagles, vultures, and other birds of prey, which formed immense circles in space while uttering the hoarse and strange cries peculiar to them.

The sky, which had hitherto been of such a pure blue, was beginning here and there to assume greyish tones and coppery reflections, which formed a contrast with the dull whiteness of the water of the torrents which fell in cascades from the snowy peaks of the mountains, down whose flanks they dragged with a dull roar masses of rock and enormous firs which they uprooted in their passage.

A wild llama or vicuna might be seen balanced on a point of granite, and at times in the openings of the thick wood which bordered the road the flashing eyes of a puma, or the black muzzle of a bee-hunting bear, could be seen stretched out over a branch. All, in a word, announced the vicinity of the Cordillera of the Andes.

When night set in, the caravan had reached a narrow plateau, situated in what is called the temperate region, the last station of travellers before entering the vast and gloomy solitudes of the Andes, which are as yet very little known or explored, owing to the difficulty of means of transport, and the absence of a sedentary population.

The camp was made by the side of the road, under an immense natural arch, formed by means of rock, which overhung the road for more than two hundred yards, and formed a shelter for travellers by being hollowed out at its base. The fires were lighted, one in the centre of the camp,

and the other at each corner, in order to keep off the wild beasts whose attacks were beginning to be apprehended with reason.

When supper was ended, sentries were posted, and each prepared his couch in order to spend his night in the enjoyment of that sleep which restores the strength. If the expression we have just used, that each prepared his couch, were to be taken literally, it would be a great mistake, if this performance were at all supposed to be like what is done in Europe in similar cases.

In fact, with an European, a bed generally consists of at least one mattress, or something analogous to take its place, a bolster, a pillow, sheets, blankets, &c.; but in Chili things are very different. Although luxury and comfort are things well known in towns, beds at all like ours are only found in the houses of rich people, and then, great heavens! what beds. As for the one which the Chilians employ when travelling, it is most convenient and ingenious, since it serves them as a saddle by day, as we shall proceed to show.

The horse's equipment consists, in the first place, of three ponchos, folded square and laid one upon the other on the back of the horse; in these ponchos are laid four sheepskins with the wool on, and on these again is placed a wooden seat, representing a saddle, which supports a pair of heavy wooden stirrups, hollowed out in a triangular form. A surcingle, fastened under the horse's belly keeps these various articles in their places, and four more ponchos and four more skins are laid on them. Lastly, another poncho is thrown over the whole, and serves as chabraque, a second strap holding this edifice in its place.

We can see from the description of what enters into the formation of Chilian horse accoutrement that it can advantageously take the place of our scanty English saddle, and that the rider is able to find the materials for a very soft bed. When the latter arrives at his sleeping-place, he unsaddles his horse, which he leaves at liberty to find its food where it thinks proper, and then makes the afore-said bed in the following way.

He first lays the saddle on the ground to act as pillow, then spreads his first sheepskins over a space six feet in length and two or three in width; he covers these with three ponchos, on which he lies down, and then pulls over him the

four other skins and the remaining ponchos, and eventually disappears under this pile of stuff so entirely that it is impossible to perceive him, for even his head is hidden.

It happens at times that when a man is passing the night on the Cordilleras under the protection of this formidable rampart of skins and blankets, a few feet of snow literally bury the sleeper, who, on awaking, is compelled to throw his legs and arms about for some minutes, in order to liberate himself and see daylight again.

Diego was preparing his bed in the manner which we have just described, and displaying all the attention of a man who feels the need of a sound sleep, when he saw Leon Delbès coming towards him, who since the morning had not spoken to him, and seemed to avoid him. We must suppose that the smuggler's face betrayed a lively emotion, for Diego, on looking up to him, felt ill at ease, and saw that something extraordinary had taken place in his friend's mind. From the way in which the young man looked at him, it was certain that he was preparing to ask of him an explanation about some fact, and understanding that it could only refer to the Soto-Mayor family, he could not suppress a start of impatience which did not escape Leon.

The latter, on his side, was asking himself how he should manage the conversation so as to lead Diego to tell him what he wanted to learn, and not knowing how to begin, he waited till the latter should address him. Both were afraid of reverting to the past, and yet each felt that the moment had arrived to behave frankly and expose the nature of his grievances.

When we speak of grievances, we know perfectly that neither had to reproach the other for any deed of a reprehensible nature in what concerned their mutual pledge to help each other; but if Leon involuntarily revolted against the implacable revenge which the half-breed had begun to exercise against the Soto-Mayors, while confessing to himself that, in spite of the friendship which united him to Diego, he could never lend a hand to excesses like the one which he had seen committed on the previous night by the Indians, Diego had not failed to comprehend that the love which Leon entertained for Maria would be an invincible obstacle to the support which the latter had sworn to give him. Without ac-

cusing him of treachery, he still taxed him with softness of heart and irresolution, or rather pitied him for having surrendered himself, bound hand and foot, to a wild passion which paralysed all the good-will which he might under other circumstances have expected from him.

As we see, the respective position of the two men toward each other had been too false for them not to feel in their hearts a lively desire to put an end to it; the difficulty was to manage it without injuring their self-esteem and interests.

Leon had hoped that Diego would at length inquire the motive which had brought him to his friend, but on seeing that the latter affected not to address a syllable to him, he resolved to break the silence.

"You are going to sleep, brother," he said to him.

"Yes," Diego replied; "I am tired."

"You tired!" Leon remarked, with a smile of incredulity, "tired by a ten leagues' ride, when I have seen you hunt on the pampas for eight or ten days in succession without dreaming of resting for a moment: nonsense!"

"Tired or no, I wish to sleep: besides, what is there extraordinary in that? Has not everybody in camp lain down?"

"That is true."

"Then I invite you to do the same, unless love keeps you awake," he added, laconically. "In that case, the best thing you can do is to spend the night in walking round the hut in which your fair one is reposing, that her sleep may not be disturbed; and much good may it do you."

"Diego," Leon answered, sorrowfully, "what you are saying to me is not right. What have I done to you that you should address me so roughly?"

"Nothing," the half-breed said, with a regretful tone. "But come," he said, kicking the bed over which he had taken so much pains in preparing, "you really seem so anxious to speak to me that I might fancy that you had important business."

"What makes you suppose that I want to speak to you?"

"Oh, good heaven! Leon, we have lived together long enough for us to be able to read on one another's faces what our thoughts are. Confess that you are suffering, that you are anxious, and that you have come to ask some explanation of me. Come, if it be so, tell me frankly what you want of me, and I will answer. For on my side I also have to speak with

you about the grief and sorrow which seem to have assailed you since yesterday. Speak; is it the engagement you made to support me in the struggle I am preparing for that seems to you too heavy to carry out? Only say one word: there is still time, and I will give you back your word; but speak, for I am anxious to come to a decision."

"Brother," said Leon, without replying directly to Diego's injunction, "I notice bitterness in your words and mocking on your lips: still, in order to remove from the discussion anything that might resemble passion or annoyance, I have let the whole day pass over the event about which I wish to speak to you, for it is the friend I am addressing and not Tahi Mari."

"Well, what do you want?"

"I will tell you."

Leon drew from his belt the ring which he had found, and handed it to Diego.

"Do you know this?" he asked him.

"What is it?" said the half-breed, taking it and turning it over in his fingers, while giving the young man an inquiring glance.

"A ring."

"Hang it, I can see that, and a very handsome ring too; but I ask you what meaning it has in your hands?"

"Do you not know?"

"How would you have me know?"

"Is it true that you do not know to whom it belongs?"

"Certain."

"Then you did not notice it on anybody's hand?"

"No; and I assure you that if I had seen it twenty times I should not recognise it now, for I pay no attention to such trifles."

"Well, since you do not know to whom it belongs, I will tell you."

"If you insist on my knowing, very good. But," he added, with a smile, "if I could have thought that you wished to speak to me so anxiously in order to talk about a pearl, I should have begged you to let me sleep."

"A little patience, for this ring is more important than you seem to fancy."

"In that case, tell me for what reason, and how it comes in your hands."

Leon looked at Diego's face, which indicated his entire good faith, and continued:

"You remember that when we reached the Indians' camp together, two Spanish prisoners were in their power."

"Yes, certainly."

"Now, this morning, when passing again through that camp, with the caravan, Don Pedro Sallazar, after examining the sign, divined an Indian sojourn, and invited me to enter the huts with him. I found this ring in the one to which I saw the prisoners transported."

"In that case," said Diego, "it must have belonged to one of them, that is incontestable. But how do those prisoners concern us?"

"Our second, as victim of the barbarous sacrifice which I saw accomplished before my eyes, and he was a lancero. I allow that I saw that hapless man for the first time in my life. But the other."

"The other!" Diego interrupted, who was curiously listening to Leon's narrative.

"The other we both know, for he was Don Juan de Soto-Mayor, the general's son, and this ring is the same which he wore on the day when his father sheltered us under his roof."

"Don Juan!" Diego said, with a start, while a flash of savage joy illuminated his eyes. "What! it was he?"

"Did you not know it?"

"No, on my soul! It is probable that he was following the same road as ourselves, and the Indians, who were ahead of us, seized him."

"And what has become of him? what have they done to him?"

"How do I know? A Soto-Mayor!" Diego repeated, on whom the announcement of this news produced unequivocal satisfaction. "Thanks, Leon, for having been the first to inform me of the fact."

"What do you mean? I came to you to ask you whether this man has not found among the Indians the horrible death that smote the lancero who accompanied him!"

"No, and I thank Heaven for it; for I gave orders that all prisoners should be kept in a place of safety, with the exception of the one selected for sacrifice, and I shall soon be able to find Don Juan, who belongs to me, and whose blood shall be shed by me in expiation of the great Tahi-Mari, my father. At length," the half-breed exclaimed, growing animated, "you are about to be avenged, my glorious ancestors! and may every head which my hand causes to fall, rejoice your irritated manes!"

At this moment, Diego's attitude had something so imposing about it that Leon felt himself gradually overcome by its terrible expression: because he resolved

to oppose to the force of hatred which burned in the half-breed's heart that of love which consumed his own, by striking a grand blow.

"Brother," he said, "you are strangely in error if you fancy that I told you the name of the wearer of this ring in order to satisfy your vengeance."

"What do you mean?" Diego replied.

"That in the name of the friendship which unites us, in the name of the love which I have for Donna Maria, I have come to ask you to restore to liberty the brother of her whom I love."

And Leon ceased speaking.

The man who, walking along a road bordered by flowers and turf, suddenly saw the ground open under his feet and a bottomless precipice present itself, would not feel a greater commotion of surprise than that which assailed the descendant of Tahi-Mari: his lips were clenched, his cheeks turned livid, and he fell crushed on the ponchos which remained on the ground.

"Have I rightly understood? Leon, it is at the moment when after waiting twenty years for the solemn hour of victory I at length hear it strike, that you ask me to surrender my enemy to you! What! I should have broken all the obstacles which opposed the success of the holy cause which I am defending; I should have sacrificed without pity for myself all that attached me to life, after tearing from my heart all the illusions of my youth, in order only to leave my hatred, and all that in order to renounce the hope of attaining the object which I was pursuing! Oh, no, that is not possible, and it is not you, Leon, my friend, my brother, who would ask such a sacrifice of me. No!"

"Brother, forgive me!" Leon exclaimed; "but I love this woman."

"Yes, you love her; and if I give you the life of the brother, you will ask me tomorrow for that of the father; and each day, implored by you, I must, I suppose, abandoning one by one the victims I have marked, efface from my memory every recollection of the past, and allow the assassins of Tahi-Mari to live amid the joys which power and wealth produce. No, no! I pity you, brother, for you must have left all your reason at the bottom of that love to which you refer when you dare to make me such a proposal."

"Enough, Diego; enough! I implored you in the name of our friendship, and I was wrong, since you believe that you are

committing an act of justice in killing those for whom I implore your mercy. Pardon me; and now farewell, brother, I will leave you."

"Where are you going, madman?" Diego asked, as he held him back.

"I do not know, but I wish to fly far from here."

"What! leave me! thus break a friendship like ours! You cannot think of such a thing."

"Do you not know that I love Maria with all the strength of my soul: as I told you, it is an impossibility to give up that love, and yet I do not wish to betray your cause; so let me go and seek far from her, if not oblivion, at least death."

"Grief leads you astray, Leon. Come, listen to me."

"What!—your justification! I do not accuse you; but once again I say we must separate, for if Maria were to ask me for her brother and I should not give him to her, she would curse me, do you hear? because she would refuse to believe that I love her, as I did not know how to die to save him whom your hatred has condemned! You see plainly that I must depart."

"Well, then," said Diego, with some amount of emotion, "an insurmountable barrier is raised between us."

"Yes, brother; but though we are parted, the memory of our friendship will survive our separation."

A silence of some minutes' duration followed these words, and nothing could be heard but the hurried breathing of the two men. Diego was the first to speak.

"Leon," he suddenly exclaimed, making a violent effort over himself; "you have spoken the truth; one of us must depart,

as we are both following a different road; but it shall be I, for my place is at the head of the Indians, my brothers. As for you, remain with those whom you are protecting, and ere I go to resume the life of the proscrip, and continue in broad daylight the struggle which I have been carrying on for so many years in the darkness, give me your hand, that I may press it in mine for the last time; and then, to the mercy of God!"

"Oh!" Leon replied, eagerly, "most gladly so, or rather let us embrace, for we are still worthy of each other."

And the two smugglers fell into each other's arms.

"Be happy, Diego," said Leon.

"God grant that you may find happiness in the love of Donna Maria," said Diego.

Then the latter, taking his lasso, whistled to his colt, which came up at the appeal, and, after saddling it, he leaped lightly on its back. He remained motionless for a moment, taking a sorrowful glance at the men sleeping a short distance from him; and then, after breathing a deep sigh, he addressed Leon once again.

"Farewell!" he said to him: "remember that you are an adopted son of the Araucanos, and that if you please one day to come among your brothers to seek a supporter or a defender, you will find one and the other."

"Farewell!" murmured Leon, whose eyes were moist.

Ere long the half-breed's mustang, sharply-spurred, leaped at one bound over the bales which formed the enclosure of the camp, and darted across the plain with the rapidity of an arrow.

(To be continued.)

ONE FIT OF JEALOUSY.

IT was a delicious day, soft, fragrant with summer blooms, and freshened by gentle breezes that winged their cooling way from the river, when Charlie Maybury, the envy of the flourishing village of M——, wandered away from his companion whom he had accompanied on a shooting expedition that morning, and emerging from the woods, was soon in full view of the winding, green-bordered river that flashed and quivered in the glad sunbeams until it looked as if crested with gems. Charlie kept on until he came to a clump of willows that cast their tremulous shadows into the water, and feeling warm and fatigued he threw himself down upon the shaded bank, and gave himself up to a drowsy, comfortable day-dreaming.

There were various circumstances which combined to make Charlie Maybury *the* envied man of M——. In the first place he was blessed with a goodly share of the "filthy lucre," which is after all very acceptable in this practical sort of affair known as "real life," and of which the worthy people of M—— were constantly reminded by his handsome house with its extensive and well laid out grounds, his carriage and horses, and everything in short which conduced to taste and comfort.

But the chief cause of the sinful feeling which agitated the hearts of the M—— citizens was Charlie's wife. And in this the masculine portion of the community (for the ladies, of course, did not share the feeling) showed their good taste, even though the divine ordinance, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife," was thereby most grossly violated. It was true that Mrs. Maybury was one of the most charming of women, and when I say *charming* I intend the word to be very comprehensive, and, therefore, to include beauty, accomplishments, amiability, and good sense, and withal a spice of merri-ment running through her genial nature that made her a most captivating companion. Charlie's confidential opinion of the "partner of his bosom and pocket" given to one of his intimate friends was that she was a "downright angel!" But Charlie's ideas might have been a little extravagant; I will not pretend to judge.

Well, to go back to the hero of this veritable history:—He still reclined beneath the shading branches of the willows,

half lulled to slumber by the murmurous melody of the gliding river, when the sound of approaching voices struck on his ear. His friends had evidently come in quest of him, and he was about to discover himself to them, when the mention of his wife's name in a connexion which caused his cheek to burn with indignation, aroused an intense curiosity to hear more, and lying very quietly with his eyes closed, he listened attentively. One of the newcomers had been a suitor of his wife's before he superseded him and carried off the prize.

"I declare, Grey, it is a shame for Charlie to be so deceived; I think it would be a kindness for some one to enlighten him with regard to his wife's perfidy. I was slightly attracted in that direction once myself, and now I'm deuced glad I gave up the chase."

"Or rather," interjected Grey, with good-natured sarcasm, "you found yourself distanced, and so fell back with as good grace as possible. You might as well admit that you were pretty deep in love with the little beauty until Charlie Maybury cut you out. For my part though, to return to the news you have just related, I cannot believe it possible that some mistake has not been made."

"I can assure you," replied the other, confidently, "that the facts were as I have related them. Mrs. Maybury was seen to go into the ladies' parlour of the Riverside Hotel, and when she left the room a gentleman accompanied her as far as the door, and kissed her, saying—'My darling! I am so glad to see you after our long separation that I want to hold you to my heart and look in your dear face all the time. Come to me to-morrow early, wont you?' The immaculate Mrs. Maybury said she would come, told him to keep out of sight of Charlie, and was off, while he stood watching her as long as he could see her. Now if that is not a mysterious proceeding on the part of a married lady, then I'm not a judge of propriety."

"Mysterious indeed!" thought Charlie, as he lay there with crimson face and great drops of perspiration, not wholly produced by the heat, beading his forehead. Much he had wondered when, a week ago, coming suddenly into his wife's sitting-room one afternoon, he found her reading a letter with tears in her eyes,

but a smile of mischief and fun dimpling her mouth. When she saw her husband she started, and quickly folding up the letter put it in her pocket. (*Par parenthèse*, that pocket was most diligently searched at the first opportunity by hands that had no business there, to no purpose whatever.) Looking up at Charlie with a bright smile, she informed him that she had received a letter from an old friend who was about to pay her a visit. For some unaccountable purpose his wife had insisted on going "up street" the day before, though it was rainy and disagreeable. This morning she had undoubtedly taken advantage of his opportune absence, and gone to pay her promised visit to the "Riverside." Almost maddened by these thoughts he clenched his hands in the mass of raven, wavy hair which his false wife had so often threaded with her dainty fingers in *such* a tender, caressing manner. But Charlie's movement was not at all after that fashion; if his hair had been a false appendage, it would have suffered a total wreck in the clutches of his desperate hands.

"I will confront her with the knowledge of her baseness!" was his first impulsive thought. "No, I won't," was his second, more calm as well as more wily; "I will wait and watch her, and if I find that she is really false to me I will cast her from me!"

Charlie made this determination without flinching, and with a truly tragic air; and, waiting until his friends had passed from sight, he took up his gun and started for home with feelings far from enviable. Poor Charlie! he had flourished and prospered too long for the comfort of the malicious portion of the M—— inhabitants, and he must expect to have his peace assailed from some quarter. But of all ills that could beset him, jealousy was the most tormenting, distracting, and soul-harrowing. He realized the truth of this, when, in his impatient haste to reach home, he tumbled from the top of a furze-rail fence, and made the acquaintance of an adjacent mud-puddle in an exceedingly unceremonious and disagreeable manner, which did not at all tend to restore his equilibrium of temper, from the fact that his clothing and hands were besmeared with mire, and there was no alternative but for him to make his appearance at the house in that interesting plight.

But he trusted to the Fates, that had hitherto been so propitious, to lend him their aid in this particular need, and

assist him to enter the house and reach his apartment without observation. But the worthy "Three" had forsaken him for the time being, and his dismay was unbounded when he perceived the carriage at the door, and his wife just alighting therefrom.

His teeth and hands both shut themselves in a manner truly belligerent. A looker-on would never have imagined that the lovely, smiling, dainty, happy-looking creature who stood there on the step waiting for him was the cause. *She* did not imagine it either, but wondered what made Charlie poke along so slowly. At length she caught sight of the mud with which he was so liberally bedaubed.

"Why, Charlie!" she exclaimed, with extended eyes and uplifted hands; and then, struck with the ludicrousness of his appearance, she burst into a peal of laughter.

But Charlie did not laugh; he only thought to himself,

"She is not guilty, or she could not look so innocent and happy;" and with this thought in his mind, yet half doubting, nevertheless, he continued advancing up the walk.

"Charles Maybury!" exclaimed the lady, "what *have* you been about? Have you been fighting, sir?"

She asked this momentous question very seriously, surveying with slightly elevated nose his sorry appearance.

Charlie's disgust at the idea was unbounded; his dignity was insulted, and he grew angry.

"What have *you* been about, madam?" he asked indignantly, and with a searching glance into her face, which was immediately suffused with crimson, but she replied very coldly,

"O, I've been up in the village to Ray's, and I bought you the sweetest neck-tie you ever beheld. Come in and I will show it to you."

Charlie looked into the bright, happy blue eyes of his wife, and at the red, smiling mouth and charming oval face, set in its rich framework of rippling, chestnut hair, that beamed upon him so bewitchingly tender in spite of his forlorn condition, that he was melted. But that quick-rising, flitting blush! surely, surely that was evidence of guilt. But with this horrible thought came the determination not to be angry, and he acted accordingly during that day; but who can describe his torments when Susie's

head reposed in slumber on his bosom that night, to hear her murmur in sleep "Dear Harry!" Did his ears deceive him? No, no! he heard aright

"That sleeping whisper of a name"

that was not his, and therefore she had no right to utter it in her dreams. Frantic thoughts of a suicide and all manner of desperate measures chased themselves phantom-like through his distracted brain. He would never live to be a stumbling-block in the way of her happiness; not he. And yet she deserved some punishment for her ingratitude. Was it for this that he brought her aged mother to his home and surrounded her with the comforts and luxuries which were so grateful to her declining years? and elevated Susie from her humble position as the village school-mistress to the loftiest station of mistress of his heart, home, and worldly possessions generally? No, he would live, just out of spite; it would too well coincide with her wishes for him to put himself out of the world; no doubt his trouble would soon enough aid him in his exit from things terrestrial, and in the meantime he would endeavour to prepare his soul for the coming introduction among scenes celestial.

Well, as may be readily supposed, Charlie slept no more that night. The next morning he prepared to leave the house as soon as his hasty breakfast was dispatched. He had every appearance of being in a hurry.

"Where are you going, Charlie, so early?" asked Susie, as she sat leisurely sipping her chocolate. "On another shooting excursion?" she asked, with a wicked smile in her blue eyes.

He looked at her savagely.

"No, I'm going to town, and shall not return until night."

He looked at her sharply, and was sure he perceived a look of joy breaking through the light in her eyes and the dimples about her mouth, but she attempted to cover it with a very becoming pout.

"I think you are too bad to stay away and leave me alone a whole day."

"O, you can go to the village, make a call at the 'Riverside,' or invite some one here to spend the day with you," replied Charlie, with apparent carelessness.

"So I can," responded Susie, coolly, her mind evidently at rest on the point.

Charlie grew furious again. He caught up his gloves, and, rushing out of the room, banged the door after him in a very significant manner. Susie jumped up with a roguish smile rippling over her face. She reached the outer door almost as soon as her husband.

"I declare, Charlie," she began, with an injured expression, "you are as cross as a bear this morning? What have I done?"

"Woman! can you ask?" trembled on his lips, but he did not utter it. She looked so pretty, with the fresh glow on her cheek, and her curls blown about by the breeze, and the dainty morning-robe so becoming; really he could not resist her fascinations. He clasped her passionately to his heart, and showered kiss after kiss on the smiling red lips so lately polluted by the touch of that rascal! that *black-leg*! that *scoundrel*! Charlie could not find epithets black enough for him, and thinking thus, he put Mrs. Susie almost rudely from him, mounted his horse, and was gone.

About an hour after, the faithless wife descended to the door, dressed for the street, and, stepping into the carriage which awaited her, was soon moving in the direction of the "Riverside." A gentleman walked back and forth on the front piazza, thoughtfully smoking his Havanna, but the moment he espied Mrs. Maybury's carriage he descended the steps and waited for it to come up.

"Good morning, Harry!" called Susie's silvery tones; "all ready for a drive?"

The gentleman assented, and, with a pleased smile, seated himself beside the charming occupant of the carriage. As soon as he was ensconced therein Susie informed him of the scene of the morning, adding that "Charlie was getting jealous as a Bluebeard," whereupon the gentleman laughed in a manner most unfeeling and irreverent, in which Susie joined with much zest.

In the meantime Charlie, who had no intention of going to town, turned about after going a short distance in that direction, and proceeding towards home by a circuitous route, arrived at the house about half an hour after Susie's departure. Giving his horse in charge of his man, he proceeded to his wife's sitting-room, and secreted himself behind a large screen that stood in one corner, where he waited in a state of mental feeling bordering on distraction, to say nothing of the physical suffering which he endured from his

necessarily cramped and uncomfortable position.

Presently a light step was heard in the hall, followed by the unmistakeable tramp of a masculine boot, and a soft voice said, "This way, Harry," and in another moment the guilty pair entered the room. "Harry" seated himself on the lounge, and Susie, after removing her bonnet, placed herself beside him. Charlie watched through a friendly loop-hole in the screen, and, with distended eyes and uprising hair, beheld the wretch pull Susie's head down to his shoulder, while he told her how fair she had grown in his absence, and all that sort of thing, until he could endure the sight no longer. He fairly made up his mind to make a rush on the scoundrel; trembling with rage he emerged from his hiding-place. The strange gentleman tried hard to conceal a smile, but Susie, more audacious, laughed outright.

"Sir," began the enraged husband, "if you do not leave this house in three seconds I will kick you out. As for this shameless woman," he added, turning an awful look on Susie,—

"As for me," interrupted the latter, rising gracefully, "permit me, my dear husband, to make you acquainted with my *brother* Harry, just returned from his last three years' cruise."

Charlie stared, rubbed his eyes, looked ashamed, and mentally ejaculated, "What a fool a man can make himself!" and then both gentlemen shook hands amid peals of laughter.

Some hours afterwards, when Charlie and his wife were alone in their room, he asked her what induced her to torment him in such a manner.

"You remember, a few weeks ago, you boasted to Frank Summers, who is continually jealous of Alice, that *you* had never been jealous through the whole two years that we have been married. I overheard you, and secretly resolved that you should be, and when Harry's letter came, announcing his return home, I found a good opportunity, and immediately formed a plan; that it was an effective one yourself can determine."

We never heard of Charlie being jealous but once afterward, and then Susie went to a chest, and took therefrom a coat and a pair of unmentionables with a huge rent in one knee of the latter, the whole bedaubed with what appeared to have been mud, and quietly told him that if he meditated falling from another furze-rail fence, he had better don these garments, which seemed peculiarly fitted to the purpose. He was silenced.

FORTY-EIGHT HOURS IN A MAD-HOUSE.

CHARLES WYMAN had always been my friend; in boyhood my schoolmate; in youth my college-companion. Possessed of great ambition, to which was added a nervous and lymphatic temperament, his almost superhuman exertions to be a class-leader, but ill accorded with the resources of a mind whose powers barely reached mediocrity. His parents being very wealthy, and possessing a son who only shared in too great a degree their extraordinary energy, on all occasions applauded his praiseworthy example; and to such a degree, finally, did his enthusiasm and love of study lead him, that even the period which should have been set aside for the rest and refreshment of his intellect was converted into a time of intense application. I clearly foresaw the evil consequences that would befall my friend, and dwelt upon them with much solicitude, but any admonition on

my part was regarded by him as the advice of a too susceptible nature.

"Ah, Richard," he would say, "who can be a better judge of my own powers of endurance than myself? When I feel that I require it I take rest. We all of us sleep longer than is requisite for health. Life was not given us that we might spend it in sleep."

Thus he continued steadfast in his old course, contrary to the commands even of the professors themselves. However, finally, my worst apprehensions became realized. One morning I was called hastily to his room, where I found him raging under an aggravated attack of delirium, commonly called brain fever, but, in reality, the initiative stage of a species of insanity called dementia. His face was much flushed, his tongue frightfully lacerated and swollen, his eyes protruding from their sockets, and his whole

mien contorted in the extreme. Any advances on my part were repulsed with the greatest abhorrence, his furor being assuaged more effectually by a perfect stranger.

When his distressed parents were brought to his bedside, their presence only caused renewed convulsions, and they were glad to withdraw from his presence as speedily as possible. This state of mental disturbance continued unabated for some months, but gradually he became sufficiently composed to be removed to his home, where by degrees his delirium settled into profound melancholy. Morose at all times, suspicious of every one, and subject at different periods to frightful hallucinations, he became a terror to the inmates of his father's house.

At one time he imagined his sister was a bear, and had he not been restrained, he would have precipitated himself from a third story window. At another time he thought his mother a fiend who gave him no peace, and attempted to slay her. Sometimes during the night horrid sights would come up before him, and on these occasions he would cry aloud and wound himself in the most terrific manner. Gradually this state of mental distress settled into Lypemania; and now his parents resolved to have him confined in a lunatic asylum.

There are in London two houses of this description—St. Luke's, situated in Old Street, near the City Road, on the north side of the metropolis; and Bethlem, on the south side, situated in Lambeth Road. These places, however, being the refuge of a poorer class of patients, where care and attention could only be limited, it was decided to send him to Middlesex County Lunatic Asylum, situated at Hanwell, about eight and a half miles distant from London. In this place every attention that could be desired was paid to its unfortunate inmates.

The form of application having been received, filled, and returned, it now only remained to place the Lypemaniac within the precincts of his new home, which eventually proved to be a most arduous undertaking. I was then in my twenty-first year, robust in body and mind. I mention this fact so that it may be observed how soon human efforts may turn the full tide of life towards the ebb of death. The unpleasant duty of consigning a friend to a prison for life was imposed on me. It was considered preferable to entice him within the Asylum than to

employ force; and having *now* more influence with him than any other person accounts for my selection.

Having become sufficiently composed to be entrusted abroad, Charles started with me one fine summer afternoon across the fields, ostensibly for a walk, but in reality a decoy. Very naturally we turned our steps towards the Asylum, which we rapidly approached; but when we had almost reached our destination, Charles suddenly feigned sickness, retired to a hotel close at hand, and cast himself on a bed as if to sleep. I lay down beside him and soon fell into a profound slumber. While I thus slept Charles was not sleeping likewise, but with all the cunning and ingenuity of a madman, had abstracted the form of admission and other papers from my person, had seen the chief of the Asylum, and representing me to be the lunatic, had shown the document with a statement of my appearance and manners, promising to deliver me up in a very short time.

When I awoke he was sitting beside me perfectly calm and collected. After having partaken of some refreshments we continued our way, and Charles having expressed a desire to visit the Asylum we had now reached, of which request I was only too glad to avail myself, we advanced towards the lofty gate, and rang the bell. We were admitted, and having traversed a tastefully-arranged flower-garden, proceeded through a succession of rooms, occupied by a number of those demented beings who may be classed as the lowest order of humanity. We remained seated for some time in the reception-room, when, finally, the director of the establishment entered, accompanied by several attendants. I arose to deliver my charge, but felt in vain for the form of admission. Charles at the same time sprang to his feet, and presenting the missing paper, said, in a manner so calm and collected that I stood in mute astonishment—

"Sir, I now have the pleasure of delivering Mr. Charles Wyman, who is suffering from some slight mental ailment, to your excellent care, knowing that if a cure is possible, it will be effected under your supervision."

The attendants suddenly rushed upon me, and, having thrown me upon the floor, invested me with a strait-jacket—an article of costume anything but comfortable. In vain I insisted that a mistake had been made; that they had

secured the sane man instead of the mad; that if they would desist a short time, I would fully prove that I was the wrong person.

My words were unheeded; they fell as harmless as if they had never been spoken. Disgusted as well as dismayed at my wretched condition, and at the indifference of my keepers, I closed my eyes and settled into gloomy silence. When at last Charles perceived that I was disposed of, he approached me, and in a well-assumed tone of commiseration, said—

“My poor Charles, I must now leave you. I hope soon again to see you amongst our circle of friends. In the meantime I shall earnestly pray that God will restore that reason which you formerly possessed.”

“Villain!” I exclaimed—anger having now taken the place of consternation—“you will yet have cause to repent of this wicked act; you are perfectly aware which of us is most fitted for the position in which I am now unfortunately confined.” Then addressing myself to the physician of the establishment, who was standing beside me, I added, “Kind sir, from your experience you are able to detect lunacy by the shape of the head, the expression of the eyes, the cast of the countenance; it is even unveiled in the common course of conversation. Now in my case you cannot but have observed that all these symptoms are wanting, that some error has been committed. Test me—examine me—try my mental powers, that I may prove to you my sanity—that I may be liberated.”

How keen was my disappointment when I observed that he gave me not the least attention. I might have spoken in Hebrew or Sanscrit with as much effect. He looked upon me as one little better than a beast of the field. I, who had been the pride of the college, the president of a club!

“Poor fellow!” he exclaimed as he moved away, “his is, I fear, an incurable case, for I think it is chronic. I have seen too many of such cases to be mistaken; however, the efficacy of the usual treatment shall be tried.”

When he had finished he turned to an assistant, who accompanied him, and of what he said I gleaned the following:—

“Herbert, take this new patient to the surgery shortly, where we will begin by counter-irritation;” he still went on speaking, but I lost the import of what he said. Now I was perfectly aware that counter-

irritation designated a very energetic plan of treatment, and consequently there would be much suffering to endure, which I knew was perfectly unnecessary. Could it be avoided? Could I succeed in escaping? Alas! no. The only hope I had was that my friends or college-mates would rescue me before they had destroyed my reason, perhaps my life.

Being for a short time left to myself, I improved the opportunity by observing those who surrounded me. The room in which I was confined contained about fifty of those unfortunate creatures who had lost their reason. A strange yet fearful picture of depraved humanity they presented; those that were not secured moved about incessantly, at times gesticulating and shouting with all their strength, yet hurting no one. Close beside me sat one—a Lypemaniac, his pale, listless face gazing upon the scene before him with perfect indifference; love, respect, and honour had died out in his heart; his melancholy countenance never expressing anything but fear. At his right sat a monomaniac, one who, whenever his mind reverted to a certain subject, burst out in paroxysms of the wildest fury; at other times gentle and subdued. In front of me raved a maniac the contortions of whose countenance it was frightful to behold, at all times giving vent to a perfect storm of words; yet he felt nothing, knew nothing, thought nothing. At his feet lay an idiot, one fatuous, unable to preserve himself from danger; his physiognomy vacant, step unsteady, articulation broken. Around raved others in different stages of dementia and melancholia.

As I gazed upon this disgusting crowd I felt the room swim round and round; its occupants seemed now running up the sides of the room, now skipping nimbly over the ceiling, at times advancing towards me on their heads, then quickly retreating on their feet. Gradually a cloud shut them from my sight, when, enveloped in darkness, I was alone to myself, benumbed, senseless, almost lifeless. I had fainted.

It was in a strange room that I found myself when once more consciousness had restored reason. Sharp, bright surgical instruments, peculiar-shaped saws, retorts for distilling poisonous acids, furnaces for heating extraordinary pieces of mechanism, were all arranged in neat order around the apartment. Several attendants were standing around me, who assisted the

doctor in administering some stimulating cordial.

"Poor Charley," he said, in a coaxing voice, as soon as he observed that I had recovered, "be a good boy now, and do not faint again; take a mouthful of this, it will do you good; besides, it will give you strength to endure an operation that we are about to perform. Come now, that's a good fellow; if you are quiet for a short time, to-morrow I will buy you a nice pair of shoes, with black laces; besides, I will get you a pretty hat and coat and pants, all new; then you will look so fine and nice the ladies will all fall in love with you. What do you say to that, Charley?"

I had listened to this ludicrous speech with a feeling half of mirth, half of anger; but when he had finished, every sense of manhood being slighted, I exclaimed with what energy I could command,

"Sir, you speak to me as if I were a fool. I order you now to desist from this foolishness. I am a man perfectly sane. Look at me. Do you see anything wrong? Is not my language correct? Have I raved, or shouted, or uttered absurd sentences? I again aver that you have taken the wrong person. Those papers he presented to you, which related to himself, he obtained from me by stealth. To prove that I am the wrong person, only send to St. James's Square, Ashley Terrace. This operation you speak of I will not endure. I do not require it."

I exerted myself with all my might to free myself from those who held me; it was of no avail; they tied me to the seat in which I sat. And now they commenced the plan of treatment that the doctor had before spoken of. I was immersed in a hot, stimulating bath, until I was almost unconscious from sheer exhaustion; then a friction was applied, and a sore rubbing it proved to be, the whole cutaneous surface being nearly denuded of skin. Having shaved my head, upon it was placed a moxa; this is a cone made of a cottony substance obtained from the *Artemisia Moxa*, a kind of *mugwort*; this being ignited, the pain and heat gradually increased as the combustion proceeded, downwards, until ultimately an eschar was formed.

The suffering was painful in the extreme. I had ceased to cry out, or to make any exertions to free myself. I settled into a state of partial insensibility, yet upon me even then broke the fearful thought that I was going mad—was

losing my reason from the blindness and stupidity of those around; but by-and-by even this thought ceased to trouble me, and again for a season I knew no more.

The sombre shades of night had closed upon the earth, when once more I awoke to a consciousness of my situation. I found myself placed in an exceedingly large room, the lofty ceilings and sides of which were scarcely visible. Around me many of my noisy companions were now sleeping—some tranquilly, others as if disturbed by turbulent dreams. I quietly raised my head and gazed upon the forms of those that slept, but my eyes fell upon no night-watch, for he had gone to visit some other ward. Thoughts of escape arose in my mind by-and-by, and as all seemed quiet and at rest, I stole from my bed and examined the fastenings of the place; but with my lengthened search the hope of escape died out, and disheartened I sought my bed.

However, in a short time I had a new cause for terror. The noise of my movements had awakened the man who occupied the bed next to mine. This man was a maniac, and subject to occasional fits of appalling ferocity. Hearing him make a slight noise, I turned and observed that he was regarding me intently, his large eyes glared as if lit up by some unnatural fire, from their depths an explosion as if volcanic appeared about to burst. I became fascinated—my gaze completely fettered. Had I dared I could not have called out for help.

After a short time he glided from his bed, and placed his huge form beside me. The fire in his eyes burned brighter and more unnatural than before. A white froth was oozing from his mouth; his coarse red hair stood on end as if electrified. Then bending his hideous and contorted countenance over me till it almost touched my face, he hissed with his hot breath these words:—

"Murderer of my daughter! at last I have found you. I tracked your footsteps over wide deserts, where the hot sand burned my feet and my tongue became parched for want of drink. Upon the ocean I followed you in ships; and in the dark forest I knew your footprints upon the soft grass, and traced you as the hound follows its prey. Upon a Siberian plain I asked you what death you would choose, but you said your time had not yet come. That question I ask you again. My daughter's death must be avenged."

At this instant the footstep of the night-

watch was heard approaching—a welcome sound. The madman heard it too, and uttering a threat of immediate death if I dared address him, stole back to his bed and feigned sleep; nevertheless, I could yet see the strange fire raging in his half closed eyes.

The night-watch entered the room, and finding all quiet, passed on, his footfall growing fainter and fainter, till at last it died away altogether. I did not speak to him for two reasons—the first was, because I dared not; the second was, because I felt that the watch would pay no attention to what I said, seeing that it came from a lunatic. This consideration troubled me not a little; however, the thought that my friends, having become alarmed at my absence, would seek me on the morrow, gave some degree of hope, and from this sprang ease of mind. But now the madman again arose and molested me.

“I was interrupted just now,” he said, with a savage grin, “but I will not be again. Have you chosen your mode of death?”

“Yes, I wish to be drowned!” I answered. I said this because I knew that there was no water in the room; and besides, I wished to gain time. But he quickly foresaw my intentions, his perception being very keen, and giving me a painful slap on the face, said—

“I mean, sir, for you to name some method which I have in my power now to execute. Shall I hang you, or strangle you, or dash out your brains, or cut your throat, or rip you open? Or do it gradually by cutting off limb after limb. Perhaps you would like poison?”

“Yes, yes, give me poison!” I exclaimed.

He handed me a small powder, which I managed to spill while in the act of taking. This he perceived, and, with an oath, he aimed a heavy blow at my head. I clearly foresaw that passive action would no longer preserve me, so, springing to the floor, in a stern voice I ordered him to his bed, and dared him to approach me at his peril. At first he was greatly astonished at the change in my demeanour; then passion took possession of his mind, and he slowly advanced towards me.

Weak as I was, I put myself in a position to meet his attack. Among my college-mates I had obtained the reputation of being an excellent boxer, and now to this art I laid the hope of my salvation. When at the distance of two paces he

struck a powerful blow with his right hand, which being guarded, induced a terrific left hand stroke upon his eye, and he fell to the floor. However, he sprang to his feet, and rushing upon me seized me in his arms. A fearful encounter ensued. I exerted myself to the utmost, for I knew he would kill me if he could. Five times he fastened his bony fingers around my throat, and five times I wrenched his grasp away. The noise of the encounter aroused the other patients, and the greatest clamour prevailed. Several keepers rushed in, who having separated us, conveyed us to different cells, where we were confined as men whose presence was considered dangerous to every one. Being quite exhausted, I sank down on the hard floor, where sleep soon closed my troubles for that night.

I was aroused next morning by the voice of an elderly gentleman, who stood in the door of my cell. His fine open countenance was a perfect type of candour and kindness. To him I had reiterated the circumstances of my case, with an appeal for liberty; but he had listened to such petitions too often before, and only shook his head. By his order I was conveyed to one of the large sitting-rooms, where the scenes of the previous day were enacted over again. As I became a little more accustomed to the place, I was struck with the cleanliness of the institution, and with the clock-like manner in which everything was performed. I observed likewise that the keepers, though firm, were kind and indulgent.

The morning wore slowly on, and no one came to the rescue. The dinner hour came and went, but with it appeared no inquiring friend. It seemed to me as if I had become isolated from the world—had fallen into a prison where succour could never come. But still in the distant horizon expectation pointed out a little star of hope, and something told me that soon again I would be free. Once during the afternoon the massive door of the apartment swung open, and a small number of visitors entered, among whom were two young ladies. I watched with interest the deep commiseration with which they surveyed the stricken forms; and when I observed one of them looking mournfully upon me, my very spirit boiled to think I could be reduced to such a place.

As she was passing by me I heard her observe that I had not the appearance of a lunatic. Hereupon the eyes of the whole party were centred upon me in an

inquiring manner; one of the keepers at this instant stepped up and warned them not to approach too close, because I was a dangerous character, at the same time he related the occurrence of the past night, wherein I received the credit of an attempt at murder.

However the young lady, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the others, came and seated herself beside me; she said she felt certain I would do her no injury.

"What is your ailment?" was her first question, addressed in a sweet tone, accompanied by a gentle glance from eyes as beautiful and mild as an angel's.

"There is nothing the matter with me," I answered. "I am as sane as you are. I am confined here by mistake. I have only been here a little over one day, and every minute I am looking for my college mates or other friends to come and take me out."

I then related to her in detail the circumstances connected with my deplorable condition; and as I proceeded I perceived that she exhibited the strongest sympathy. This affected me more than all my previous sufferings, and I actually shed tears.

"Clara," she observed, "here is a young man whom I really believe is not crazy, he speaks so correctly. How could they send him to such a place as this? What a lot his must be?"

Then turning to me, she continued—

"But then they will soon send for you. They surely have already missed you, and perhaps are seeking where you may be found. Take courage; trust in God, and all will come out well yet."

The last sentence was spoken in a manner almost tremulous. Thus, while I gazed upon this compassionate creature, I felt at least there was one near me who was assured that I was sane, and who felt for me. But her companion, I saw, observed me with strange misgivings,—expecting, doubtless, momentarily, that I would burst into a fit of ungovernable fury, terrify herself and dissipate the conclusions of her friend. However, in a short time the company had passed from the room, and once more I was alone with the mad.

Through my earnest entreaty the resident physician, who was an exceedingly kind and indulgent gentleman, deferred treating me for insanity for one day at least; and really he could hardly have conferred a more acceptable boon, for I looked upon the excruciating pain of the

moxa with terror. Night came at last, with its sleep to thousands; and, like a number of children, each one was put to bed. To my great relief I was placed in a room by myself, where, fearing no repetition of my last midnight encounter, I sank into a sweet slumber; and now the mind travelled to those cherished places where the body could not.

Early next day I underwent an examination before a board of gentlemen—professional, of course—who, having noted minutely the size and shape of my cranium, my cast and expression of countenance, resolved that I was labouring under some species of mania, but of what species I was never informed. Toward mid-day I experienced the luxury, or rather torture, of a shower-bath. The thousand little streams of ice-cold water descended in such profusion, that respiration having been almost cut off, I was on the point of dying by asphyxia; but even then the mind was active, for I thought of an accident that befel me the year before on the Severn, when, precipitated from a considerable height, I fell into its waters, chilled by the frosts of January.

It was with a feeling of reckless indifference to all things that I again descended to the sitting-room, for the disappointment at the neglect of my friends was now converted into despair. I did not take into account the very many considerations that would affect them regarding my absence. And when towards evening twelve eager students came rushing into the room, followed by two anxious, grey-headed professors, for a time I was perfectly unmoved; but when everything burst upon me as a reality, then, with a joyful cry, I bounded forward to meet them.

It was gratifying to behold the bewilderment of the principal on hearing this piece of news. He was profuse in his protestations of sorrow, alleging that in nowise could he be considered at fault. However, I forgave him, and having arrayed myself in a new suit of apparel, left him and his house—I hoped for ever. It was a long six months before my health was sufficiently improved to return to college, during which time the real Charles Wyman was placed in the Asylum, and began to improve. Since my return many a classmate have I amused with a rehearsal of my forty-eight hours' adventure in a madhouse.

SOMNAMBULISM.

THIS singular aberration from our natural habits may be considered an intermediate state between sleeping and being awake. This infraction of physiologic laws may therefore be looked upon as a morbid condition. Physicians have given it various denominations, founded on its phenomena, *nocti-vagatio*, *nocti-surgium*, *noct-ambulatio*, *somnus vigilans*, *vigilia somnans*. Somnambulism was well known by the ancients; and Aristotle tells us, "there are individuals who rise in their sleep, and walk about, seeing as clearly as those that are awake."

Diogenes Laertius states that Theon, the philosopher, was a sleep-walker. Galen slept whilst on a road, and pursued his journey until he was awakened by tripping on a stone. Felix Plater fell asleep while playing on the lute, and was only startled from his slumbers by the fall of the instrument. There is no doubt but that in somnambulists the intellectual functions are not only active, but frequently more developed than when the individual is awake. Persons in this state have been known to write and correct verses, and solve difficult problems, which they could not have done at other times. In their actions and locomotion they are more cautious, and frequently more dexterous, than when awake. They have been known to saddle and bridle horses, after having dressed themselves; put on boots and spurs, and afterwards ride considerable distances from home and back again. A sleep-walker wandering abroad in winter complained of being frozen, and asked for a glass of brandy, but expressed violent anger on being offered a glass of water. The celebrated sect of *Tremblers*, in the Cevennes mountains, used to rove about in their sleep, and, although badly acquainted with the French language, expressed themselves clearly and put up prayers in that tongue, instead of the Latin *Pater* and *Credo* which they had been taught. A singular phenomenon in some cases of this affection is that of walking about without groping, whether the eyelids are closed or open. Somnambulism has been known to be hereditary: Horstius mentions three brothers who were affected with it at the same period; Willis knew a whole family subject to it. It is not generally known that the subject of the French dramatic piece called *La Somnambule* was founded on fact.

Singular faculties have been developed in the mental condition. Thus a case is related of a woman in the Edinburgh infirmary, who during her paroxysm not only mimicked the manner of the attendant physicians, but repeated correctly some of their prescriptions in Latin.

Dr. Dyce, of Aberdeen, describes the case of a girl, in which this affection began with fits of somnolency, which came upon her suddenly during the day, and from which she could at first be roused by shaking or by being taken into the open air. During these attacks she was in the habit of talking of things that seemed to pass before her like a dream, and was not at the time sensible of anything that was said to her. On one occasion she repeated the entire of the baptismal service of the Church of England, and concluded with an extemporary prayer. In her subsequent paroxysms she began to understand what was said to her, and to answer with a considerable degree of consistency, though these replies were in a certain measure influenced by her hallucination. She also became capable of following her usual employment during the paroxysm. At one time she would lay out the table for breakfast, and repeatedly dress herself and the children, her eyes remaining shut the whole time. The remarkable circumstance was now discovered, that, during the paroxysm, she had a distinct recollection of what had taken place in former attacks, though she had not the slightest recollection of it during the intervals. She was taken to church during the paroxysm, and attended the service with apparent devotion, and at one time was so affected by the sermon that she actually shed tears; yet in the interval she had no recollection whatever of the circumstance, but in the following paroxysm she gave a most distinct account of it, and actually repeated the passage of the sermon that had so much affected her. This sort of somnambulism, relating distinctly to two periods, has been called—perhaps erroneously—a *state of double consciousness*.

This girl described the paroxysm as coming on with a dimness of sight and a noise in the head. During the attack her eyelids were generally half shut, and frequently resembled those of a person labouring under amaurosis, the pupil dilated and insensible. Her looks were dull and vacant, and she often mistook

the person who was speaking to her. The paroxysms usually lasted an hour, but she often could be roused from them. She then yawned and stretched herself like a person awakening from sleep, and instantly recognised those about her. At one time she read distinctly a portion of a book presented to her, and she would frequently sing pieces of music more correctly and with better taste than when awake.

In illustration of the phenomena of the preceding case, Dr. Abercrombie gives the following very curious history:—"A girl, aged seven years, an orphan of the lowest rank, residing in the house of a farmer, by whom she was employed in tending cattle, was accustomed to sleep in an apartment separated by a very thin partition from one which was frequently occupied by an itinerant fiddler. This person was a musician of very considerable skill, and often spent a part of the night in performing pieces of a refined description; but his performance was not taken notice of by the child, except as a disagreeable noise. After a residence of six months in this family she fell into bad health, and was removed to the house of a benevolent lady, where, on her recovery after a protracted illness, she was employed as a servant. Some years after she came to reside with this lady, the most beautiful music was often heard in the house during the night, which excited no small interest and wonder in the family; and many a waking hour was spent in endeavours to discover the invisible minstrel. At length the sound was traced to the sleeping-room of the girl, who was found fast asleep, but uttering from her lips a sound exactly resembling the sweetest tones of a small violin. On further observation it was found that after being about two hours in bed, she became restless and began to mutter to herself; she then uttered sounds precisely resembling the tuning of a violin, and at length, after some prelude, dashed off into an elaborate piece of music, which she performed in a clear and accurate manner, and with a sound exactly resembling the most delicate modulation of the instrument, and then began exactly where she had stopped in the most correct manner. These paroxysms occurred at irregular intervals, varying from one to fourteen and even twenty nights; and they were generally followed by a degree of fever and pain over various parts of the body.

"After a year or two her music was not confined to the imitation of the violin, but was often exchanged for that of a piano of a very old description, which she was accustomed to hear in the house in which she now lived, and then she would begin to sing, imitating exactly the voices of several ladies of the family.

"In another year from this time she began to talk a great deal in her sleep, in which she fancied herself instructing a young companion. She often descanted with the utmost fluency and correctness on a variety of subjects, both political and religious, the men of the day, the historical parts of Scripture, public characters, and particularly the character of the members of the family and their visitors. In these discussions she showed the most wonderful discrimination, often combined with sarcasm and astonishing powers of mimicry. Her language through the whole was fluent and correct, and her illustrations often forcible and even eloquent. She was fond of illustrating her subjects by what she called *a fable*, and in these her imagery was both appropriate and correct. The justice and truth of her remarks on all subjects excited the utmost astonishment in those who were acquainted with her limited means of acquiring information.

"She had been known to conjugate correctly Latin verbs, which she had probably heard in the school-room of the family, and she was once heard to speak several sentences very correctly in French, at the same time stating that she had heard them from a foreign gentleman whom she had met accidentally in a shop. Being questioned on this subject when awake, she remembered having seen the gentleman, but could not repeat a word of what he had said.

"During her paroxysms it was almost impossible to awake her, and when her eyelids were raised and a candle brought near the eye, the pupil seemed insensible to the light. For several years she was, during the paroxysm, entirely unconscious of the presence of other persons; but about the age of sixteen, she began to observe those who were in the apartment, and she could tell correctly their number, though the utmost care was taken to have the room darkened. She now also became capable of answering questions that were put to her, and of noticing remarks made in her presence, and with regard to both she showed astonishing acuteness. Her observations,

indeed, were often of such a nature, and corresponded so accurately with character and events, that by the country people she was believed to be endowed with supernatural power.

"During the whole period of this remarkable affection, which seems to have gone on for at least ten or eleven years, she was, when awake, a dull awkward girl, very slow in receiving any kind of instruction, though much care was bestowed upon her; and in point of intellect she was much inferior to the other servants of the family; in particular, she showed no kind of turn for music. She did not appear to have any recollection of what passed in her sleep; but during her nocturnal ramblings, she was more than once heard to lament her infirmity of speaking in her sleep, adding how fortunate it was she did not sleep among the other servants, as they teased her enough about it as it was.

"About the age of twenty-one she became immoral in her conduct, and was dismissed the family. Her propensity to talk in her sleep continued to the time of her dismissal, but a great change had taken place in her nocturnal conversation. It had gradually lost its acuteness and brilliancy, and latterly became the mere babbling of a vulgar mind, often mingled with insolent remarks against her superiors, and the most profane scoffing at morality and religion. It is believed that she afterwards became insane."

To what serious reflections does not this curious history give rise! Here there did unquestionably exist a double existence. The one a relative being surrounded with the realities of life; the other a natural condition, unshackled by constraint, and left entirely to the wild enjoyment of a luxuriant fancy and an apprehension quick and brilliant. In the former the young creature found herself derided and degraded by her vulgar companions; her generous infirmities, if such they may be called, made the subject of low ribaldry. In her second existence she became the free child of nature.

Might not proper care have saved this interesting creature from misery? It is admitted that "much care had been bestowed upon her instruction," but was she withdrawn from the low circle that surrounded her, and placed in a society where, in her waking hours, she could have derived those advantages of a superior intercourse, which might have worked upon her vivid imagination as powerfully

as the melodious sounds she had heard at other times? "She became immoral—scoffed at religion"—*in her sleep*. She was then in a state of nature; unconscious to a certain extent of immorality and religion, although conscious, no doubt, of relative good and evil. Is it not more than probable that when awake, not only were her ears assailed by profane and improper language, but is it not most likely that her ruin was perpetrated during her visionary slumbers, and ever after visited her mind during her paroxysms? Nor is it improbable that her affections had been bestowed upon her despoiler. Instead of being dismissed and cast upon the wide world, helpless, stigmatized, perhaps, with the odious epithet of witch—for we have seen that the lower order considered her such—might not a friendly hand have secured her in an abode where she might have been invited to *COME and sin no more*? Alas! no wonder that the poor creature should have become insane! It is said that she was obtuse in intellect when awake. May not this be accounted for in some measure by the exhaustion of her mental faculties during her paroxysms? It is to be lamented that the learned and philosophic Dr. Abercrombie, who has given this history, did not comment upon it. True Christianity and its benevolence breathe in every line of the eloquent writer, and the poor Scotch *lassie* might have afforded him a valuable theme. How proud would any humane person have felt in making this interesting object of pity what she might have been!

Dr. Dewar also relates the case of an ignorant servant-girl, who, during the paroxysm of somnambulism, showed an astonishing knowledge of geography and astronomy, and expressed herself, in her own language, in a manner which, though often ludicrous, showed an understanding of the subject. The alteration of the seasons, for example, she explained by saying the world was set *a gee*.

In many cases of somnambulism the sleeper is able to continue the occupation that he had previously carried on. Martinet mentions a watchmaker's apprentice, whose paroxysm came on once in the fortnight, and commenced in a sensation of heat ascending to the heart. This was followed by a confusion of thought and insensibility. His eyes were open, but fixed and vacant, and he was totally insensible to everything around him. Yet he continued his usual employment, and

was always much surprised, when he awoke, to find the progress that had taken place in his work. This case ended in epilepsy.

Horstius, whom we have already quoted, tells us of a noble youth of Breslau, living in the citadel, who used to steal out of a window during his sleep, muffled up in his cloak, and ascend the roof of the building, where one night he tore in pieces a magpie's nest, wrapped up the little ones in his cloak, and returned to bed. The following morning he mentioned the circumstance as having occurred in a dream, but could not be persuaded of the reality of the circumstance till the magpies in the cloak were shown to him.

Dr. Abercrombie has given a very remarkable case of a young woman of low rank, who, at the age of nineteen, became insane, but was gentle, and applied herself eagerly to various occupations. Before her insanity she had been only learning to read and to form a few letters, but during her lunacy she taught herself to write perfectly, though all attempts of others had failed. She had intervals of reason, which frequently continued three weeks, and sometimes longer. During these she could neither read nor write, but immediately on the return of her insanity she recovered the power of writing and reading.

The faculty of conversing in a state of somnambulism is too well authenticated to be doubted, although in many instances it may have been a fraudulent trick of animal magnetism. This singular power has been recorded by several of the ancient writers, many of whom pretended that divine inspiration illumined the sleepers. Cicero tells us that when the Lacedæmonian magistrates were embarrassed in their administration, they went to sleep in the temple of Pasiphae, thus named from *Pasi phainein*, or "communicative to all." Strabo mentions a cavern, sacred to Pluto and Juno, where the sick came to consult sleeping priests. Aristides is said to have delivered his opinion while fast asleep in the temple of Æsculapius. It would be endless to quote all the authorities on this subject. Modern magnetisers, however, outstrip the ancients in the wonders they relate in regard to somnambulant faculties developed by magnetism. In 1829, Cloquet, a very distinguished Parisian surgeon, assisted by Dr. Chapelain, removed the cancerous breast of a lady in her magnetic sleep,

during which she continued her conversation, unconscious of the operation, which lasted twelve minutes.

The faculty of seeing through the closed eyelids was fully substantiated in the presence of a commission of investigation appointed by the Academy of Medicine of Paris, and in the presence of fifteen persons. They found a somnambulist, of the name of Paul, to all appearance fast asleep. On being requested to rise and approach the window, he complied immediately. His eyes were then covered in such a manner as not to awaken him, and a pack of cards having been shuffled by several persons, he recognised them without the slightest hesitation. Watches were then shown him, and he named the hour and minute, though the hands were repeatedly altered. A book was then presented to him—it happened to be a collection of operas—and he read *Cantor et Pollux* instead of *Castor et Pollux*, *Tragédie Lyrique*: a volume of Horace was then submitted to him, but not knowing Latin, he returned it, saying, "This is some church-book." The celebrated Dr. Broussais laid before the same somnambulist a letter he had drawn from his pocket; to his utter surprise he read the first lines: the doctor then wrote a few words on a piece of paper in very small characters, which the somnambulist also read with the utmost facility; but what was still more singular, when letters or books were applied to his breast or between the shoulders, he also perused them with equal accuracy and ease. In one instance the queen of clubs was presented to his back; after a moment's hesitation he said, "This is a club—the nine;" he was informed that he was in error, when he recovered himself and said, "No, 'tis the queen:" a ten of spades was then applied, when he hastily exclaimed, "At any rate this is not a court-card; it is—the ten of spades."

The many astute tricks played by animal magnetisers, and frequently detected, naturally induced most persons to doubt the veracity of these experiments; but when we find that they were witnessed by seventy-eight medical men, most of them decidedly hostile to magnetism, and sixty-three intelligent individuals not belonging to the profession, and in every respect disinterested, what are we to say?—perhaps, exclaim with Hamlet—

"There are more things in heaven and earth
Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy!"

I cannot better conclude this article than by the following quotation from Dr. Pritchard's *Treatise on Insanity*:—"There is an obvious relation between the state of the faculties in somnambulism and that which exists during dreams. It is indeed probable that somnambulism is dreaming in a manner so modified that the will recovers its usual power over muscular motion, and likewise becomes endued with a peculiar control over the organs of sense and perception. This power, which gives rise to the most curious phenomena of somnambulism, is of such a kind that while the senses are in general obscured, as in sleep, and all other objects are unperceived, the somnambulator manifests a

faculty of seeing, feeling, or otherwise discovering those particular objects of which he is in pursuit, towards which his attention is by inward movement directed, or with which the internal operations of his mind bring him into relation. As in dreams, so likewise in somnambulism, the individual is intent on the pursuit of objects towards which his mind had been previously directed in a powerful manner, and his attention strongly roused; he is in both states impelled by habit, under the influence of which he repeats the routine of his daily observances. A somnambulator is a dreamer who is able to act his dreams.

EVENING.

THE summer's sun is setting low
Behind those distant hills;
The gentle waters murm'ring flow
Along the mountain rills.

I hear the thrush's tuneful note
In forest far away;
The warblings of the blackbird's throat
The evening twilight's lay.

Then as that music soothes my ears,
And that sweet view my eyes,
My thoughts roll back through many years
And fancy thee describes;

As when I stood once at thy side
On this same spot of yore;
To tell thee of my love I tried,
And to deserve thine more.

Thy sun did set while yet was day,
Thy sweet soft voice was hush'd,
I mourn'd thy form then ta'en away,
And all my hopes were crush'd.

But now those murm'ring waters seem
To tell my lov'd one's peace;
The songs with which those forests teem,
Joys that can never cease.

E. C. C.

LADY LORME.

CHAPTER IX.

A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

WHEN the Corbyns called the following day at Combhurst, they were more surprised than pleased to find neither Lady nor Miss Lorme in sackcloth and ashes. Their own invitation lay upon the table in Lady Lorme's little drawing-room, and Audrey laughed and pointed it out to them, and said they were going to send "a satisfactory answer to it;" for they were all that was fair and smooth to each other, these ladies of Corbyn and Combhurst.

"And Lord Evesham," said Lady Julia, with an air of calm, confidential frankness, "we have sent him an invitation too—though mamma said it was nonsense, because she has heard that he is gone on the Continent; but, of course, under existing circumstances, we knew that such a report must be false—utterly absurd."

Now Lord Evesham had not been over to Combhurst since that day when neuralgia drove him off so suddenly; he had written to Audrey—written with most affectionate regularity—but he had not come; and Audrey was aggrieved thereat, and very properly indignant with him for his shortcomings, and with any one else for noticing them.

But now when Lady Julia Corbyn fired her little shot, indignation dropped suddenly, and something like a regretful qualm made her heart collapse. Was this little cloud that had arisen so ignominiously going to overshadow her whole life?

She murmured in reply some commonplace words of explanation, but even as she murmured them she felt that they were failing of the impression—she had hoped they might make on her guests of herself having feelings of reliance and security in all being right. And then she could hardly tell whether it was gratitude for the championship, or annoyance at the audacity, which staggered her completely, when Lady Lorme cut into the conversation with her perfectly modulated tones, and said—

"You were right to call such a report 'false and utterly absurd;' believe me, Lord Evesham has neither the intention nor the inclination to go on the Continent until he can take his bride with him."

In speaking of it afterwards, Audrey said that "My lady could have given her neither kinder nor more effectual aid, but at the same time, even while she was acknowledging it and trying to feel grateful, she knew that it was offered by her deadliest foe."

"We thought of getting up a charade for the evening," said Lady Margaret, after a time; "would you take a part, Audrey? It is Grace's idea, or rather, an idea that has been put into her head by a man who has just come to papa as secretary or something—a Mr. O'Brien, an Irishman."

"I knew an O'Brien a long time ago," said Audrey, laughing, "who, singularly enough, had a great passion for charades—indeed, for acting of all sorts. I would not mind taking a part, if a part is offered me that I can get through creditably. What word do you think of taking?"

"Oh, we should have more than one. I have determined on 'Blue Beard.' Margaret thinks that a good deal might be done with 'Parsimony.' (Audrey had a "smile in her heart," though not on her cheek, as she thought that undoubtedly at a state dinner at Corbyn a good deal *would* be done with "Parsimony.") And Mr. O'Brien—for in a case of amusement we don't mind taking him into our councils—has recommended 'Forgotten' to our notice. He says it's an excellent word."

A flush like a sun-burst passed over Audrey's face; it was such a smiling, pleased blush!

"Why," she exclaimed, with animation, "if I could think it possible that the gayest soldier I have ever met could turn secretary and book-worm, I should think it must be the same O'Brien I once knew, for I acted in that very word with Dillon O'Brien when I was a school-girl at Blackheath, and he an ensign at Woolwich."

"His name *is* Dillon," said Lady Julia, "actually Dillon; *we* didn't think much of him, but papa always declared he was a gentleman, and so it seems he is by your account."

"That bit of retrospective sentimentality shall be duly reported to Evesham," thought my lady; "he thinks her rather loftier than the angels, though he has no love for her. I wonder what he will think of stagey flirtations with Woolwich men,

and blushings-up when she hears the name of one mentioned?"

"At any rate," she said aloud, "you may tell Mr. Dillon O'Brien that he is not forgotten by Miss Audrey Lorme. Perhaps—who knows? for young people will be young people (as is sapiently observed by mediocrity when it has not anything better to say in defence of folly)—he 'came here misled by a false woman's vow;' he had better make the best of it, and stay to drink health, not to the Baroness, but to the Countess of Evesham."

"Lady Lorme is pleased to make a joke out of nothing, you will perceive," said Audrey, rather scornfully; and then the Corbys, having arrived at nothing, took their leave, and drove home grandly in a coronetted carriage drawn by two screwed horses.

The dinner-party at Corbyn was to come off on the 20th of the month; and as day after day passed and brought it nearer, Audrey began to realise that it would be unpleasant to meet Evesham there, unless his neuralgia, which, according to his diurnal notes to her, had rather increased than otherwise, allowed of his coming to Combhurst first. There was a wretchedly despondent tone about his letters, short as they were, which shook the girl's soul both with anger and sorrow. She felt that a man on the brink of marriage could not indulge in such a frame of mind without offering an insult to the woman whose fate was about to be linked with his.

His letters did not come by post, he sent them by a messenger, so that Audrey had no special interest in and anxiety for the arrival of the letter-bag. But on the morning of the 19th she did, contrary to her custom, intercept the bag on its way to Lady Lorme's dressing-room, and take out such epistolary communications as were in it.

There was one small, narrow missive, in a handwriting she knew well; it was addressed to "Lady Lorme," and when Lady Lorme came out of her room impatiently, watch in hand, Audrey gave her the note without a word;—without a word she took it, and for a minute or two they stood facing each other steadfastly and silently, looking into the depths of each other's eyes, striving with all their woman's wit to fathom each other's souls. Gradually into Lady Lorme's eyes there came a mocking, laughing devil of defiance.

"Have you anything to say to me,

Audrey, that you stand and stare at me so?" she asked.

"Only this," replied Audrey—"God knows, *I* have no desire to pry into your —*secrets*; but do you mean to show that letter to my brother?"

"I don't know yet," said my lady; and then Audrey turned away to get somewhere by herself and *think*, leaving Lady Lorme with the Earl of Evesham's letter in her hand.

That they were living in an atmosphere of mystery, deceit, sorrow, and, she feared, sin, Audrey felt strongly. That until it was all cleared up and Fred could show her a stainless surface again, there could be no marriage between them, she immediately resolved. That her heart would be tried and sorely wrung should the separation be for ever, she frankly admitted; but the thing about which she could come to no conclusion was, would she be justified in concealing or communicating her still vague suspicions of the wife he idolized to her brother? "I *must* tell him what I have seen and thought," she at last said, "out of no revenge to her for having blighted me, but out of my deep love for my brother and his honour."

The fate of one who interferes between man and wife is proverbial. When Audrey, with the tenderest delicacy, and with a repression of her own strong anger that showed the stout-hearted breed from whence she came, told her brother the incident of the note, and asked him what could a private correspondence between Lord Evesham and Lady Lorme mean, Sir Robert elected to be high-minded and lofty, and to pity and forgive Audrey for her capricious unkindness and suspicions of his wife. Nevertheless, when Audrey left him, he rushed up rather hastily into my lady's room, and found her in tears.

"She had burnt the letter, the letter from Evesham," she said, "burnt it in a pet, for it was so, so *very* unkind. He told her plainly that he considered she wanted to make mischief between Robert and himself; that that was the reason why he had stayed away; and that he begged to know how such an unfounded dislike had arisen against a man who had never wittingly offended her. Do ride over, Robert," she continued, "tell him first that I have told you all this, and then say that I am quite sorry for having let my tongue run away with me the other day; will you?"

"Yes," said Sir Robert, slowly, "but

I am sorry you burnt the letter; I should like Audrey to have seen it."

"It is a pity," said my lady hastily, "but now I'll make all the amends in my power: I'll ride the Leprechaun over with you, and induce him to come back."

And so she did; and a hollow peace reigned between the betrothed that evening, for Audrey was touched by his evident illness and suffering. And my lady smiled, and was gayer and lovelier than ever; and her heart beat hotly the while against the letter she had declared to be burnt. It might have been in truth if a woman's warmth of guilty love, and the passionate outpourings of her guilty lover, could have power to burn; for never wilder words of passion have been penned than those which lay over and rose and fell on the white bosom of Lady Lorme; and they had come from the heart of Lord Evesham.

The Propagation of the Gospel subscription had been stopped, and the liveries furbished up effectively. The butler, who announced the names of Sir Robert, Lady and Miss Lorme, in magnificently sonorous accents, was brilliant as to buttons and lace. Knowing this, he came further into the room than he had been wont to do of late, and his person thus intercepted the view Mr. O'Brien would otherwise have had immediately of the advancing party.

"Bah! she wont remember me," he thought impatiently; "why the deuce should I wait on her looks? my prospects ain't so remarkably bright that I need care to flash them before her."

But the next minute his face was illumined from within in a way that made Lady Grace feel yellow and sick; for Audrey Lorme stood before him tendering her hand, with all the old cordiality, and far more than the old grace.

"It is a long time since we used to meet at the Braham's on Blackheath, but not long enough for us to have forgotten how to meet as friends, Mr. O'Brien."

I will not assert that the handsome Irishman had kept her image—idolized "early love" as she had been—*spotless* in his heart of hearts; I should not be believed if I did assert it; but he had kept it there brightly, and the chords of passion were swept strongly at the tones of her voice.

"A long time ago I thought it, till I saw you, Miss Lorme; *now* it seems but yesterday; but things are altered, though you are not."

"*You* are altered since those days," she said; and she thought, "for the better."

Ah well! we all of us have our "alley of limes," down which we wander, and, I hope, breathe a blessing on the one who used to wander through it with us, occasionally. Cold is the heart that has not beaten warmly in response to some other heart in the days gone by, in the golden hours of vanished youth. Colder still the heart that does not beat more quickly when the memories of those days—perhaps the only heritage they have left us—are revived. Loving once does not with the majority mean loving always; but it speaks ill for one or the other when love dies out and no kindly feeling remains. Woe for that woman or man who can think of the "alley of limes" and invoke aught but a blessing on the head of the one who made it a thing to be remembered. The love that dies out in hate and contempt, in coolness and dislike, dies a bitter, cowardly, cruel death. Keep the kindly feeling that in the morning of life made life delicious; keep the kindly feeling! and remember that what was all good in your eyes once, cannot be all bad now, simply because time, circumstances, and distance have exerted their powers of severance. There is nothing sadder in the whole range of sorrowful experiences than hearing that one is dead whom you once loved—especially if you have grown to regard that one with but a light interest. The death might have wrung your heart with more mournful selfish grief if the love had still flowed freshly; but it would not have in that case crushed and subdued it with remorse, with the thought that it had been so lightly withdrawn. We acknowledge to the "dead" everything; but the love that is poured out freely to a memory is little worth. So in avoidance of a possible pang—which is after all but a selfish way of putting it—keep and cherish kindly feelings towards the once-loved.

The charades went off "brilliantly," so at least the whole company said; the assertion that they did so was made with particular force, though, by two or three of the elderly portion of the audience who had been taken in the act of going to sleep. But people invariably go to sleep if they are planted as "audience" to charades in which their own daughters are not acting with eligible men after a heavy dinner. They were forgiven their somnolent tendencies, therefore, and

and blushings-up when she hears the name of one mentioned?"

"At any rate," she said aloud, "you may tell Mr. Dillon O'Brien that he is not forgotten by Miss Audrey Lorme. Perhaps—who knows? for young people will be young people (as is sapiently observed by mediocrity when it has not anything better to say in defence of folly)—he 'came here misled by a false woman's vow;' he had better make the best of it, and stay to drink health, not to the Baroness, but to the Countess of Evesham."

"Lady Lorme is pleased to make a joke out of nothing, you will perceive," said Audrey, rather scornfully; and then the Corbys, having arrived at nothing, took their leave, and drove home grandly in a coronetted carriage drawn by two screwed horses.

The dinner-party at Corbyn was to come off on the 20th of the month; and as day after day passed and brought it nearer, Audrey began to realise that it would be unpleasant to meet Evesham there, unless his neuralgia, which, according to his diurnal notes to her, had rather increased than otherwise, allowed of his coming to Combhurst first. There was a wretchedly despondent tone about his letters, short as they were, which shook the girl's soul both with anger and sorrow. She felt that a man on the brink of marriage could not indulge in such a frame of mind without offering an insult to the woman whose fate was about to be linked with his.

His letters did not come by post, he sent them by a messenger, so that Audrey had no special interest in and anxiety for the arrival of the letter-bag. But on the morning of the 19th she did, contrary to her custom, intercept the bag on its way to Lady Lorme's dressing-room, and take out such epistolary communications as were in it.

There was one small, narrow missive, in a handwriting she knew well; it was addressed to "Lady Lorme," and when Lady Lorme came out of her room impatiently, watch in hand, Audrey gave her the note without a word;—without a word she took it, and for a minute or two they stood facing each other steadfastly and silently, looking into the depths of each other's eyes, striving with all their woman's wit to fathom each other's souls. Gradually into Lady Lorme's eyes there came a mocking, laughing devil of defiance.

"Have you anything to say to me,

Audrey, that you stand and stare at me so?" she asked.

"Only this," replied Audrey—"God knows, I have no desire to pry into your *secrets*; but do you mean to show that letter to my brother?"

"I don't know yet," said my lady; and then Audrey turned away to get somewhere by herself and *think*, leaving Lady Lorme with the Earl of Evesham's letter in her hand.

That they were living in an atmosphere of mystery, deceit, sorrow, and, she feared, sin, Audrey felt strongly. That until it was all cleared up and Fred could show her a stainless surface again, there could be no marriage between them, she immediately resolved. That her heart would be tried and sorely wrung should the separation be for ever, she frankly admitted; but the thing about which she could come to no conclusion was, would she be justified in concealing or communicating her still vague suspicions of the wife he idolized to her brother? "I *must* tell him what I have seen and thought," she at last said, "out of no revenge to her for having blighted me, but out of my deep love for my brother and his honour."

The fate of one who interferes between man and wife is proverbial. When Audrey, with the tenderest delicacy, and with a repression of her own strong anger that showed the stout-hearted breed from whence she came, told her brother the incident of the note, and asked him what could a private correspondence between Lord Evesham and Lady Lorme mean, Sir Robert elected to be high-minded and lofty, and to pity and forgive Audrey for her capricious unkindness and suspicions of his wife. Nevertheless, when Audrey left him, he rushed up rather hastily into my lady's room, and found her in tears.

"She had burnt the letter, the letter from Evesham," she said, "burnt it in a pet, for it was so, so *very* unkind. He told her plainly that he considered she wanted to make mischief between Robert and himself; that that was the reason why he had stayed away; and that he begged to know how such an unfounded dislike had arisen against a man who had never wittingly offended her. Do ride over, Robert," she continued, "tell him first that I have told you all this, and then say that I am quite sorry for having let my tongue run away with me the other day; will you?"

"Yes," said Sir Robert, slowly, "but

I am sorry you burnt the letter; I should like Audrey to have seen it."

"It is a pity," said my lady hastily, "but now I'll make all the amends in my power: I'll ride the Leprechaun over with you, and induce him to come back."

And so she did; and a hollow peace reigned between the betrothed that evening, for Audrey was touched by his evident illness and suffering. And my lady smiled, and was gayer and lovelier than ever; and her heart beat hotly the while against the letter she had declared to be burnt. It might have been in truth if a woman's warmth of guilty love, and the passionate outpourings of her guilty lover, could have power to burn; for never wilder words of passion have been penned than those which lay over and rose and fell on the white bosom of Lady Lorme; and they had come from the heart of Lord Evesham.

The Propagation of the Gospel subscription had been stopped, and the liveries furbished up effectively. The butler, who announced the names of Sir Robert, Lady and Miss Lorme, in magnificently sonorous accents, was brilliant as to buttons and lace. Knowing this, he came further into the room than he had been wont to do of late, and his person thus intercepted the view Mr. O'Brien would otherwise have had immediately of the advancing party.

"Bah! she wont remember me," he thought impatiently; "why the deuce should I wait on her looks? my prospects ain't so remarkably bright that I need care to flash them before her."

But the next minute his face was illumined from within in a way that made Lady Grace feel yellow and sick; for Audrey Lorme stood before him tendering her hand, with all the old cordiality, and far more than the old grace.

"It is a long time since we used to meet at the Braham's on Blackheath, but not long enough for us to have forgotten how to meet as friends, Mr. O'Brien."

I will not assert that the handsome Irishman had kept her image—idolized "early love" as she had been—*spotless* in his heart of hearts; I should not be believed if I did assert it; but he had kept it there brightly, and the chords of passion were swept strongly at the tones of her voice.

"A long time ago I thought it, till I saw you, Miss Lorme; *now* it seems but yesterday; but things are altered, though you are not."

"*You* are altered since those days," she said; and she thought, "for the better."

Ah well! we all of us have our "alley of limes," down which we wander, and, I hope, breathe a blessing on the one who used to wander through it with us, occasionally. Cold is the heart that has not beaten warmly in response to some other heart in the days gone by, in the golden hours of vanished youth. Colder still the heart that does not beat more quickly when the memories of those days—perhaps the only heritage they have left us—are revived. Loving once does not with the majority mean loving always; but it speaks ill for one or the other when love dies out and no kindly feeling remains. Woe for that woman or man who can think of the "alley of limes" and invoke aught but a blessing on the head of the one who made it a thing to be remembered. The love that dies out in hate and contempt, in coolness and dislike, dies a bitter, cowardly, cruel death. Keep the kindly feeling that in the morning of life made life delicious; keep the kindly feeling! and remember that what was all good in your eyes once, cannot be all bad now, simply because time, circumstances, and distance have exerted their powers of severance. There is nothing sadder in the whole range of sorrowful experiences than hearing that one is dead whom you once loved—especially if you have grown to regard that one with but a light interest. The death might have wrung your heart with more mournful selfish grief if the love had still flowed freshly; but it would not have in that case crushed and subdued it with remorse, with the thought that it had been so lightly withdrawn. We acknowledge to the "dead" everything; but the love that is poured out freely to a memory is little worth. So in avoidance of a possible pang—which is after all but a selfish way of putting it—keep and cherish kindly feelings towards the once-loved.

The charades went off "brilliantly," so at least the whole company said; the assertion that they did so was made with particular force, though, by two or three of the elderly portion of the audience who had been taken in the act of going to sleep. But people invariably go to sleep if they are planted as "audience" to charades in which their own daughters are not acting with eligible men after a heavy dinner. They were forgiven their somnolent tendencies, therefore, and

their criticisms were allowed to have some weight.

O'Brien had been indefatigable in getting things well organized after he had seen the invitation-list; he had shown himself an adept in the art of situation and stage-management generally. Audrey too had entered with great spirit into the thing—and she had always been reputed a good actress. But the honours of the evening were not with the versatile Irishman and the recognised “capital hand at charades,” but with Lady Lorme and the Earl of Evesham. They chose—or rather she did, and he was prompt to follow suit—to alter the authorized conception of their respective characters in the word “forgotten.” They turned wit into pathos, and puerilities into passion, and the charade did, as the audience declared, go off “brilliantly.”

“My own Leonie! you are exerting yourself too much,” Sir Robert said when his wife—the charades over—came and sat down by his side; “you look pale and tired.”

But no one could say that of my lady ten minutes after, when the conversation turned upon the great topic of the day, the scandalous desertion of a husband by his wife for a man of higher rank.

All the women were particularly hard upon the divorced wife, whom her seducer had just married—that was one of those matter-of-course things to which my lady paid no attention. Some one mentioned that “the Queen would not receive her.” And then Lady Lorme pricked her ears up more keenly, and asked of a handsome well-born Guardsman “what sort of place she would take in society—*fashionable* society, you know?”

“None at all,” the Guardsman told her, with a stare at the simplicity of the question; “that is to say,” he continued, “she’ll have the best house in town, as far as amusement goes, for she’s a clever woman and a beauty; men will go there—the best men will go there!”

“But she has been quite a queen in society,” Lady Lorme said, flushing vividly, “and now with higher rank than she had before—”

“Oh, she won’t be *in* society, you see,” the Guardsman interrupted; “women won’t clash with her at all, because they won’t have her.”

“Then,” thought Lady Lorme, “there is no help for me; I can’t forfeit my place—and I can’t give up Evesham.”

CHAPTER X.

IN WHICH SIR ROBERT GETS INTO COLD WATER, AND MY LADY INTO HOT.

THAT dinner-party and charade-acting evening at Castle Corbyn was not a thing to conduce greatly to Miss Lorme’s peace of mind, or to in any way restore Miss Lorme’s lightheartedness. People—observant people with grown-up daughters—wagged their heads and remarked that Lord Evesham was clearly tired of the engagement, and ready enough to “break” if only the one to whom he was engaged would give him the opportunity. It was always so! just when a girl’s heart is sorest, her friends and acquaintance show themselves ready, ay! ready to kick the beam in her disfavour, and to send her down—down to any depths, of unsympathized despair.

But it was not only people whom she did not care for seeing things that caused disquietude to Audrey; she read,—was it not written in legible characters enough for any one to read during the last scene in the last charade, when the word “forgotten” was fully portrayed?—she read then. I say that a passion, and that no light one, lived in the hearts of Lady Lorme and Lord Evesham for one another.

Strong-minded women can take refuge in scorn when their lovers desert them or show themselves false and foully fickle; but the woman whose love has been worth anything cannot do this so readily; she will continue to fondly love—long, long after she doubts.

For several months all Audrey’s thoughts, plans, and feelings had been interwoven with this man; he was her present, her future, her all, her everything. It was very hard to awake suddenly to the knowledge that he could be this no longer; very hard indeed, and the certainty that it was inevitable did not make it at all the easier.

Long after the pangs of the affair were past and over, when peace was restored to her mind, and health to her cheek, and happiness to her heart, she could still with the very slightest mental effort recall every incident connected with that evening’s agony. She could remember how the lights had danced, and the faces of the guests had swam before her when she first caught the glance that went like lightning from the lovely grey velvet eyes of Lady Lorme—the glance that was reciprocated immediately from the eyes of

Lord Evesham. She could remember how languidly she had fulfilled her own part after seeing it, and how grateful she had felt—grateful though annoyed—to Dillon O'Brien for exerting himself immediately, and diverting the attention of others from her shortcomings. She could remember the sort of nervous thrill that ran through her being when this same Dillon O'Brien performed the cloaking operation for her on their departure; she could remember how gratitude and annoyance again struggled in her mind for precedence as he palpably showed her, by his earnest and successful endeavours to prevent other people from witnessing Lord Evesham's neglect, that he saw it himself. Everything, in fact, she could remember—the very flavour of the meagrely-flavoured jelly she ate, and the sort of defiant warmth and glow the wine which Dillon handed to her infused into her heart—the idle words of conventional parting friendship, the light laugh some light joke called forth, the position of every one in the room as she looked round on leaving it and saw them all—and the last of Lord Evesham.

There was, there could be no friendship between these sisters-in-law now; a hollow truce reigned, and that was all; for it had come to this, that Audrey allowed my lady to perceive how heartily she despised her; and my lady was not at all backward in allowing Audrey to perceive that she cordially hated Miss Lorme.

Lady Lorme could find no rest on her downy couch that night; she was suffering from a nervous headache, she said, and nothing but her dressing-room to herself and a book could assuage her agony. Sir Robert betrayed much fussy anxiety; but he was, to his surprise, snubbed and sent off to such slumbers as he might be blessed with, in a most extraordinary, vehement, and peremptory manner.

And then Lady Lorme despatched her maid, and had, what she desired, the room to herself.

A passionate, ambitious woman, baffled at the outset in a plan on which she has set her heart and soul—or rather, her mind and hopes—is not a pleasant spectacle. At any rate, Lady Lorme would not have been such even to the proverbial and oft-alluded-to mouse in the wall. The way she took to improve her nervous headache when she was “alone, quite alone,” was, to say the least of it, extra-

ordinary. She rained down torrents of tears in a cataract, until her beautiful face was all swollen and distorted, blistered, and crimson; she gnashed her little white teeth in a way that strongly tested and effectually proved their reality; she gave vent to expletives that her husband could have sworn her lovely ears had never heard or her lovely lips brought themselves to utter,—to expressions of vile hatred and disappointment, and passionate loathing and fierce resolve. And then she left off and calmed down with deceitful rapidity; and presently rose and first bathed her head with eau-de-cologne, and then drank a quantity of it. And when she had had her rage and taken her recipe, she set down on the crimson couch by the brightly leaping fire, and began to think and plan afresh.

Baffled!—baffled in the only path that could lead her to her guilty end without involving the commission of a double crime!

“The world urges me to it,” she said, the unscrupulous traitress; “the world, which makes a woman lose caste if she leaves one legal lord to gain even another legally and of higher rank. I can't be a nothing, even for Evesham.”

She rose up and looked at herself steadily in the glass.

“Suppose he should die,” she said to herself—“die of a fall from his horse say, and they brought me the news, and told me while they could see my face? I wonder if my face would be a coward and betray me? I'll try it. ‘Lady Lorme, your husband is dead.’ Bah! they wouldn't tell me in that way, and even if they did, I could *look* through everything, I am sure—look my way to respectability and freedom, a new life and love.”

She huddled the folds of her dressing-gown closer round her now, and took a shawl and laid down on the couch, and covered herself with it. And soon, strange as it may appear to those who deem that the wicked can know no rest, she was buried in the sleep that comes blessedly to all—the happy and unhappy, the sinful and the sinless alike. And in that deep and apparently guileless sleep she was found in the morning by her husband, whose rest, poor fellow, had been sadly disturbed by that aforesaid rebuff.

Perhaps Lady Lorme would have paused in her path and “held her daggers,” if she could only have seen the few lines Miss Lorme indited and despatched to Lord Evesham on the morning of the 21st.

Audrey had also passed a feverish and unhappy night; she had plenty of pride and plenty of the courage that comes from noble birth, high breeding, and high-heartedness; and these qualities would not suffer her longer to allow the least link to remain between the man who was evidently ceasing to love her and herself. She released him, not coldly, not callously, but with a proud mournful firmness, against which, even had he been so inclined, there could be no appeal. But neither her pride, her courage, nor her high-heartedness, made the pangs of that parting easier, the past pleasanter to look back upon, or the future a more endurable prospect. She sent off the little slender missive to Evesham by her own groom; it was delivered soon and safely, and Lord Evesham, after reading it, ordered his portmanteau and valet to follow him, and at once himself started off for London.

But Lady Lorme did not know any of these things, therefore she did not pause in her path.

Her appetite was more daintily capricious at luncheon this day than had ever been observable of that daintily-capricious appetite before; in vain did sedulous love offer her succulent morsels; she could not touch them, but she drank wine, *not* "more than a lady ought to drink"—*vide* Thomas Ingoldsby—but enough to restring her nerves a little and get some of her quailing determination back again.

"This wretched murky December weather tells upon me strangely," at last she exclaimed, languidly, rising up as she spoke, and going to the window, "and being shut up in a close carriage has made me nervous from my infancy."

"You are welcome to my pony-carriage, Lady Lorme," said Audrey, who looked upon the speech as a broad hint for the offer to be made.

"Thank you; you are very kind," said Lady Lorme, with dulcet peevishness; "but your pony-carriage always appears to me to be discomfort embodied: if you sit upright in it, you tumble against the dashboard, and if you lean back properly, you appear to be dropping out behind."

"As you please," said Audrey, haughtily. "I thought you wanted it, or I should not have offered it to you."

"Will you go for a ride, Leonie dear?" asked Sir Robert, eagerly; "the Leprechaun will be rather fresh, I fear, but I'll have him exercised for half an hour while you are getting ready; and you

have such a splendid hand, that he'll carry you magnificently, I don't doubt."

"Yes, if you wish me to do so, Robert; certainly, as I don't feel well, staying in the whole of this long dreary afternoon would be bad for me; so, though I hardly feel up to the Leprechaun, I will go and put on my habit. Please don't have the horse harassed into dejection before we start, though; I would rather have him 'fresh,' as you call it."

And then she left the room, flashing them a brilliant parting smile, and saying, "*Au revoir*," in her sweetest accents.

The Leprechaun was full of corn and spirits and devilry evidently when his mistress came out and stood on the top of the steps waiting for her husband's inspection of saddle and bridle arrangements to be completed before he allowed her to mount. How careful he was! how he tightened the curb, and regulated the stirrups, and looked to the girths; and how tenderly and well he finally gave her a hand-up and adjusted her flowing habit! It was a pretty picture, even heart-sore Audrey thought, as she stood at the window and watched that devoted husband and brilliantly-beautiful and accomplished Amazon.

My lady had always deprecated unnecessary leather about a horse's equipments; so to-day, when she prettily insisted upon the Leprechaun's martingale being taken off, no one but the groom wondered at it. Sir Robert mildly protested that as they were simply going along the high road, and as the Leprechaun's trick of throwing his head back violently was rather increased than diminished, that it would be just as well to retain the slight check; but Lady Lorme hated a martingale, she said, and would have it off, and accordingly off it came.

Lady Lorme's spirits had risen to an exuberant pitch before they had passed out of the avenue; they matched the Leprechaun's, in fact, and were bounding, unchecked, startling. The strong, well-built, powerful hunter Sir Robert rode caught the infection, and curvetted and pranced too, and was only with difficulty reduced to a proper roadster's order again by the sharp application of a spur, and the firm, heavy, inflexible grasp of the curb.

"Why, how light-hearted Pantaloon is!" said my lady; "isn't he a favourite, Robert, that you so seldom ride him?"

Sir Robert explained that Pantaloon

was a famously good horse for straight-forward heavy work; that though bought for a hunter, he was better on the roads than 'cross country, as he had a habit of blundering at his hedges, and bearing awkwardly on his bit, but that altogether he was a nice horse.

"A very nice horse," said my lady: "then he doesn't leap at all?"

"Oh, yes! Moderate places could be well managed by Pantaloon," Sir Robert said.

Providence, fate, chance—different people call the same things different names, and fight with each other as to the correctness of the respective nomenclatures—led them along the road to Evesham. They could see its grand old woods and lofty towers; its lands lay around them on all sides; its park wall bounded their path, and, looking over it, they could see troops of deer rushing madly about or browsing quietly.

"A fine place," said Sir Robert, thoughtfully. "I wish with all my heart Audrey was married and settled here."

"A very fine place," said my lady; and if Sir Robert had given the reins to his thoughts and allowed them to wander off to his sister's prospects, he would have been startled by the strained, hoarse tones that issued from the lovely acquiescent lips of his wife.

"Let us ride back another way, Robert," she exclaimed, aloud; "I hate the straight monotonous road: let us go home round by the pine-tree wood; it will lengthen the ride a little and make it pleasanter."

As she spoke the Leprechaun bounded, and tried to shake her in her saddle by a series of spasmodic leaps; but my lady brought him under again presently with her steady hand and gentling voice.

"What made him do that, I wonder?" said Sir Robert; "you didn't touch him with the spur, did you, Leonie?—I saw you had one on to-day: he won't stand the spur."

No; Lady Lorme declared she had not given him a taste of her armed heel; but she had, and the spirited Irish colt was ready now to jump out of his skin, his mettle was so magnificently up.

In the middle of the rough, dark pine-tree wood, through which my readers passed in the first page of this story, a break occurred in the regular growth of the trees. There was to the right of the road leading to Combhurst a long alley; a dark, uneven, cheerless grove it looked, and

down this alley, when they came to it my lady suddenly turned her horse.

"Don't go that way, Leonie," said Sir Robert, hurriedly; "it's a horrid road as far as it goes, and there's no outlet at the bottom of it; it leads down to the Devil's Dyke."

"I wish to go, dear," said Lady Lorme, fawningly, and as she spoke she leaned down and patted her husband's horse on the shoulder. "I have a great desire to go down and see this famous leap that, I hear, baffled a whole field last year when a stag chose to take it: *what* gallant riders Warwickshire turned out that day, to be sure!"

"There were plenty of good riders out," said Sir Robert, "and the whole field wasn't baffled; some men cleared it, but of course those whose horses must have infallibly jumped short would have been fools to try it."

"Ah! indeed; but it *sounds* as if they were very cowardly, doesn't it?" said my lady. And then they drew near to the bottom of the alley, and looked at the famed Devil's Dyke.

It was an ugly leap, and no mistake, especially when viewed from the side on which they were. A dark, wide, deep chasm, with a low rolling roar sounding up from the waters which rushed along at the bottom of it, welling up to add to its horrors. Immediately below where they stood, chasm and waters alike buried themselves under a hill, and the course the water took was down—down to that dark grave in the earth where its secrets would be safely buried for ever.

Suddenly Lady Lorme slackened her curb, and settled herself still more firmly to the saddle.

"We can take that leap easily, Robert," she said, "and shame all Warwickshire for ever. Come on."

She saw, in the one moment she had to see anything, doubt and distrust, and agony at feeling it, flash from her husband's eyes, and flush her husband's face. And then the remorseless beautiful woman, who looked like an angel and was cruel as a fiend, dug the spur into her own horse's side, lifted him to the leap, and at the same moment struck Pantaloon on his shoulder. She was whirled through the air—for the Leprechaun came of a gallant stock that never refused anything, and when he lighted with a scramble on the opposite side, she looked round and saw Pantaloon leaping short and *falling!*

A fierce, indomitable courage rose in her heart and prevented its quailing or sinking, even when the dull heavy fall into the dark waters smote her ears. She lifted her hat off her hot head, and wiped the clammy sweat of intense excitement off her brow, and then shook the reins and laid the whip furiously across the shoulder of the horse who had served her ends so well. In a moment she was flying off home like the wind, but fast as she rode, her mind travelled faster, and she saw herself—a few months of hideously tiresome seclusion past—queening it in society, an unsuspected woman, as Countess of Evesham.

"Home!" she exclaimed, with frightful exultation: "home! to play the disconsolate widow, and to send for Evesham at once as the sympathising friend."

The mastiffs' heads on the massive iron gates seemed to grin and gnash their teeth at her ominously as she drew up her panting steed and cried out for admission.

"Lord love us! there's something wrong," the old woman who kept the gate said to her cat and tea-kettle, when she went back into her cottage after admitting her mistress. And well she might say so, for my lady's face had gleamed like a star through the coming darkness, by reason of its death-like pallor and the brilliancy of her eyes.

Miss Lorme was in the hall when the sound of horses' hoofs coming up the avenue at a reckless pace alarmed her.

"Something has run away with somebody," she said, and she called the porter to open the door quickly, and herself followed out on to the step. The sight that

met her was her sister-in-law alone, and overwhelmed with grief and horror.

"Why, Leonie," she cried, in her anxiety quite forgetting that she had grown in these latter days to call her Lady Lorme, "what have you done?—where is Robert?"

"Dead! dead! in the Devil's Dyke!" said my lady, with wild energy, and then she was saved from further questioning, for Audrey Lorme fainted.

"Send for Lord Evesham instantly—*instantly*," said my lady; and then she rushed to her own room to nurse her woe in solitude. She remained there till late in the evening, when she rose up and unbolted her door, and called to one of the wondering domestics.

"What message from Evesham?"

"The earl is gone to town, my lady, and they don't know his address."

"She's right worried out of her life, poor lamb," the aforesaid domestic observed, afterwards. "When I was speaking to her she cried out, 'Oh, my God!' and fell down like a stone."

All the neighbourhood joined in the search for the body of the kind landlord, the generous gentleman, the esteemed friend and good master, before nightfall. But the result was even more miserable than had been anticipated. The body of poor Pantaloon was found bruised and water-inflated, but not a trace of his master could be seen anywhere. Clearly he had been detached from his horse by the force of the current, and washed under the hill-side.

So the last of the Lormes died, and had not even a Christian burial.

(To be continued.)

THE BURDEN.

A PLEASANT STORY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

I HAVE lately consulted a great many important historical records, all of them relating to that far-off period when the elfin people yet lingered upon earth, and vouchsafed some word or sign in answer to those who sought their counsel in perplexity, or their aid in sorrow, and I have taken the legend about to be related from the most veracious and authentic sources, hoping that it may please and amuse those who are not too fancy-hardened to receive, at least for a moment, the pretty mysteries of fairy-faith. It happened—long ago, of course, antiquity being all-important in a fairy tale—that a certain stream of water, among the heath-clad hills of a northern county in England, bore the name of the Enchanted Spring; and, further, it was reported that the spot, so quiet in the day-time, was haunted at night by fairy footsteps, and gay with elfin revelry. On this account it was usually shunned after nightfall by the peasantry of the neighbourhood, who preferred to return by a circuitous road to their respective homes, rather than to run the risk of encountering and disturbing the beings supposed to people and claim that little spot of ground. A half-ruined homestead might be seen at a little distance from the Enchanted Spring, out of repair and unoccupied, because no one chose to intrude upon the haunt of the fairies, by living so very near their chosen meeting-place. Their displeasure was greatly feared, as it was well known that the property of a person who had once been so unfortunate as to offend them was forthwith marked out for destruction; that his cattle died and his fields were blighted. Accordingly, it was considered wise to keep upon the safe side, and on no account to run the risk of interfering with the “good people.” After a time, it happened that a countryman, newly married, and in search of a suitable home, came to that neighbourhood, and quickly espied the dilapidated house upon the hill, which he saw might be soon made into a very convenient residence, much such an one as he required. He planned in his own mind how he would lay out the ground, and in what manner a judicious succession of crops might be arranged; he saw where the beasts could be herded, and where the young lambs could lie be-

neath the hill-side, secure from the cold northerly winds of early spring. He saw the gaunt and windowless house that frowned down upon him from its height, snugly glazed and curtained, bright with the cheerful firelight, swept, and garnished, and home-like; he saw, or fancied that he might see, children’s faces at the windows, and little hands stretched out to welcome him back after his day’s work.

His reverie resulted in certain questions, addressed to the owner of the ground, about the value of the house, and the necessary amount of repairs, and he was glad at heart, but rather surprised notwithstanding, to find that the landlord appeared ready to get rid of the house almost on any terms, and to include in the bargain a good portion of the surrounding land. Then a shade of suspicion crossed his mind, and once or twice he asked himself the question—“Is the ground unfruitful, or the site unhealthy, or does some other grave objection threaten me?”

At length he determined to leave the matter unsettled for a little time, and to endeavour to find out the truth of the case, by making inquiries in the neighbourhood.

He was not left long in doubt. * Whenever he asked he received the same answer; the ground was good, the air was healthy, the situation was convenient, but the spring so near the house was of old a haunt of the elfin people, upon whose solitude few mortals were so bold as to intrude, lest blighted crops and stricken cattle should mark the fairies’ displeasure at their presumption.

The mystery being thus explained, he was for some time in doubt as to the most fitting course to be pursued. On the one hand, it was undoubtedly a pity to miss so good a chance of establishing himself suitably, and at so small a cost; and, on the other, it would be sheer madness to disturb his elfin neighbours, if their displeasure, followed by such very serious results, really threatened him for doing so. Finally he decided, like a sensible man as he was, to consult his wife, and to abide by her decision. She listened attentively to the circumstances, asking first about the commodiousness of the house and farm, and about the necessary

repairs, and the bargain with the landlord, for she was a clear-headed and practical woman. Being quite satisfied on all these points, she next demanded the distance of the house from the enchanted spring, the possibility of fencing it in, and securing it from intrusion, and the proofs that existed of the fairies' displeasure having ever been excited by the presence of considerate and respectful neighbours of the human race. On this last point she found very little that was at all calculated to alarm her, all cases of fairy vengeance on record having originated in some wilful disrespect or ill-behaviour to them; and this fact especially gave the good woman courage and hope. She ended by seriously advising her husband to close the bargain and to repair and occupy the house, being careful all the time, by every means in his power, to propitiate the haunters of the spring.

So the agreement was concluded, and the repairs were commenced, and after a time the dismantled old house began to look as if it was getting ready to receive human occupants; boarding, glazing, whitewashing went on from morning till night, and after many days the new tenants took up their abode in it, and called upon their friends and neighbours to rejoice with them at a great housewarming. Some words of fear and warning were whispered about on this occasion, but the young wife only smiled at them. "We will show all respect to the elfin people," she said, "and they will do us no harm; on the contrary, I expect from them some added blessing, for they are a kindly race, and not without an interest in the affairs of mortals." Her neighbours only shook their heads, and repeated, "Time will tell!"

Weeks and months passed away, and the inmates of the Hill Farm found no cause for alarm from the vicinity of their fairy neighbours; the crops grew tall and the cattle thrived, no blight visited their plantations, and neither moth or rust ravaged their indoor possessions. It is true that they were scrupulously careful to give no offence to the fairy-folk, the mistress of the house in particular being vigilant to prevent the smallest intrusion on their domain. A small fence of light wood-work guarded the Enchanted Spring from careless footsteps, and water for household needs was fetched from some little distance, that the spring might never be disturbed. At night no prying eye was ever suffered to look upon its mysteries;

only the quiet stars glanced down upon it, and saw themselves reflected in its bubbling waters. Perhaps they saw more than this; but if so, they were discreet, and never spoke of it again.

The wheat stood high in the fields, and waves of light and shade swept over it, as the clouds were driven on before the wind; then the ears grew heavy, and drooped downward from their stalks, and then the golden grain fell before the reapers. When the last sheaf had been gathered in, and the broad, bright harvest-moon sailed up the sky, and looked down upon bare and closely-cut stubble, with a few late gleaners still scattered here and there, the master told his men that the sunny hours of this happy harvest-time had brought a blessing to his home. Not alone were the barns and store-houses filled to overflowing with a golden hoard of corn: not alone were the signs of present and future prosperity springing round the Hill Farm—a little child had been born within its walls, to inherit the fruits of all this patient labour; and the master's heart was very glad, and the reapers assembled round the great oak-table in the supper-room sang the harvest song more softly than they were wont to do.

When the last good wishes had been spoken and the last lingerer had departed, the master went softly upstairs to look again at the little child; it was a girl. He had greatly wished for a son, whom he could train up to follow his own business, and to whom in years far distant now, but surely creeping on, he could confide all the cares that would grow too heavy for him. Now as he looked at his little daughter he would not have changed for a son, if he could have done so, for in those few hours his love had claimed and individualized her, and the little features that would so soon change and develop into something different, were already closely noted and engraven on his heart.

As he turned to leave the room, the mother's voice recalled him; he had thought that she was asleep.

"We will call her Pearl," she said, "for she is very fair."

"That is scarcely a Christian name," he answered; "it would please our fairy friends at the spring better than the minister."

"I hope to please them," said the mother, earnestly: "I shall take the child at night to the Enchanted Spring before very long, and seek from them some special grace or blessing for her."

"Would this be wise?" he asked; "we have prospered while we kept away from their haunts; we might risk their displeasure by venturing to disturb them. The child is strong, and very fair, as you say, her inheritance increases, has increased this very day; what more do you desire for her?"

"Well, nothing in particular; perhaps it was a foolish thought, and I might as well give it up," answered the mother, who had not the smallest idea of giving it up, and only wished to quiet her husband's apprehensions. She said nothing more about her cherished plan, but she very quickly found an opportunity of carrying it out. One autumn evening, when the early twilight was deepening into night, the master was detained later than usual from his home, for this had been a market day; the servants and farm-labourers, too, were all out of sight, when the mistress left the Hill Farm, with her little child in her arms, encircled with many wrappings, and well protected from the evening air. She passed quickly onward, keeping as much in the shadow as she could, that no one might see her or guess her errand, and soon the little wooden fence stood before her that closed in the spring. A star or two was shining faintly in the sky; otherwise all was dusk and dim, and her courage almost failed as she knocked at the wood-work of the fence. This was what she had resolved to do, that she might give no offence, by presuming to look over it; but now she felt that nothing she could have seen, had she ventured to do so, could have chilled her with such a sense of fear as this determination to see nothing at all. Her low and half-frightened knock startled her, as if her own heart had been struck, and she waited but one moment for an answer, resolving to hasten back the next if no answer came, almost hoping that none would come. In this, however, she was disappointed; a slight fluttering stir followed the sound of the knock, and then a voice, strangely human-like in its sweetness, asked gently—

"Who knocks?"

Something in the voice reassured her, and she readily repeated the answer she had prepared beforehand.

"A mother with her little child."

She expected to be questioned further; but, instead of this, there was a soft whispering, and a moment of silence; then a portion of the wood-work gave way, and she caught a glimpse of what seemed to

be a kind of cloudy palace built over the Enchanted Spring, and it shone very brightly among the evening shadows, for there was the kind of light upon it that the moon leaves on the edge of a white cloud. She saw a movement within, but no distinct face or form; only two white arms were stretched out over the piece of fallen fence, as if to take the child from her, and the same voice that had spoken before said, "Come in, little Pearl," and the baby stirred as if awaking from sleep.

A new dread caused the mother to hold her little child more firmly, and to draw back a step or two from the arms that seemed ready to take it from her. Was it to receive some mystic sign, some strange and elfin baptism, within the magic circle across which she might not follow it? Would the same child, or another, be returned to her? Would it be returned at all, or kept among the haunters of the spring? Such fears as these again made her regret that she had ventured near the spot, and she answered quickly—

"She cannot come in: she must not leave me even for a moment."

The voice replied, "Let it be so;" and almost at the same moment she heard a sound as of a hand dipped lightly into the water of the spring; she heard this, and then she felt a drop or two of water fall upon her, and she saw a great many drops falling upon the face of the little child. Then the voice repeated, "Go in peace; some added blessing, some special token, marks our love for her," and the mother stayed no longer near the spring, but quickly returned to her home, pleased indeed, but even more alarmed at her own boldness than pleased at its success.

Her husband had come back from the market, and was sitting beside the fire, and he asked her anxiously why, at such an hour, she had left the house with her child? She answered hurriedly, that the twilight had fallen quickly while she yet lingered in the fields; and he was so slow to guess a truth withheld from him, that the answer satisfied him at once. But she could not rest until the whole matter had been confided to him, and soon she told it all, and showed him the drops of the Enchanted Spring, shining yet upon the little baby's forehead. Very thoughtfully, and with a face of grave foreboding, he listened to the account of all that she had seen and heard, and then he wiped away those glittering drops, saying as he

did so, "Think no more of it; it may do no harm." But the mother knew from his voice, even more than from his words, that he expected no good from the fairy baptism. Perhaps he thought that the dwellers by the spring would surely be displeased by the kind of half-confidence his wife had shown in them; perhaps he looked upon her appeal to them as something unhallowed and unwise; it was evident that he regretted the step she had taken, and that, as it could not be recalled, he preferred to think and talk of it as little as possible.

Partly to humour him, and partly because she felt half guilty in this matter, she too was silent about it, but she thought of it almost continually. In the morning, while busied with the affairs of her household, in the evening, as she sat beside the fire with her baby on her knee, in the night, when all other eyes were closed, and the great clock upon the staircase ticked solemnly through the silence—she thought of the fairy scene, and built up in her fancy the future destiny of her child. She repeated to herself over and over again—"Some added blessing, some special token," and she wondered whether beauty, or riches, or great talents, or great goodness would descend upon her child, and mark the love of the elfin race for her; whichever it might be, her mother's courage and determination would have won it for her, and her father would understand this at last. On the whole she was inclined to think that beauty must be the boon, for the face of the little child grew very fair to look upon, and her soul seemed to look at one through her eyes, as a luminous star looks out through the blue that enshrines it. Every one remarked the beauty of little Pearl, and before the first year of her life was over, her name had become a kind of proverb in the neighbourhood.

Time passed on, and Pearl could run about and play with the village children; all through the long summer days she chased the butterflies or gathered the wild flowers on the hill-side, never going nearer to the Enchanted Spring than the enclosing wood-work permitted. When the hand of autumn fell upon the woods—arraying them as the Patriarch arrayed his best-loved son, in a robe of many colours—she might still be seen upon the green ascent of the hill, collecting the slender harebells and the fragrant briar-roses. The winter set in, clear and

frosty, and Pearl—on bright and sunny days—ran about on the sheltered side of the hill, and watched the shining icicles and the frost-bespangled meshes of the spider's web, soon running back to the warmth and shelter of the house. It happened one chill and wintry afternoon—when the milk-pails were brought home covered with thin sheets of ice—that little Pearl stayed away longer than she was wont to do, and could be found neither in the warm and fragrant cow-houses, nor on the steep ascent of the hill, and her mother, missing her for a longer time than usual, went out to look for her. For some minutes she saw no trace of the child; then, as she glanced in the direction of the spring, she perceived that a portion of the woodwork had fallen down, so that a child could walk over it up to the water; she remembered the curiosity of little Pearl about the fenced and guarded spring, she remembered how she had inquired when she would be tall enough to look over the fence, and with a vague sense of dread that was more oppressive because it took no definite form, she called to one of the farm-labourers, who stood near the spring, to see if Pearl had gone through the broken place in the fence. As the man walked up to the opening she strove to follow him, but her limbs trembled and failed, and she stood still where she was, waiting to hear him speak.

The man walked up to the fence, and then for a moment he stood still; in another instant he stepped over the fallen woodwork and was lost to sight; then he appeared again with a soft white bundle in his arms. At the first glimpse that she caught of it the mother's heart stood still, for she knew the little cloak of white fur, and she saw upon it a dark red stain. . . .

In the warm farm-house, surrounded by anxious and awe-stricken faces, Pearl opened her eyes and moved uneasily with an expression of pain. Many days passed away before she was able to talk connectedly, and then she could only tell that, seeing the fence thrown open, she had strayed within the enclosed part, and had fallen down, remembering nothing more. The labourer who had found her asserted that the water, which usually never froze, was one unbroken sheet of ice, and that Pearl must have stepped upon its slippery surface and fallen down, from the spot and position in which he had found her.

The snows were melting from the hill, and winter was giving way to spring, when Pearl was first able to walk about again; and those who saw her now could scarcely identify her with her former self, for the injury she had sustained by her fall upon the ice had resulted in permanent and hopeless deformity. Her face, worn as it was by long suffering, and stamped with the peculiar impress of her misfortune, had yet scarcely lost any of its beauty, or if it had, a certain look of patience and quiet resignation quite supplied the loss. But her figure was injured incurably, so that even her shadow upon the wall seemed in some attitudes strange and unfamiliar to her.

And from this time she cared little to play about the hill-side with the village children, or to watch the gay carriages and coaches that sometimes passed along the road, shrinking sensitively away from the observation of strangers, and liking better to stay with her mother, and to help her in such household tasks as were not beyond her strength. And out of the shadow which had fallen on their home a great love grew for her, silent and strong as death itself—stronger than the love that had triumphed in her beauty, and exulted in comparing her with others; for she was all their own now, and as the years of early childhood passed away, all her thoughts, and wishes, and aspirations turned homeward, away from that outer world with which she did not care to mingle.

A thought that sometimes made itself felt unwittingly weighed upon her father; he had from the first foreboded some expression of freakish and elfin spite from the dwellers by the spring, and he could not help tracing the misfortune that had befallen Pearl to what he considered as her mother's unwise and unsuccessful attempt to propitiate them; the mother, on the contrary, believing that the token of love and fairy friendship to be bestowed upon her child would probably consist in the removal of her misfortune at some future time. But they scarcely ever allowed these opinions to take shape in words or arguments; the subject was felt to be too sad for this—a matter rather for tender silence. And when they were obliged to speak of Pearl's deformity, they called it her "burden," so that a stranger would not easily have interpreted their meaning: but their neighbours were familiar with the expression, and they

learnt also to speak sorrowfully of the burden of little Pearl.

Months and years sped swiftly on, and the dawn of coming womanhood touched the face that was still so beautiful, despite the mark of occasional suffering, and the peculiar look that generally accompanies deformity. Yet a little while longer, and the cloud of soft and sun-tinged hair that had fallen loose upon her neck was gathered up into one rich cluster at the back of her head, according to old English custom among the village maidens who are no longer children. Some added thoughtfulness, some transient shades of sadness, might at this time have been noted by one who observed her closely, but the scrutiny would also have made manifest much of the sweet wisdom and unquestioning trust of childhood, still unsullied by the world.

It was midsummer, and though the glory of the year had scarcely reached its zenith, and its stores were not yet unfolded, the days were at their longest, and the nights were so bright that they were more like overshadowed days. Pearl was sitting in the doorway, where the evening air blew in upon her, laden with the scent of the fragrant hay, her fingers mechanically occupied with her knitting-work, her eyes following the movements of the busy haymakers, eager to complete their task before the night set in, watching them with a kind of dawning smile, "as if a pleasant thought were at her heart." She was looking at the merry group so intently, that for a few moments she was not aware of the presence of her mother, who had entered the porch softly, and was now close to her side. As some slight movement of hers made Pearl half turn her head, and she caught the look of interest, quite unshadowed by vain repining, with which Pearl had been watching the pleasant labours she might not share, some of the mother's love for her suddenly overflowed, and she knelt down beside the low rocking-chair, and hid her face on Pearl's shoulder. Pearl knew that it was easier for her to bear her burden than for those who loved her to look on, without any power of helping her, and she was wise enough only to answer the expression of her mother's trouble by a quiet caress, for anything that she could have said just then would only have awakened some fresh sorrow. She felt, too, as if her mother had something more than usual to say to her, and she waited for her to speak.

At last the mother spoke. "Dear child," she said, softly, and with her face still hidden, "do you know—have you ever heard—that long ago, when your little life had just begun, I carried you in my arms to the Enchanted Spring, to seek from the elfin race some added blessing for my first-born?"

"I have heard something of this, mother," Pearl answered, "and I guessed something more."

"You guessed, my child, as your father does, that I failed to propitiate them—that I angered them instead—and that, therefore, this sad burden fell upon you?"

"No, indeed, mother," Pearl hastily interrupted; "I never guessed anything of the kind, but only that my father thought this, and that he must be mistaken; for I know that the kind and gentle race who linger yet on green hill-sides like this are not to be dreaded, but rather loved, by mortals. I know that they love me, although I have never seen them yet, or listened to the music of their voices; but in dreams I have been dimly aware of their protecting love; and only this evening, as I was resting here awhile ago, a drowsiness came over me that was not altogether sleep, and it seemed as if I could see golden threads stretching from the spring to the spot on which I was lying; when I made an effort and opened my eyes, I could see them no longer, but when I closed them, the threads of gold appeared again, seeming to bind me in some way to the dwellers by the spring."

The mother had risen, and stood upright now, listening earnestly.

"Pearl," she said, at last, "it is as I thought; they love you and watch over you; should you be afraid? it will not be very dark to-night——?" She paused, half in doubt.

"No, mother," Pearl answered, "I should not be afraid to claim the token of their love that they promised to give me, but it may be very different from what we think. Be sure of one thing, that no evil will befall me."

That night Pearl lingered in the porch later than usual, and then strayed out upon the cool hill-side; her father missed her at the supper-table, and again he asked for her when supper was over and the household was about to disperse for the night; but her mother bade him wait a little while longer by the open window, and watch for Pearl's return from her evening stroll.

Soon the honeysuckles rustled in the

porch, and a step—the slow and languid step that they knew so well—that always smote with such strange pathos on their hearts, crossed the kitchen floor and ascended the steps that separated the inner from the outer room. And when Pearl laid aside her broad straw hat, and came forward into the light, they looked at her with that kind of saddened pride that they always felt in her beauty—for Pearl was very fair—thinking of what she would have been if this burden had not fallen upon her. And as they looked at her more closely they saw that a change had come over her—that new and earnest thoughts had taken hold of her—and for awhile had drawn away her attention from outward things; and when they spoke to her they could see that the sound of their voices recalled her to her old familiar life; but as she turned to answer them, they saw that some new perception, some late experience, some wider knowledge, had come to her suddenly. Then the father guessed what the mother knew already, that by the light of fairy-faith she had read, or sought to read, the secrets of her lot.

"Pearl," he said, "may we know—may you tell us—what you have seen to-night?"

She smiled. "I may tell you," she answered; "it is well to tell you this. In the dusk of the summer twilight, and with no feeling of fear, I crossed by myself the boundary that no careless foot is suffered to pass—the boundary between the common hill-side and the steep path leading to the spring. I was preparing to knock at the woodwork of the fence, but a portion of it gave way as I approached, and opened like a door, and a voice that sounded familiar to me called to me to enter. I went in, and I saw dim and shadowy outlines of moving figures round the spring, indistinctly, for the night was hastening on; only the spring itself shone clear and bright, like a silver looking-glass, and a few faintly-shining stars that were struggling through the mist, looking bright and large, reflected in its depths. Then a voice bade me look down into the spring for the answer to that unspoken question that I held within my heart, and I looked. I saw a little baby lying in a cradle, so fair that it almost looked like the baby modelled in white marble in the chancel of the church; but it had a bloom upon its little face, like the first colour that the ripening fruit steals from the sun."

"That was, surely, the likeness of Pearl herself," said her father; "long ago our baby Pearl looked like that."

"I saw shadowy forms round the cradle," Pearl continued, "like the elfin figures that I could see moving near me, and they seemed to look down at it sadly, as foreboding some sorrow to the child. A breath of air rippled the spring, and now I saw a little girl playing with other children; she was fairer than the rest, and I could see, from her looks and movements, that she had been told this too often—that she knew it far too well. I did not like so well to look at her as at the baby, yet I knew that hers was the same face, grown older. I turned away, and again the spring was ruffled by the wind, and now I saw a maiden just blooming into early womanhood; her face was my face, mother, but changed—changed, because she had known no sorrow—for her figure was not mine; she bore no burden."

Pearl paused for a moment, but no one spoke—just then no one else could speak. She went on—

"She was not alone, mother; a face that I saw very dimly was near her face, and a voice that I heard only too clearly speaking to her in whispers, and as I listened I could, in some way, distinguish

falsehood from truth; there was little truth, mother, in what he said to her; he said she was very fair, and that was true; he said that he loved her so well, that he would sooner see her no more than bring trouble and sorrow upon her, and that was not true; but she believed it, that poor, simple Pearl, who had been listening all her life to the praise of her own beauty. This, too, passed away, and I saw—but you will not want me to tell you that last sight; already it is only like a dream to me; a dream of all the wretchedness that foolish and credulous vanity can bring upon a woman's life. It was a frightful dream: let me forget it, for it can never have any reality."

"Because——" said her mother, and her voice trembled so that she could say no more.

"Because," answered Pearl, filling up the pause, "that special token of fairy love that you sought for me interposed to save me from such a fate as this—because I have learnt many quiet lessons of wisdom and content in my home life—because I have been kept safe from vanity and temptation by——" she stopped and smiled.

They could not finish the sentence for her aloud, but in their hearts they repeated, "By the Burden!"



Fig. 1.

PARLOUR OCCUPATIONS.

PAPIER-PLASTIQUE, OR PAPER MODELLING.

ALL that is wanted in Papier-Plastique, is a penknife, a ruler, a few punches, a piece of lead, and a little thick gum and clean cardboard. There is no disagreeable smell to contend with, arising from the nature of the materials employed, and yet ornaments of a first-class description may be produced, the production of which is neither difficult nor costly; the value of any piece of modelling being proportionate to the time spent upon it. One other advantage paper modelling possesses is its durability. Leather work is, generally, too large to cover with glass shades, and soon the dust takes off its freshness and beauty. Wax flowers, alas! soon "fade as a leaf," and their leaves are always falling; but an article once made in cardboard is liable to none of these disadvantages.

The sketch introduced (fig. 1) represents a neat Gothic Lodge or Cottage, and can be executed in about a day.

THE MATERIALS AND IMPLEMENTS.

1. Provide yourself with a penknife which is fast in its handle when opened, and not what is called "rickety." The



2.

blade should be shaped thus (fig. 2), for a straight-edged bevelled front cuts with greater certainty and precision than any other shape.

2. Have a piece of willow, or soft pine-wood will do, planed perfectly flat and

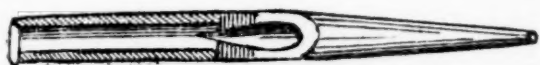
smooth: it should be about one foot wide and two feet long.

3. A piece of *hard* wood should be procured for a straight-edge, otherwise the knife would be apt to cut it when the work is being executed: it should be about one foot long and two inches broad, with the edges bevelled down thus



4. Procure a piece of lead, cast in a mould, about four inches square and half an inch thick.

5. In modelling church-work a few round punches, like fig. 3, are required to



3.

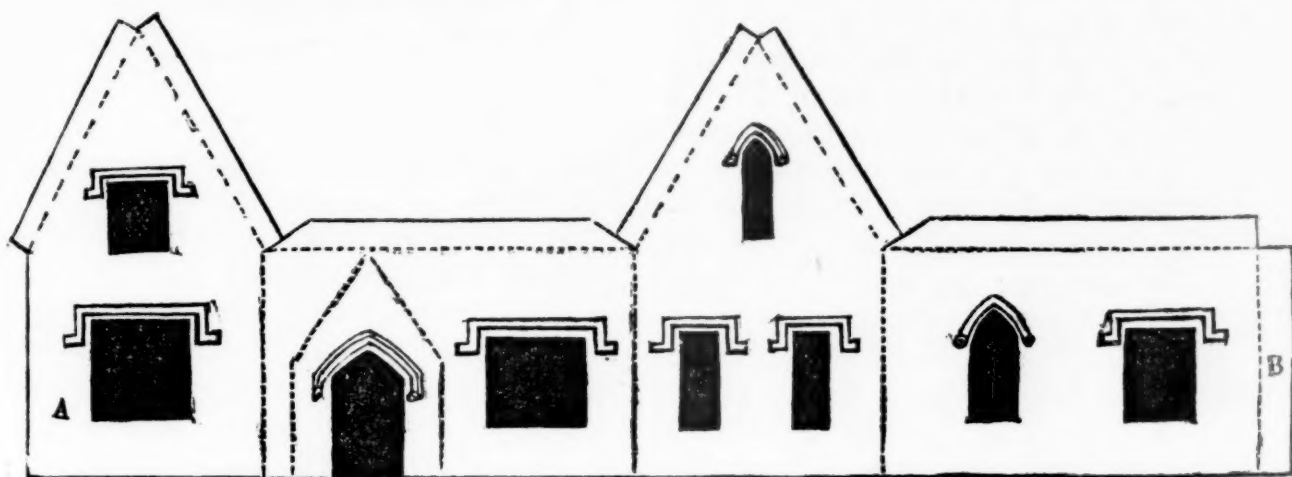
pierce the foil-work of the windows; they

may be obtained from No. 1 to any desired size.

6. Dissolve one ounce of the best white gum in as much water as will cover it. It should be rather thick, or considerable annoyance may arise from it not adhering well and quickly.

7. The cardboard used is either "Bristol" or "Turnbull's;" the latter is a little the whitest. It may be had in various thicknesses to suit the purpose for which it is required. Three leaves thick will do for small models, but four thicknesses are best for larger ones. It is best to have two, three, and four, for the thin is required for light ornamentation.

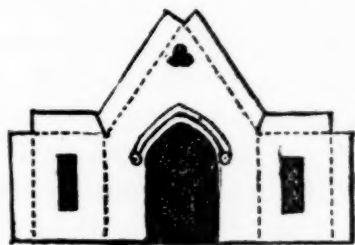
Care must be taken that the hands are always dry and clean on commencing work, and too much attention cannot be paid to the manner of joining the different



4.

pieces of board together; the manipulator should not put on so much gum as will ooze out when the pieces to be joined are pressed together, but by applying the brush to portions along the intended joint, those portions may be lightly spread by drawing the finger along. The gum should appear to cling to the finger rather than to wet it only.

The cottage may thus be formed. Take clean white cardboard, No. 3, and draw



5.

upon it a representation of the pattern, as fig. 4, only double every dimension (the size of our page does not admit of a full-sized drawing). The lines which are

dotted thus are to be half-cut through from the outside. The lines marked thus are to be half-cut from the inside. The black portions are to be cut entirely out. The dotted lines, where the porch comes, are not to be cut, but they merely show where the porch which is to be formed, as fig. 5, is put on; the marginal pieces serve to secure it to the larger building when bent into form, as well as to secure the roof to it.

The window and door openings are to be backed by pieces cut to fit, as figs. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12:



6.



7.



8.



9.



10.

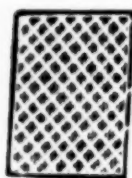


11.

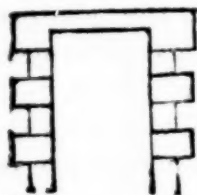


12.

the black portions of which are also cut out, behind them small pieces of glass, or what answers much better, thin talc—the diamond panes being scratched lightly upon it previous to fixing, as in fig. 13. When these are dry, they are to be placed in the four elevations, and weighted down in their proper place until dry; the labels



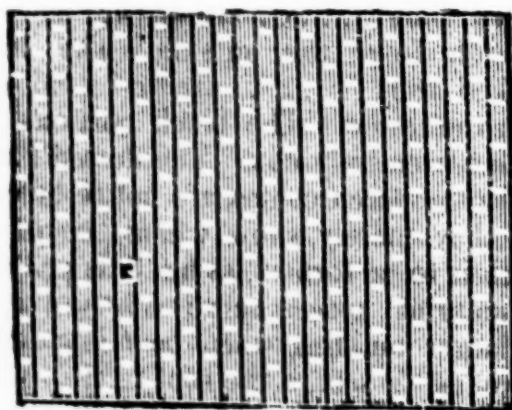
13.



14.

over the windows are to be cut as represented and gummed on. Then, when all is dry, mark the quoin-work round the windows (fig. 14) in a very irregular way, as also at the angles of the building; and then it may be bent at the angles; and the flap, A, joined to the back of B, and secured thus by setting the house on end, inserting the straight-edge over the joint, and leaving it for ten minutes undisturbed. The porch may now be fixed to the main building; its doorway is open, but the door shown in the drawing must be put to the house, being bent a little open; it can be secured by the flange.

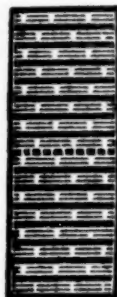
The next thing to be done is to form the roofs to porch and to main building, which is done thus: procure a piece of card double the size of fig. 15, half cut



15.

through the centre, but only very faintly; cut the lines which are intended to represent the tiles or slates; these slight scratches are to be reversed, as shown in fig. 15. A similar piece should be made for the porch of the requisite size (see fig. 16): these may now be secured to the side walls and gables, to the flanges left, and suffered to dry. During this time cut four patterns, like fig. 17, and when ready put them on the ends, or

rather a little under the projections of the roof, as shown in the perspective drawing;



16.



17.

a pendant should be cut of the shape shown, of tolerably thick board, and inserted at the point where the barge-boards mitre. These small things are best applied by a pair of spring pincers, similar to fig. 18, which can be formed of a piece



18.

of tin or brass, bent into the required form.

We now come to the chimneys. These are formed of No. 2 board, half cut, like fig. 19, doubled, and gummed. Small portions like these are best secured while the gum is drying, by wrapping round them a piece of cotton. As many of these



19.



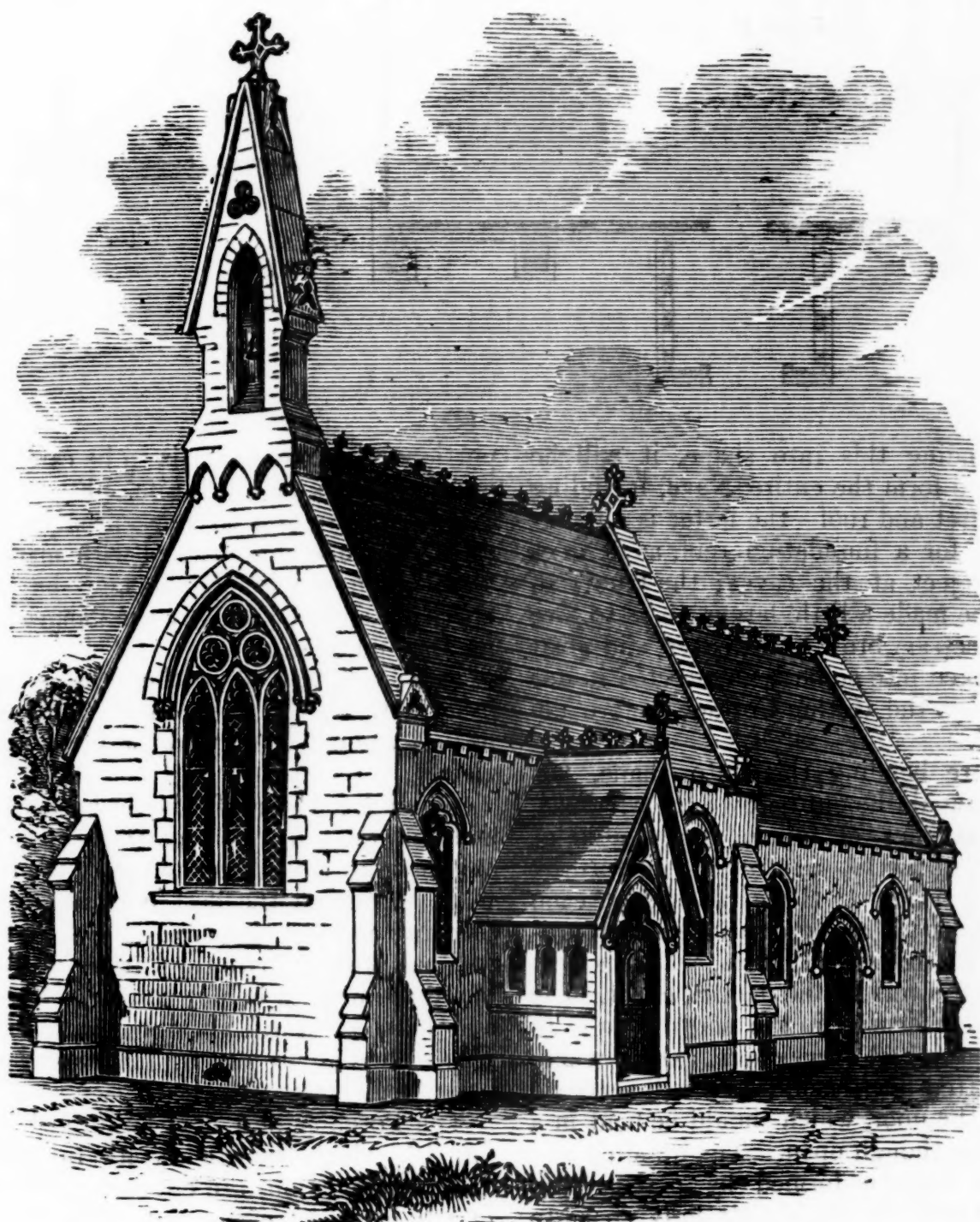
20.

must be formed as will represent the number of flues. A base must then be cut (fig. 20), making the sides, C D, so large as to admit the number of flues: this is to be bent round the flues, the portions notched out being fitted to the pitch of the roof, before bending. A small fillet, half cut at the corners, is now to be put near the top of the chimney; and when the whole is dry, it is to be secured to the roof. A small band, to represent the plinth of the building, must be neatly put round the whole; but care must be taken that it should stand on a level surface while this is being done: this will give a neatness to its finish, for should the building not be exactly true on its lower edge, it may be rendered so by the plinth. The whole should now be fixed on crimson velvet, or on a black polished stand. Never colour any portion of the

work; it is not æsthetic in principle, nor good as a matter of taste. Many a tolerably good model has been spoiled by colour being put upon the slates, doors, &c.

The work is done in cardboard, and no

attempt should be made to make it appear what it is not. No skill will ever make the cardboard roof convey to the mind the idea of its being slate, nor the doors wood; indeed, the beauty of the work is its whiteness and sharpness of outline.



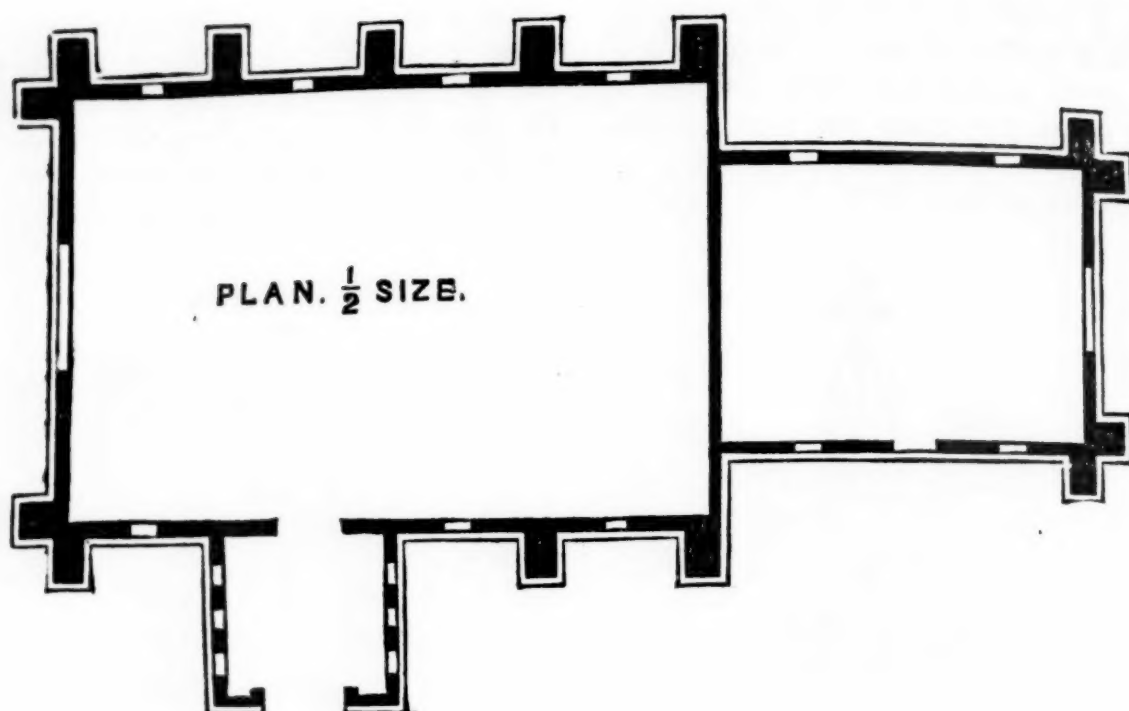
Our next lesson in this parlour occupation will be embodied in working out the design above, which represents a neat Village Church, and which, when carefully executed, forms a very effective ornament for a drawing-room table or sideboard.

In order to model any building, it is necessary to have a plan from which the various measurements may be taken; as also an elevation of each side, should the sides be different. The following diagram represents the Plan of the Church, for which we are about to give the directions.

The first thing to be done is to con-

struct the Nave (fig. 2) of the building; this, and the Chancel, fig. 9, must be formed by taking a piece of No. 3 cardboard, and marking out a pattern three times the size of figs. 2 and 9 respectively (our pages will not admit of full-sized drawings, except in case of the details, which are all given of the proper size for copying.)

The above drawing explains itself, the original being three times the size. All the black portions are to be cut entirely out. The dotted lines are to be half-cut and the firm lines are cut entirely through.



On bending this into shape, it will be found to form the entire Nave, including the turret and roof—the latter is only intended for a foundation roof, as it does not project at the eaves; the true roof must be made a little larger, so as to give the necessary brow to the eaves, and must be marked into squares as directed in our article on the Gothic Cottage before described.

Before bending this into shape, the labels should be put on over the windows. The branches of foliage represented at the end of the labels, are best provided by coarsely pricking the cardboard at each terminal with a large needle; this produces a careless roughness, which is best suited to produce the desired effect. The door represented in the south side is to be cut through everywhere, except where the dotted lines occur; this will serve to hinge the door, which should be bent in a little, as though open. The braiding and hinges may be formed by passing the needle over the surface strongly, so as to indent it a little. The operator will see there are small portions at the sides of the bell-turret which require to be made up.

Our next business will be to form the Chancel.

Fig. 9 represents the shape of the foundation. The roof in this case, as in the Nave, is merely to secure the true roof, and to give solidity to the structure. Fig. 10 is the *full-size* shape for the small windows, and fig. 11 represents the eastern or Chancel window.

The foil-work is to be punched with one of the small punches referred to in our last article; and after punching those

portions, the remainder is to be carefully cut out with a sharpe knife. Figs. 3, 4, 10, and 11 are now to be secured behind the body work, and backed with marked talc. The whole should now be put together, and secured by the flanges left for that purpose.

Figs. 5, 6, 7, 8 show the crosses, and other details; the position of which will be easily understood from the perspective view.

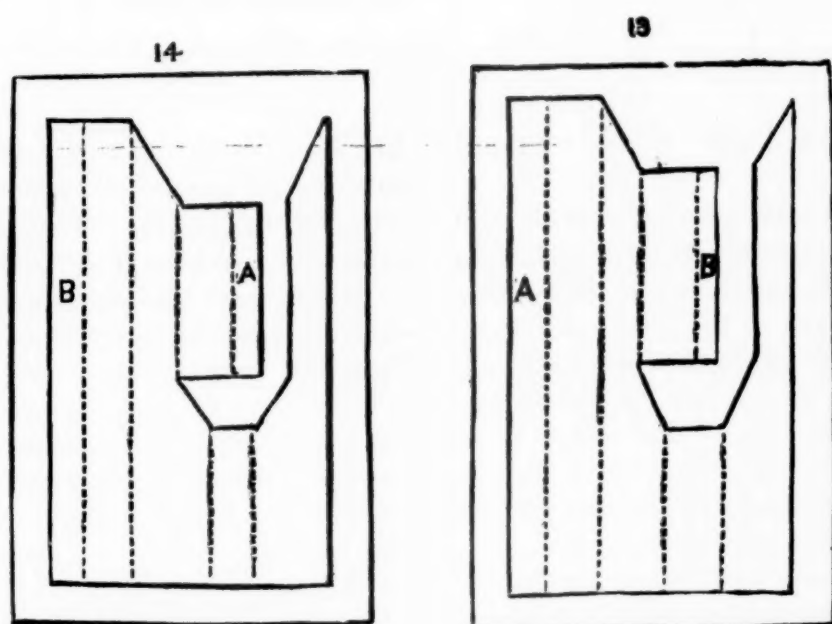
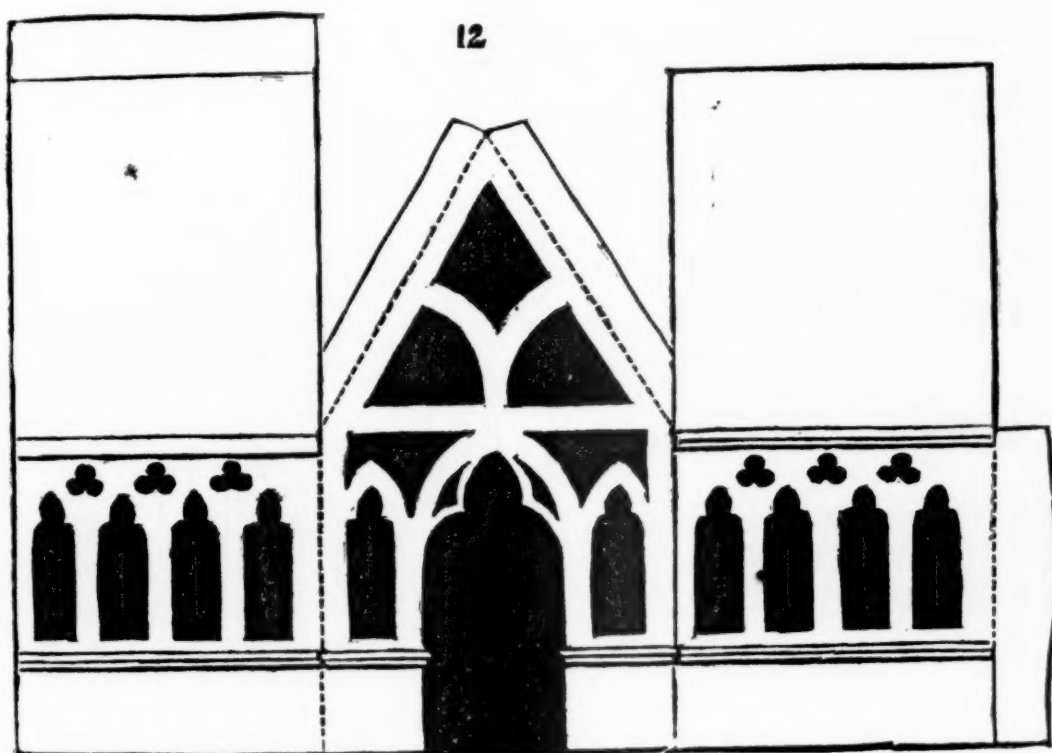
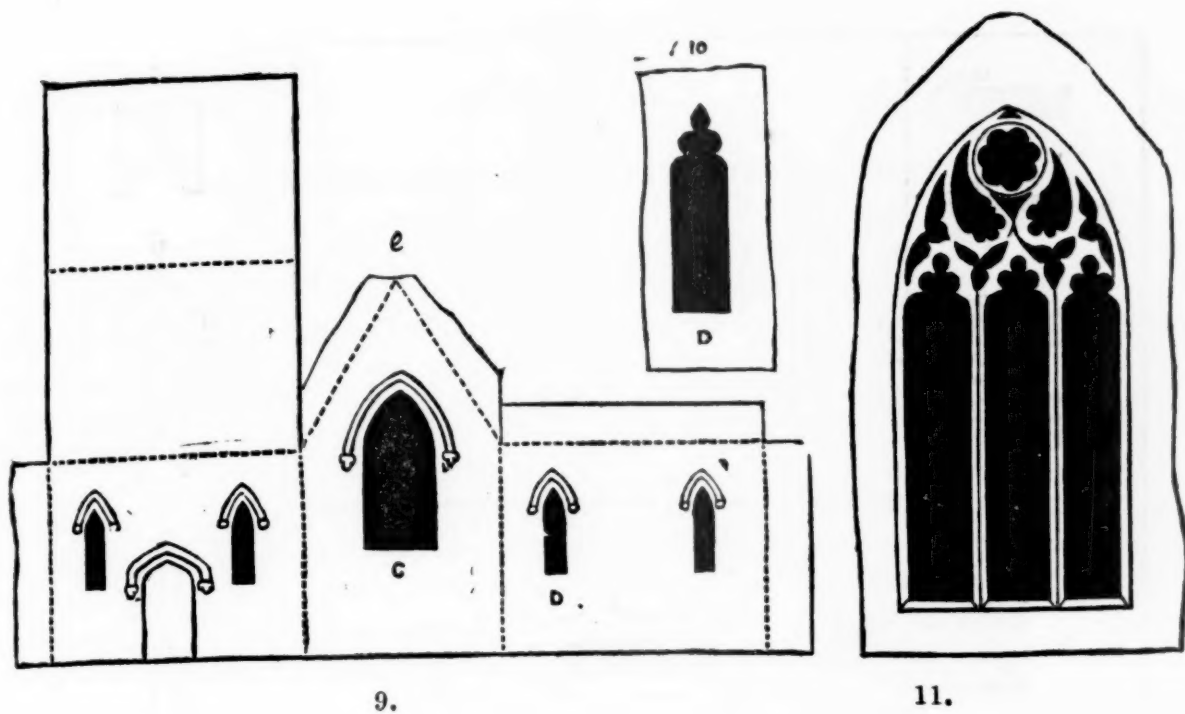
When dry, the roofs should be marked and put on. A book partially opened, and made to ride upon the top of the roof while drying, is the best contrivance for securing an even pressure.

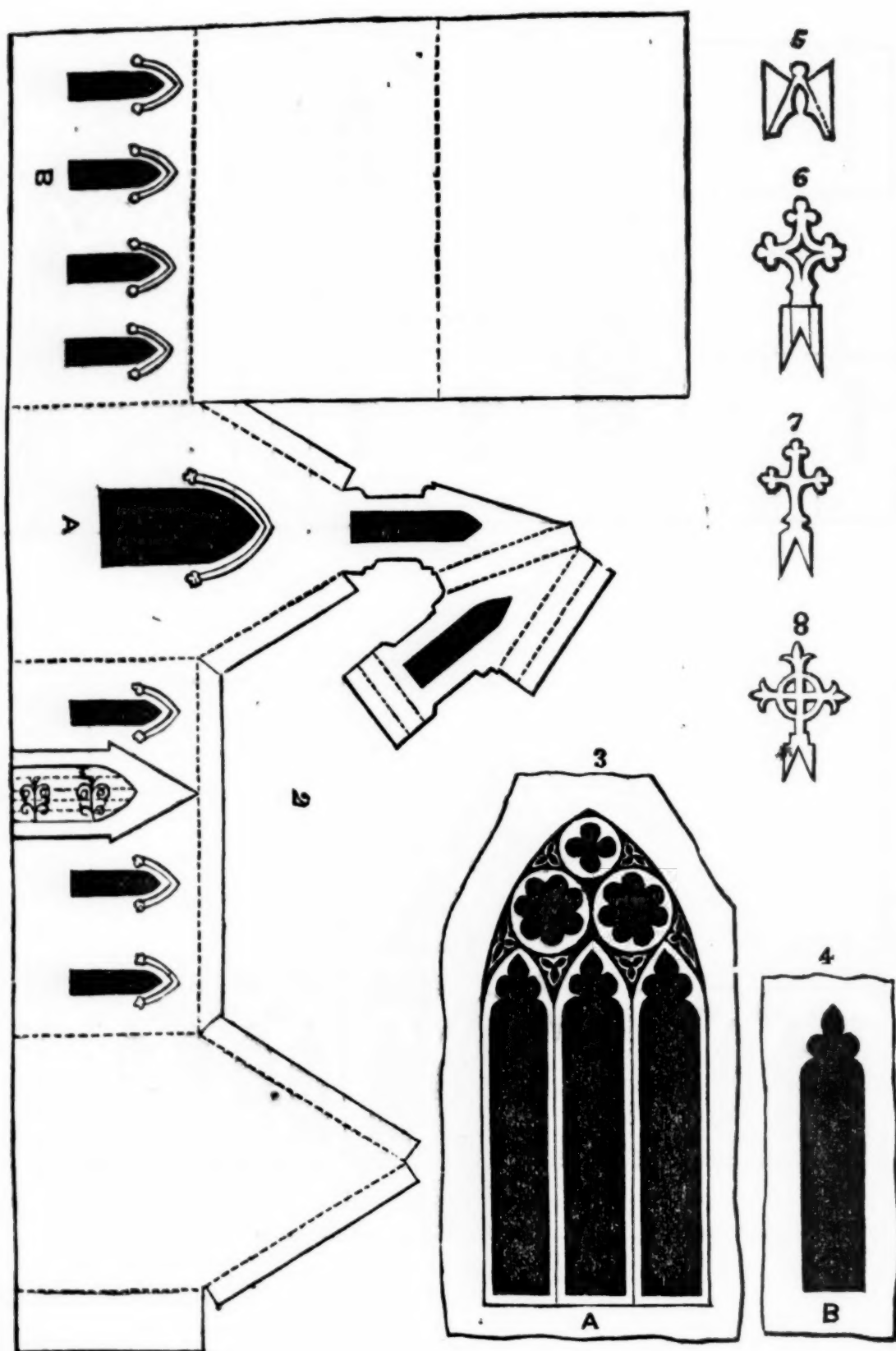
Small pieces of two thicknesses of cardboard are next to be put down each gable, and finished at the springing with small pieces similar to fig. 5, the two wings being bent backwards.

The Porch should next be formed like fig. 12, which represents its full size. The black portions are cut out. Use the punch for the trefoils and heads of the open wood-work.

Like the Nave and Chancel, it should have an outer projecting roof. The proper number of buttresses should be formed, according to the patterns—fig. 13 and fig. 14; the latter is for the Chancel. The position of these are indicated on the plan.

By bending the card at the cuts, which are represented by the dotted lines, these will form the buttresses, with the exception of small pieces at the slopes, which are to be made to fit. The best way to put the buttresses together is to gum the flanges A and B, and to secure them





until dry with a little cotton wound round them.

The model is now complete, with the exception of a narrow piece to form the plinth, and which must be the last thing done.

It is frequently necessary, where joints

do not fit accurately, to use a stopping of gum water and chalk mixed to the consistency of putty. This must be very sparingly used, or it soils the model.

In our next and concluding article, we shall furnish instructions for a Church Font.

OLD BEN,

THE SCOUT OF THE TENNESSEE MOUNTAINS.

How old Old Ben was no one knew exactly—not even Old Ben himself. He had been called Old Ben so far back that the memory of the oldest inhabitant served not to remember him by any other designation. Ben said that he must have been born old, for he had dim recollections of his mother calling him an “old-fashioned feller” before he was big enough to weed the garden. When he arrived at man’s estate, the girls invariably called him either Old Bachelor Ben or Old Ben. So he had made up his mind to one thing, and that was, he never was Young Ben. He was never known to have been sick, except it was that he had “the cussed shakes and fever a spell.” With that exception he had never invested much in patent medicines or other doctor’s stuff, and was consequently a vigorous man, standing firm in his boots. He was tall and had not much flesh to spare, but he often remarked that it “tuk a lean hoss for a long race, and he was one on ’em.” He knew the Mississippi, Cumberland, and Tennessee rivers, he said, better than he did his Testament, and had acquired considerable fame for his skill at the oar and the wheel. He was the man to take a craft safe through a shute or over dangerous places, and for that duty was still preferred to others many years his junior. As for old Tennessee, he knew every inch of her “sile,” and on that “p’int” he wouldn’t yield a notch to any man living or dead. His courage was known to be of the right stripe, and he was set down as a tough old knot that would turn the edge of many a bright axe if an attempt was made to split him.

At the time the hurricane of rebellion swept over the State, Old Ben was on a visit to Knoxville, where he was well known. The many outrages perpetrated upon those who refused to succumb to the rebel sway so aroused his ire that he at length said that he believed that he was beginning to turn “injun,” and that he couldn’t die until he had had revenge upon the scaly varmints, who, he asserted, were mean enough to cut their grandmothers’ throats for the sake of getting what the old women had in their stockings. One night he had been listening to a chap whom he knew as a briefless lawyer

from Clarksville haranguing a crowd in a bar-room, and growing indignant at what he considered the fellow’s insolence, he interrupted him with—

“See here, stranger, yer kin talk jest like clockwork about them cussed abolishunists—and every one knows that I hates ’em as I do pizen—but I’ll jest bet yer drinks for the crowd that yer never owned a nigger for ’em to steal.”

This challenge from Old Ben, which somewhat staggered the speaker, was received with much secret satisfaction by several Union men of the group who, from necessity, were obliged to conceal their sentiments, and created a general laugh. It was a few minutes before the lawyer could recover his self-possession. He then drew himself up to assume as great a degree of dignity as possible, and fixing what he intended as a withering look on Old Ben, while a contemptuous smile played around the corners of his mouth, he said—

“Old man, I suppose you are some of the Union rubbish that has not yet been swept out of the State.”

“Thar yer right. I’m Union clear through to the marrow; and if I had my way I’d hang up a few such chaps as you ar’, who never work, but ar’ everlastin’ smellin’ around for some office, and who have brought all this trouble on the country. Yer ar’ now goin’ about deceivin’ honest people—tellin’ ’em that the whole North ar’ agoin’ to turn nigger stealers, and that the only way for Southern men to perfect thar property is for ’em to dissolve the Union and ’stablish a one hoss consarn, with such one hoss chaps as you at the head of it. I’d hang yer up without judge or jury. That would be the quickest way to settle the mischief yer have made.”

A loud braying from some of the converts to the new doctrines greeted the remarks of Old Ben. But nothing daunted thereat, he exclaimed—

“Yer may bray jest as much as yer a mind to. But yer kin remember that jackasses do the same thing. And any one who jines the secession crew ain’t fit to be named the same day with a jackass. Them’s my sentiments, and I don’t care who knows ’em.”

"Look out, Old Ben! You'll be talkin' treason next, and then you'll be arrested," said one of the crowd who sympathized with the rebels, yet was very friendly with Old Ben.

"Treason!" ejaculated the lawyer. "He has been doing nothing else but talking treason, and should be arrested forthwith."

"Oh, no; Old Ben won't do any harm!" exclaimed another secessionist, who did not wish to see the old man molested.

"You've arrested a good many honest people who never harmed any one, and I expect my turn will come one of these days," replied Old Ben.

"You may depend upon that!" exclaimed the lawyer. "It won't be long before you are elevated!" and here he gave a peculiar jerk with the hand which he held near his neck. "If you don't mend your manners you will go up soon, old man."

Old Ben was about to reply, but was interrupted by the entrance of a man, followed by a number of others, who called the lawyer on one side, and then entered into a low but earnest conversation with him. The new-comer was a thick-set, brutal-looking man, with a face well covered with heavy black hair. He was generally known as Black Dave, and his business had been that of a negro-trader, but he was now at the head of a band of ruffians who, under his direction, had been guilty of many acts of barbarism. The lawyer was a sort of lieutenant and adviser to the band. Old Ben pointed to the spot where they stood, and said—

"Some dirty business is afloat, I reckon, when two such chaps get together. One on 'em, who never owned a nigger or enough money to pay his licker bill, talks about the 'North stealin' our niggers!' Them's his words. The other one has run off more niggers, and sold 'em down South, than the abolishunists have stolen these ten years. If them ar' the chaps what ar' goin' to be yer leaders, ye'll soon smell so bad that the devil wont allow yer to come within rifle-shot of the front door of hell. He will have yer all pitched down the back way!"

After giving utterance to these sentiments, Old Ben turned on his heel and strolled leisurely out of the room. He had not gone far ere he was overtaken by one of the party from the bar-room, whom he knew as a sound Union man, and who said in a low tone—

"You will have to be very careful of

yourself after what you have said. I overheard Black Dave tell the other that your case would be attended to shortly."

"They'll attend to me shortly, will they, eh?" ejaculated Old Ben. "Then I say let 'em come on! I'll cling to the Union as long as thar's a splinter left! I can't live much longer, any way, but while I do live I'll live like a man!"

"You are well acquainted with the mountains, are you not?"

"Reckon I am."

"You know that a great many Union men, who have been driven from their homes, have been obliged to seek a hiding-place there until such times as the Union army gets this way."

"Yes, I know it; and what is more, I'm agoin' to make one on 'em. I itch to have a little vengeance on them scaly varmints. If the Union men about here had more of the Parson's stuff in 'em we'd make screechin' work among them turkey-buzzards."

"But you can't expect all men to be Brownlows. His very boldness awed them for a while, but you see they are getting over that now. Men have to be prudent for the sake of their families. If you will come up to my house to-morrow night, you will hear something that will do you good, and how you can be of vast service to the Union men in this vicinity. Will you come?"

"Yes; I'll be thar!"

Old Ben's companion noticing Black Dave and the lawyer approaching, walked quickly forward. It was rather a secluded spot where they had been standing, and Old Ben being in the shade was not observed by either Black Dave or the lawyer. They halted, and Black Dave, with great gesticulation, said—

"I've sworn to have vengeance on the old cuss, and now is my time! He didn't think that I was good enough for his daughter. If it hadn't been for him I believe I could have got the girl; but as I've lost her, I'm bent upon having my pay."

"What do you propose to do? Has he got much that we could lay our hands upon?" said the lawyer.

"We'll go out to his place toward midnight, and drag the old hound out of his nest. If I once fairly get him in my power I'll make him sing psalms. I will let him know if I ain't as good as any of his breed! He has got a couple of fine horses; we'll take them, any how. But come, let us go back now and have a drink

with the boys! They'll miss us. You see, I don't want any of 'em to know where we are agoing to. It might get talked about, and some Hessian spy give him the alarm."

As they disappeared Old Ben came forth from a hiding-place where he had ensconced himself for the purpose of learning what mischief they were planning. Looking after the retreating figures, he muttered, half aloud—

"I'll head off them devils yet, or else I'll give 'em leave to call me a skunk! The old man whar right in showing Black Dave the door. He should have kicked him out. That's what I would have done. But I'll head off the villains! I'll head 'em off!" he ejaculated, as he hastened forward.

Black Dave and his lieutenant returned to the bar-room, where they with their companions indulged in a drunken revel. Toward midnight he got together some ten or a dozen of those who were the least intoxicated, and started out on his work of vengeance.

This band of "defenders of the rights of Southern men," as they styled themselves, had proceeded a considerable distance from the tavern, when their commander ordered them to halt in front of a modest-looking dwelling, surrounded by pleasant grounds. He then addressed them as follows:—

"Boys! now we are about to catch one of the blackest-hearted traitors in the South. He is a regular white-livered Lincolnite, and it ain't to be expected that we will show him much mercy. So, follow me!"

Black Dave then opened the gate and went toward the house, followed by his band. He gave several loud raps on the door with the butt of a pistol, and it not being promptly opened, he applied the heel of his heavy boot and administered a number of lusty kicks. The door was at length opened by rather an elderly female, who had a light in her hand. As soon as Black Dave caught a glimpse of her countenance, he said, in a gruff voice—

"We want your old man. Tell him to turn out quick, and not to keep us awaiting."

"He is not at home," was the mild response.

"You lie! we know better! If you don't turn him out, we'll go in and drag him out!"

"I assure you, sir, that he is not in the house."

"Come boys, follow me! We won't put up with any of the old woman's nonsense."

Black Dave as he uttered these words entered the house, accompanied by several of his followers. After the lapse of a few minutes he returned, with a countenance blacker than usual, exclaiming—

"The old hound has run away, boys; but the black-hearted traitor don't escape my vengeance so easy. Just throw a torch in the barn yonder."

"Oh! do not fire the place! Have some mercy for the family!" entreated the old lady.

"What is the family to me? I wasn't good enough to make one of them! They are a brood of traitors, the whole of them, and if you don't want 'em roasted you had better turn 'em out!"

After giving utterance to these brutal words, he strode off toward the outbuildings, seizing a torch from one of his followers as he passed along. Looking in the stable, and finding that the horses were gone, he gave utterance to a vile oath, and then threw the torch among some loose hay. Watching the flames as they crept slowly along, while a fiendish smile spread over his features, he told one of his band to pick up some of the hay and follow him. He then went toward the dwelling, and ordered the man to throw the hay on the kitchen floor; and then, despite the entreaties of the old lady and the cries of two or three children, who had been hurried from their beds and stood in their night-clothes clinging to their mother, the ruffian applied the torch. When the flames were fairly underway, he said—

"Come on, boys! Leave 'em to shift for themselves. Let us see if we can't track the old hound."

The ruffian then, followed by his band, retreated down the road, turning occasionally to behold the flames as they licked up that once happy home.

The next evening Old Ben was prompt to his appointment, and as he listened to the narration of the outrage to a party of Union men, he exclaimed, as his countenance glowed with excitement,—

"The miserable, scaly buzzards! I wouldn't athought they'd gone so far; they're worse nor injuns! I reckoned it whar all right when I gave him the alarm and he got safe off. But to fire the house and turn the wimen folks and children out doors that time of night—I swar I'll have vengeance for it! It mout not be

quite reg'lar, but yer kin jest sot Old Ben down for Black Dave and that white-livered skunk from Clarksville. If I don't fix thar flint for 'em the I won't trust bullet and powder any more. Thar's no use of yer sayin' any thin' agin it," he said, as he raised up his hand toward one of the assembly, who he supposed was about to remonstrate, "for I've settled the hull matter. It's no knowin' what they'll do next, so they've got to go. The devil wants his due, and it is about time they whar on the road to see the chief of all secessionists."

"It is what they deserve!" ejaculated one of the party.

This sentiment was generally concurred in by the assembly. The affairs of that part of the State were then discussed, and it was considered that it would be of great importance if communication could be kept up between the Union men in the mountains and those who yet remained at home. For the performance of this duty they all agreed that Old Ben, from his thorough knowledge of that region, was peculiarly qualified. He at once consented to act, but put in as a proviso that he was not to be deprived of the privilege of attending to the case of Black Dave and his lieutenant.

In the mean time Black Dave, intent upon glutting his vengeance, set his spies to work to discover the whereabouts of the man whose homestead he had so ruthlessly destroyed. A number of days passed, and the spies were unable to give any satisfactory report, other than that they thought he had gone to the mountains. At this Black Dave's rage grew furious, and he swore that he would seek revenge in another quarter. The fate he intended for the father should be visited upon the son-in-law, his successful rival, who was settled in a quiet spot some miles from Knoxville. Black Dave knew that his rival was suspected of being a Union man, and that was a sufficient cloak for him in his design of villany.

It was on a dark and gloomy night that Black Dave got his band of ruffians together and set out on his work of Vandalism. We will not detain the reader with an account of his progress along the road. Arriving at the house, his summons was answered by a trembling black servant, who, in answer to a furious demand for his master, stammered out that he was not at home. The desperado's quick eye at once detected from the servant's manner that he was endeavouring to conceal some-

thing, and he immediately ordered his lieutenant to search the house. This duty the lieutenant performed in a style worthy of his leader. The wife, notwithstanding her delicate health, was brutally told to point out where her husband was hid, as they wanted to give him a rope elevation. All feelings of humanity were set at nought, and the search was made in the most brutal and reckless manner; but it proved fruitless. The intended victim, hearing the noise of the band as they approached, at once suspected their object, and at the solicitation of his wife, consented to secrete himself, and succeeded in making his escape.

Black Dave fairly foamed with rage when he heard that he was again foiled—that his rival could not be found.

"The sneaking cur is hid somewhere!" he exclaimed. "But I'll smoke him and his brood out. Fire the house, boys!"

Even the entreaties of her whom he once professed to love failed to stay the hand of the incendiary. Black Dave was inexorable. The torch was applied, and soon the flames began to creep along—slowly at first, as if gathering strength, and then suddenly they darted up their forked tongues and enveloped the whole building in a fiery circle. The flames, reflected by the heavy atmosphere, shed a brilliant light over the surrounding country. For awhile Black Dave stood gazing upon his work, while a sort of hellish malignity spread itself over his features, totally unmoved by the cries of the terror-stricken women and children. He then ordered the servant whom he had first seen to be tied to a wheel of a large waggon, and lashed until he revealed the whereabouts of his master. For Black Dave to order was to be obeyed, and the trembling black was immediately seized, tied, and flogged. The blows fell fast and heavy, but the faithful black, notwithstanding the blood streamed down his back, refused to betray his master. The ruffian who administered the blows paused for a moment as if to take breath, which his leader observing, he shouted—

"Give the black dog another dose, and lay them on lively!"

The words had scarcely fell from his lips ere a bullet whizzed past the negro and buried itself in the brain of the ruffian leader, and he fell to the earth to rise no more. He had given his last order. His lieutenant, who stood near, sprang forward, and was in the act of stooping to lift the prostrate form of his captain, when

crash went another bullet through his brain, and he fell upon the body of him who had been his companion in villany, and who was now his companion in death. The ruffian who had administered the blows stood for a moment as if transfixed to the spot, and then, throwing down the whip, he attempted to run, but had taken but a few steps ere a swift-winged messenger sent him travelling the same road with his leaders. Consternation now seemed to seize the remainder of the ruffians, and they took to their heels, many in their flight throwing away their rifles, which were soon picked up by Old Ben and his companions, and their contents sent after their flying owners.

It was not long before the pale and terror-stricken wife was surrounded by her husband and father. After an affectionate embrace the father, picking up a lighted torch, approached the place where the bodies lay. Stooping down to examine the leaders, he in a few moments exclaimed—

“Dead!—both of them! Old Ben hit both in nearly the same spot!”

So it was. The father, being anxious to see his daughter and her mother, who since the destruction of the old homestead had resided with her, was accompanied by Old Ben and another companion for that purpose. As they approached the farm they beheld the light from the burning dwelling, at once rightly conjectured the cause, and who was at work.

They crept stealthily along, and secreted themselves until a favourable opportunity should afford them a chance of being of service. Old Ben insisted that he alone should do the shooting, and that they could do the loading, as no shots were to be wasted. As he observed Black Dave and his lieutenant standing near together, he exclaimed in a low tone—

“Keerful! keerful now! They ar’ both mine!” and creeping to a favourable spot, he discharged the shots which finished the worldly career of the ruffians.

Black Dave’s rival, being secreted where he could view what was going on, seeing the ruffian leaders fall, at once judged that friends were at hand, and he sprang forward to render his aid in the destruction of the Vandals. When it was ascertained that they were completely routed, arrangements were made for conveying the family to a place of safety, and in the arrangements the master did not forget his lacerated but faithful servant.

During the next fortnight several of Black Dave’s followers were found dead, and upon examination it was discovered that each one had been shot in nearly the same place in the forehead, and it was concluded that they had all been killed by the same person. The conclusion was correct, for Old Ben in his scouting duties sent many a “buzzard,” as he called those who preyed upon the homes of Union men, to his final account.

WHAT SHALL I DO ?

INDOLENCE is one of the greatest moral evils, for it affects the mental as well as the physical organization. Indolence is here considered not only in a negative sense, as opposed to useful employments, but as a mighty active agent, producing the most momentous train of evil consequences ; for the human intellect is, like Argus, full of eyes, all of which are for ever looking after something that will gratify fancy and exercise the reasoning powers in what will tend either to accelerate the march of mind and of civilization, or in what will give human nature a retrograde motion. One of the greatest punishments which could be inflicted on a rational being would be to deprive him of anything on which he could exercise his talents of contrivance and design ; but it would take more ingenuity than man possesses to place an individual in such a position that the powers of mind could not be exercised by some object. Action is just as essential an attribute of mind as motion is of the moving powers. If the human intellect is not exercised by some useful and interesting pursuit it will not relapse into listless inactivity, but it will be engaged in contriving instruments, devising plans, or constructing theories which will ultimately tend to overthrow all civil government and cause society to relapse into its primitive barbarism.

"What shall I do?" is a question asked by many, but very few who are not compelled seem capable of making any practical answer. In this world there is more to be done which would assimilate to the taste of every human being than what the mundane inhabitants could accomplish if they should be increased tenfold. The ground on which you tread invites you to discover the mysteries which geology cannot at present unfold ; the air which you breathe is pregnant with animal life—and even when water is taken into the stomach you are swallowing systems of worlds and generations of inhabitants. How can any one who lives in such a world as this and in such a wonderfully practical age, be at a loss for something to do? The eye cannot behold anything, nor can the hands feel anything but from which the most wonderful and beneficial discoveries have been deduced. Every one has something to perform, and has some influence in the great scale of creation.

Time is swiftly carrying us from terrestrial scenes, and if the question,

"What shall I do?" is not practically answered in the favourable moment, that moment will for ever fly away like a spirit wreathed in light, and we will be left to pursue our journey on earth in the path of obscurity and sometimes penury. As the revolution of the earth is too uniformly rapid to enable us to perceive the motion, so time flies with such a uniform velocity that when a week passes we would think it but twenty-four hours if the sun did not mark the space on the dial-plate of heaven. How important, then, that each year, as it glides into the misty aisles of the past, should be laden with duly appreciated hours ! Who shall take the place of the generation which is quickly passing off the stage of life? Are not their children to perform the duties thus assigned them in the political or intellectual world? How vastly essential is it, then, that they should be qualified to assume these responsible positions. What is to be the character of the future rulers of the earth, who, perhaps, are now sleeping in their cradles? Shall they be barbarians, or shall they administer justice and be governed by a moral principle as firm as the Andes? The teacher must answer these questions. Let the preceptor ask himself, "What shall I do?" and the voices of the past will re-echo through the sepulchre of ages, that the duties of the teacher demand the utmost diligence and self-denial, for generations yet unborn will feel the effects of his influence on the preceding mind.

Providence has happily assigned to each individual his own business, and commanded him to be diligent in that business, and not in the affairs of any other person. We cannot all expect to be stars in literature, science, and the arts, for these could not be the only subjects that occupy the human mind ; other things are equally essential, either as auxiliaries to these mental pursuits, or for the satisfying of the physical nature. All cannot expect to win fame as bright as Newton, Bacon, or Milton, for it was wisely decreed that all should not have either the ability or the desire thus to distinguish themselves. If all was mind where would be the body? if all was thought where would be action? If the whole of the body was hand where would be the heart to govern the head, and the head to direct the hand? But all the parts of the intellectual, political, physical,

and moral government are harmoniously arranged, so that the complicated machinery may perform its revolutions in unison. In the disposition of our time it is of primary importance not only that the periods devoted to relaxation and exercise should alternately succeed each other, and that they should be of equal intervals, but that the quality of the recreation should be considered, as well as the quality of the exercise: when physical labour has produced muscular exhaustion the labourer might just as well consider that his relaxation consisted in drinking a sufficient quantity of stimulating fluid to make him drunk, as for the student who has expended his nervous energy in the occult and abstract sciences to seek relaxation by the mental dissipation of novel reading; and as regards card-playing, a more useless expenditure of time could not be conceived. It cannot be classed under either mental or physical relaxation or exercise; neither pleasure nor profit can be derived from the so-called recreation. Card-playing was instituted only for the purpose of amusing the insane Charles IV., and no one should indulge in this diversion but those in a *similar condition*.

Again, when we give a practical answer to the question, "What shall I do?" we must consider that whatever is worth doing is worth doing right, and we should bestow as much care on small things as on great. There could not be a more erroneous idea than that great men should attend to great matters and small men to small things; for, if great things are analyzed their constituent principles will be discovered to be the smallest possible minutiae. It is said that Napoleon understood the capacity of each soldier in his immense legions, and the quality of gunpowder used by each soldier, better than the captain. God displayed as much wisdom and care in the construction of a mouse as in the creation of a man. If one should enter the Patent Office at Washington he would see such a variety of mouse-traps, each exhibiting so much contrivance and ingenuity of design, that one would suppose that the genius of the American people was wholly concentrated on catching mice; but when he beholds other inventions, which gradually rise higher in the scale of mechanism, sees noble designs of useful and elegant construction, the truth convinces him that in this world small and great things equally demand our attention.

Again, it often requires great delibera-

tion and maturity of thought to give a practical answer to the all-important but sometimes perplexing question, "What shall I do?" In such instances it is a primary necessity to understand what we purpose doing, and "to consider the consequences thereof." If man always employed this excellent maxim as the basis of his operations, how often would happiness, fame, and even life, be preserved? And the repetition of this maxim to the evil-minded will make the knife fall from the hand of the assassin and will chain the tongue of wickedness. Frederic II., while travelling through Europe *incog.*, observed above the entrance to a store the following curious sign, "Wisdom for sale." The emperor mused a while on the singularity of the inscription, and then determined to test the quality of the merchandise. When he entered the store, the proprietor invited him into an ante-chamber, and increased the curiosity of Frederic in a measure by stating that the price of the wisdom was five hundred dollars. Frederic immediately handed him the required sum, when the salesman delivered in return a paper containing the following words, "Know what thou doest, and consider the consequences thereof."

The emperor placed the article in his pocket and with a suppressed laugh left the store. While on his way home he could not refrain from thinking about his late adventure, and repeating the wisdom for which he fancied he had paid so dearly. Before he got within the precincts of his empire a conspiracy was secretly formed by the nobles to assassinate him and to revolutionize the government; and the part assigned to the royal barber was to cut the throat of the emperor when he was summoned to shave him.

When Frederic entered the royal palace he desired the services of the barber. While seated in the chair he was still so amused with the maxim for which he paid so much that he could not help repeating it; and looking quizzically at the barber, who was approaching with the razor, he said—

"Know what thou doest, and consider the consequences thereof."

The barber was astonished, and dropping the razor, he confessed to the astonished Frederic the whole design.

As great value is wrapped in a small diamond, so is great importance attached to the practical answer of the question, "What shall I do?"

HANS HEILING'S ROCK.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

FOR a long, long time there lived a rich farmer in a little village on the Eger (a river in Bohemia). Veit, so called, the farmer, had a lovely daughter, the joy and ornament of the entire village. Elizabeth was pretty, and so good that her like was not to be found.

Near Veit's house stood a little hut, where young Arnold's father had lived and lately died. Arnold had been from home to learn the mason's trade, but was again at home when his father died. The old man could not bear the sudden joy of seeing Arnold; and even with his arrival he sickened. The vigorous Arnold was not wont to be beside a sick bed, but he hung tenderly over the friend and counsellor of his childhood.

After the aged man died and was laid to rest in the churchyard, Arnold, like a good son, often repaired to his grave to weep. Arnold inherited but a small hut, but he had a costly gem within his heart, a keen appreciation of all that was good and beautiful.

Above all others had Arnold delighted Veit's daughter. They had grown up together, and he always remembered with pleasure the little playmate of his childhood, and how he wept when he first left her to go to his master in Prague. The third evening after the death of his father, Arnold sat in melancholy dreams on the fresh grave, when he heard low footsteps in the churchyard. Looking around, he saw a lovely girl with a basket of flowers on her arm. An elderbush concealed him from Elizabeth's eye; then it was she who came to adorn the grave of her good neighbour with flowers. She bowed herself low, and with folded hands and tearful eyes thus spoke:

"Rest gently, good man; may thy spirit bloom in heaven, and thy grave ever be covered with flowers."

Then sprang Arnold from the bushes.

"Elizabeth," cried he, and caught the terrified maid in his arms. "Elizabeth, dost thou know me?"

"Ah, it is Arnold," she lisped, with blushing. "We have not seen each other in a long time."

"And thou hast become so beautiful, so mild, so lovely, and hast loved my father, dear, sweet girl."

"Well, good Arnold, I have loved him

from my heart," said she, reclining her head gently upon his arm. "We have often talked together of you; his son was the only joy he had."

"Has he had real joy in me?" inquired Arnold. "Oh, God! I thank thee that thou hast been my good preserver. But, Elizabeth, only think how we are changed; else little were we now as when we sat on my father's knee, or played before the cottage door. And now the good old man sleeps beneath us, and we are no longer children. But I have thought of thee very often."

"And I of thee," whispered Elizabeth, and said it with her great lustrous eyes, earnestly too.

"Then," cried the inspired Arnold, "although, Elizabeth, we have already loved, I must away; but here, where I find thee on my father's grave, we both remember still, as though there had been no separation. The childlike feeling has grown into a manly passion. Elizabeth, I love thee."

But Elizabeth concealed her glowing face on his breast, and wept freely.

"And thou?" questioned Arnold, again entreatingly.

Gently she raised her head, and looked into his eyes with tears of joy.

"Arnold, I am a friend to thee. I have ever, ever held thee dear."

Then drew he her to his heart again, and sealed the confession with a kiss. Long they sat intoxicated with delight upon the father's grave. Arnold related how, after he had gone, he longed to return to her and his home; and Elizabeth spoke long and eloquently of his father and their early childhood. The sun was long down ere they were aware of it, and at last a noise from the street awoke them from their reveries, and they returned to their homes.

One morning, while Elizabeth and her father were at breakfast, the latter began to speak of Arnold.

"The young fellow moves me to pity," said he. "You remember him well, Elizabeth; you know you have often played together."

"Why should I not remember it?" replied the blushing girl.

"I would like to think of him as one very dear to us, but the Arnolds are such

poor wretches; yet good they have always been—the father at least—and I hear many good reports of the son.”

“Certainly, father, young Arnold is right brave and good.”

“Eh, then, Elizabeth,” spoke Veit, “how knowest it so certainly?”

“They told me it in the village,” stammered Elizabeth.

“In future it will be my delight, and I will not fail to assist him when I can,” said the father.

Elizabeth listened breathlessly during her father's speech, then she made an excuse to go to the kitchen, and with blushing face she left Veit to cogitate upon her appearance. Soon after, Arnold and Elizabeth met in the garden belonging to Veit's house. She related what her father had said, and he drew up the best plan for his future.

“Yes,” said he at last, “I have considered it the entire night. The best way is for me to go to-day to thy father, and freely confess that we love each other, and pray him to consent to our marriage. If he does, then with fresh courage will I go among strangers to accumulate gold and come joyously back with my fortune. Is this not a good plan, sweet, good Elizabeth?”

“Yes,” cried the enraptured girl, and threw herself upon his neck. “He will be willing, he loves me so.”

Full of joyous hopes they parted.

The next evening Arnold dressed himself in his most becoming manner, and went once more to his father's grave, praying fervently for his blessing, and making his way back with trembling steps to Veit's house. With timid joy Elizabeth received him, and immediately presented him to her father.

“Neighbour Arnold,” said the old man, “what brings you to me?”

“Myself,” answered he.

“That means,” questioned Veit—

“Sir,” began Arnold, with a trembling yet firm voice, “sir, listen to me while I explain. I would like to stand in a better light. I am poor, but the world stands open to me. I will not remain at my trade. I will learn art; my master assures me I would excel. I have vowed this since my father's death. I will learn art, hoping thereby to obtain the prize which is in your power to give me. Grant it to me, and I will set the highest value upon it.”

“And what have I that you want so much?” asked Veit. “What do you wish to imply?”

“Your daughter, sir; we love each other. In this manner come I to you, and pray you to promise me that, when I return home at the end of three years, you will not withhold the blessing, and that Elizabeth will remain faithful.”

“Young man,” replied Veit, “I have permitted you to finish speaking; permit me now also, and I will answer you plainly. That you love my daughter delights me, and shows that you are a man of taste; and it equally rejoices me that you come openly to her father to acknowledge your great love. Your master calls you a young man capable of learning art; that is fortunate; but, after all, it is uncertain. Elizabeth can make no promise to one like yourself. During the three years she might see another who would please her better. You have your fortune to make, young man; go and make it. I will not hinder you longer; no words more.”

“But, neighbour Veit,” said Arnold, seizing the old man's hand, “pray consider——”

“There is nothing further to consider. I am under obligation to leave you; farewell.”

“And is this your final decision?” stammered Arnold.

“My last,” replied the frosty old man.

“Then help me, God!” shrieked Arnold, and left the house.

Hastily seizing his bundle, he strolled to the cemetery to take the last farewell of his father's grave.

With swimming eyes, Elizabeth had overheard a part that was said, and her beautiful dreams were at once dispelled. Still once more she decided to see her lover. She placed herself in the chamber window and waited until he emerged from the house, and then hastily followed him to the churchyard. She found him praying on his father's grave.

“Arnold! Arnold! must thou leave me?” cried she, embracing him. “Ah! I cannot read thee.”

Arnold raised himself up as if he had awakened from a dream.

“I must, Elizabeth, I must; break not thy heart with weeping; I must go.”

“Comest thou again, and when?”

“Elizabeth, three years from this moment, if my life is spared, I will be with thee here; and *how* I will labour during that time. Wilt thou remain true to me?”

“Until death, dear Arnold!” cried the sobbing girl.

"And when thy father compels thee to abandon me?"

"Then I am obliged to meet thee secretly at the altar; yes, Arnold, we will remain true to each other."

"Then let us separate now," said he, the tears of hope glimmering in his eyes. "I fear no further hindrance; no one shall stand between us. Let this kiss seal our betrothal. In three years we will be united."

He released himself from her arms.

"Arnold!" she shrieked, "leave not thy Elizabeth."

But he was already gone. Elizabeth stood like one thunderstruck and weeping until he disappeared in the dark forest. She then kneeled down and prayed to God. Convinced of Arnold's fidelity, she became quiet; and, lest she was under the watchful gaze of her father, she returned home.

Every morning she returned to the spot where she and Arnold last met. Veit knew it well, but he did not strive to prevent it, and he was quite surprised to see Elizabeth so reconciled.

A year passed away, and to her great joy Elizabeth's father brought her no wooer. At the end of two years there came back to the village, after a long absence, a man who left on account of a former stroke of misfortune. He went away a poor man, but returned in the best circumstances. He returned on purpose to vex and be a rival to a rich man who was formerly his enemy.

At first it did not seem he would tarry long, as he spoke of important business elsewhere. But ere long it was evident he intended to remain. Strange things were told of him by the village people, and many virtuous people, knowing him to be an evil man, noticed him not in spite of his riches; they knew too well that his wealth was not honestly gotten. However this may be, Hans Heiling visited Veit daily, and the old man, deaf to the rumours afloat, found great pleasure in his conversation, and he found much fault when the evening passed without bringing Hans to his cottage.

One Friday they were locked up in the house alone all day, and he then made known his wish to marry Elizabeth. He agreed to divide his fortune with her, if Veit would consent to the marriage. Elizabeth had an utter abhorrence of the man. At the sight of him, even, her blood curdled in her veins. But Hans made use of an evening when her father was

not at home to visit her. Elizabeth sat spinning as he entered the house. Terrified, she called to her father from the open door.

"Oh, let us chat a little while together, my favourite Elizabeth," was his answer, as he seated himself beside her.

Elizabeth drew herself hastily from him. Hans considered it merely an act of maidenly timidity, and his maxim was "weak heart never won fair lady." Thus he spoke boldly:—

"Will the beautiful Elizabeth not sit near me?"

"It is not becoming for me to remain alone with a base man," she replied, and arose to leave the room, when he deliberately attempted to embrace her. Elizabeth rushed through the open door, thanking God for her escape. When her father returned she gave him a full account of Hans' unmanly conduct. The first opportunity he had he spoke of it to Hans, and demanded an apology, but Hans convinced him that his vehement exhibition of love was only an involuntary expression of his affection for Elizabeth, and urged Veit to influence her in his favour.

When the three years came to an end Veit spoke to her of a union with Hans. But she avoided the subject in the most skilful and ingenious manner. Daily went she to the grave of Arnold's father, gazing wistfully across the Eger, hoping to see her young lover coming towards her.

About this time she one morning missed the little cross that Arnold had given her, and that she so loved and prized. She knew some one must have taken it in her sleep, and she suspected her maid, of whom she heard a whispering interview with Hans Heiling one evening. She weepingly related her suspicions to her father, but he only smiled and was sure the enamoured Heiling would give up the lost trifle if he had it.

Notwithstanding her suspicions and aversion to Hans, she distinctly perceived that his request was renewed with great confidence and earnestness. And her father at last declared with some severity that he had resolved she should give her hand to Hans. He wished her to forget Arnold.

The three years were gone, and he did not return; thus she was under no further obligations to him. Hans swore his love eternal, and said he wooed her not for her gold, but purely for herself; gold he had until his ambition was satisfied; and he

would make her richer and happier than she ever dreamed of being. But Elizabeth despised both him and his riches; and when she was pressed on all sides, and tormented with the thought that Arnold was either dead or unfaithful, she saw no alternative but despair, and begged for three days' delay before she would give her consent to such a hateful union, hoping Arnold would arrive in the meantime.

The three days were granted her. Full of hope to see their wish so soon gratified, both men went into the street in high spirits. Elizabeth resorted to a high hill in the village which commanded a fine view of the surrounding country. Here she sat weeping and praying, when she saw a cloud of dust arise in the distance. Her heart filled with thoughts of Arnold. She was at first disappointed in not recognising him among the band of richly-dressed men who were approaching her on horseback. In front of the procession rode a venerable old man, and on the left a handsome young man. She could not at first think it was Arnold, but as he came nearer to her she knew it was he. The horse was coming on a hasty trot, but to Elizabeth it seemed too slow. Elizabeth shunned the multitude as much as possible, but never for a moment removed her eyes from Arnold. As he reached her he sprang from his horse, and upon his knees exclaimed—

"Elizabeth, is it possible? My dear, loved Elizabeth!"

The terrified though delighted girl sank into his arms, crying—

"Arnold! my Arnold!"

Long they remained thus enraptured, lips to lips and heart to heart. Full of joy Arnold's companions viewed the happy pair. The old man folded his hands and thanked God for the happiness of his young friend.

After the first intoxicating joy of meeting had passed, Elizabeth related, in as few words as possible, the relation in which she stood to Hans Heiling. Arnold was stunned, and felt thankful he had returned in time to claim his idol. Triumphantlly drove Arnold and Elizabeth to Veit's house. As he beheld the richly-clothed young man he could hardly trust his eyes.

"Father, am I not entitled to Elizabeth?" asked Arnold. "I have become a wealthy man, and stand in great favour, sir. I can prove what I say."

"How is it," replied the astonished Herr Veit, "since you were a poor boy, the son of my neighbour?"

The venerable old man who accompanied Arnold, now arose and said—

"Yes, he is the same who wandered poor and despairing from village to village three years since. He came to me; I saw that he would soon become a master of art, and gave him a chance. He has exceeded my expectations."

"Is that true?" questioned the astonished Veit.

"True, true," repeated the old man; "now may there be no hindrance to his union with your daughter."

"Take her, my brave boy, and may God's blessing follow you both." Thus spoke Veit.

Unable to return thanks to Veit, Arnold drew Elizabeth to his heart, feeling that he had met his true reward.

"Herr Veit," began the aged man, after a long silence, and fairly sobbing for joy, "I pray you will allow the children to be married to-morrow, that I may see the joy of my good son, Arnold, before I leave. The day after to-morrow must I be going towards Prague."

"Well, then," answered Veit, "we will arrange the matter immediately. Children," he cried, "to-morrow is the day for your nuptials. The priest shall be notified; and thou, Elizabeth, go into the kitchen and make preparations for the guests."

Elizabeth obeyed, and Arnold soon followed.

Since Arnold had visited his father's grave great joy had been added to his heart; and after Elizabeth had performed the duties allotted to her, they went arm-in-arm to the place where they so despairingly met three years before. Upon the holy ground they both renewed their vow.

"Is not this a moment of delight?" whispered Arnold, as he embraced his glowing bride. "Does it not recompense us for all the suffering of the past? There is no higher joy in this life."

"Ah! that we both at once, heart to heart, could die."

"Die! my Elizabeth!" repeated Arnold.

"Yes, to die on thy breast. Good God! blame us not that our joy exceeds the longing for celestial bliss. Yet may we pray here upon our father's grave for heavenly grace."

Calm was that prayer, yet holy as an angel's dream; and after it was finished the lovers returned home.

Beautiful as a Mussulman's dream of

Paradise was the following morn. It was Friday. The entire village was alive. As the marriage party drove along, the streets were thronged with people eager to obtain a glance of the happy pair. Only Hans Heiling's door was closed, but it was known that he never was seen abroad on Friday.

Gaily the procession moved along to the church. Veit and Arnold's master went together weeping tears of joy over the good fortune of their children. For the dinner, Veit appointed the place under the great lime tree in the centre of the village. Thither went the guests to join in the festive scene.

Heaven seemed to smile on the happiness of the loved ones. For two hours merry voices resounded from the vicinity of the well-filled table. "Long live Arnold and his lovely bride!" was heard in every direction. From the lime tree the newly-wedded pair, with both fathers and a playmate of Elizabeth's, went to the farm on the Eger. The house stood in a lovely valley, adorned with shrubbery, and with the happy company hours seemed but moments. In this house, also, was the elegant bridal chamber prepared, and in the garden beneath the fruit trees was a luxurious supper and costly wine in profusion.

The daylight still lingered in the valley, but at length the bright stars came out and looked upon the joyous circle. Veit began to speak of his youth, and, excited by the wine he had drank, he was so diffuse in his sentiments that even Arnold and Elizabeth desired him to cease. But when midnight came his harangue was scarcely finished. At last he closed.

"And now good night," cried he; "will not the bridal pair be escorted to their chamber?"

No sooner had the village clock struck the hour of midnight than a terrible gale swept over the face of the deep, and Hans Heiling stood before them with horribly distorted features.

"Devil!" shrieked he, "I cease to be

in thy service now; may I be annihilated!" And the storm howled, while Hans Heiling still cried, "May I be annihilated and escape the torment of hell!"

Then there was a rushing of flame over the mountain, and Arnold and Elizabeth, Veit and his friend stood changed to rocks. The bridal pair clung to each other, their faces upraised in an attitude of prayer.

"Hans Heiling," thundered the mocking wind, "the guilty go down to death and remain unhappy, but the souls of the righteous ascend to heaven."

Then Hans Heiling fell from the high rock down into the foaming river, and was swallowed up in the hissing waves where no eye saw him more.

Early the following morning Elizabeth's friends came with the wreaths of flowers to ornament the newly wedded pair, and soon the entire village came hither. The hand of destruction was found over everything. They beheld inanimate forms partly covered and crushed by the rocks.

The maid who brought the flowers strewed them over the stone images of the loved ones. Then sank all upon their knees and prayed for the loved souls.

"Hail!" thus cried a venerable old man, "you who have gone thither in joy and love, heart to heart ye have died. Adorn ever with fresh flowers their graves, and this rock remain a monument, a testimony that true love joined them even in death."

The name of Arnold and Elizabeth are engraved on the monument, and strangers drive from the valley of Eger to the awful rock of Hans Heiling, with a feeling of interest as they ponder over the fate of the two young and lovely beings so suddenly ushered into eternity. They still live in the hearts of the people, although the story has now an air of tradition. Terribly and wonderfully roars the river into which Hans Heiling was precipitated, and no one visits the place, even now, without emotions of dread and terror.

IDEAL AND REAL.

INDEPENDENT of all that has been said about ideality, this phase of existence is just as essential to life in all its varied relations and conditions as reality. Though neither of these features ought to occupy an absolute government, yet they should exercise relative influences over us; if either of these phases of life were cancelled, existence, mathematically, would be deprived of one half its benefits and rational enjoyments. Hence we may infer that there are two kinds of life, the ideal and the real; and their corresponding possessions, the physical and mental, each having attributes peculiar to its distinct nature. If action was permanently suspended in the physical organization there would be no corporeal life—*i.e.*, if the heart ceased its vibrations, if the nerves refused to perform their functions, if the minute capillaries—which a microscope can hardly discover—were to terminate their career of usefulness in separating from the blood, with wonderful accuracy, all the constituent elements of the various tissues of the body, physical life would terminate; so if action was permanently suspended in the ideal creation, both physical and mental life would be extinguished. The loftiest pleasures of existence are derived from the mental powers expatiating on the boundless fields of ideality; the poet dwells with delight in the embattled towers of some old castle, famous as the residence of knight, whose renowned chivalry has been emblazoned on the wings of heraldry; the philosopher loves to converse mentally with intellects whose brilliant powers have shaken the universe, and extracted from the secret abodes of wisdom truths of mighty import; in view of these facts some have even asserted that, mathematically, more than one half the pleasures of existence are derived from ideality. The ideal is just as far from the real as the zenith is from the nadir; yet as these opposite points of a sphere mutually and necessarily sustain certain definite relations to each other, so entity and ideality are so reciprocal in their distinct natures and positions that the existence of the one is essential to the healthy condition of the other. The whole machinery of life is regulated by the combined stimuli of these great principles.

Many operations and phenomena occur in real life, which, if they were properly analysed, would be discovered to contain the principles of ideality. In many cases the former becomes so gradually and imperceptibly entwined with the latter that it often requires a philosophic perception, void of all poetic inspirations, to detect the harmonious blending of the two great principles, like the entwining of Aurora's brilliant pearls around Flora's beautiful seraglio.

Scenes in real life often derive either a brilliant or gloomy hue from the light which is reflected from the mind on the external pictures. Yea, if some scenes which are universally denominated real, were analysed in the crucible of abstract truth, principles of ideality would be discovered—principles just as unquestionable and prominent as any of those which are beheld in the purely ideal world. Ideality is the grand motor power of existence; it is the stimulus of the whole moral and physical nature, imparting an efficient impulse to all the complicated machinery of human existence, just as the fly-wheel in mechanics influences all the complexed divisions to harmonious action. In times past ideality caused great controversies, absurd theories, and ridiculous but elaborate speculations among the philosophers—those literati whose ardent researches transported them from the regions of truth to those of error. Meddling with that which was too vast for limited capacities, they have shown how easy a matter it is to draw lines from the fundamental principles of truth to any region of sophistry.

Berkeley and Hume believed that they had no real existence, but that every person was an ideal form. However applicable these opinions might be to theoretical designs, yet the authors of this absurd philosophy discovered that their tenets would not be consonant for practice. For when they declared themselves creatures of fancy dwelling on the Utopian Isle, they could not reconcile this assertion with the fact that air was not substantial enough to support their aerial nature (?)—*i.e.*, they considered themselves mere mental illusions, yet we are surprised that these false ideas were not exploded, when philosophers discovered that their theory could not be reduced to practice.

Those melancholy events which are daily transpiring in the different regions of the earth would envelope us with the dark pall of perpetual gloom, if no higher life invited us to more sunny skies and brilliant prospects. Hence, when our spirits are confined in the prison of real sorrows, we can very soon perceive a way of escape if we look for it; a secret door leads from the dreary abode into a smiling landscape, where rainbows of hope encircle the distant mountains which majestically rise from crystal seas; where floral carpets bordered with green velvet, which is brilliant with pearls that Aurora scatters in this beautiful region; while in the distance the descending azure magically blends with the charming landscape; hither would we fly on the wings of meditation, to instil into our minds lessons of discipline, and give the loftiest impulse to moral character. The concurrent experience of mankind declares that more enjoyment is experienced by meditating or anticipating pleasure than by really possessing the principles of happiness. Why is this? Simply because the ideal life is more susceptible of experiencing pleasure in its most lofty and absolute form than the real, the enjoyments of which are only of relative existence, and borrow much of their colouring principles from ideality. When the queen-regent of night ascends the imperial throne, round which her long train of sidereal attendants in solemn grandeur perform their respective functions, and when Morpheus waves his magic wand over a weary world, then ideality asserts her power, and opens the doors that lead into the regions of imagination. At this contemplative hour the poet ascends the golden ladder which is formed by the mingling rays of the stars, and visits the kingdom where ideality reigns; here he beholds the glorious stellar firmament mirrored in the clear depths of the ocean, over which the silver moonbeams, like angel forms, lightly dance, the zephyr even forgetting to breathe her lonely requiem in the midst of such charming scenery; here the glorious music of the glittering orbs as they perform their revolutions sweetly harmonises with the anthem played by the fluttering of angelic wings. Milton duly appreciated these unrivalled strains when he exclaimed—

“ And even, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
In notes with many a winding ’bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out;

With wanton head and giddy cunning
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony.”

Oh, we could dwell for ever in the blissful regions of Ideality, roving among the birds and flowers, and never more experience the anxieties of real life; but ah! the ideal and the real are so incorporated with existence that both claim our attention, and when we soar to the brilliant regions of the former and dwell there too long, the latter, like gravity, brings us down to participate in its scenes; hence as water always tends to an equilibrium, so a proportional space of time is allowed for us to dwell in the ideal and real creations. As harmony is essential to music, or as light is necessary to life, so is ideality a requisite attribute of existence. I do not mean that active species of ideality which Cervantes has attributed to Don Quixote, or those hallucinations which are incapable of being influenced by reason, but that quality which may be able to abstract our thoughts from the contemplation of real sorrows, and cause us to exercise our powers on the happy fields of fruition and paradise; that quality which makes a Diogenes as happy as an Alexander; that ideality which Queen Mary exemplified as she was led to the block to be executed. Doth disappointment and trouble assail thee on all sides, and so preponderate over the small amounts of pleasure as to annihilate the little enjoyment experienced in real life? In the ideal world the most brilliant anticipations are never blighted by the snows of fate, for our will is the fate which here presides. In the real existence does a monotonous scenery fatigue thy eye? is the sameness of thy path unrelieved by a flower or a carpet of green sward? Despond not, for thou canst not see the termination of thy path, thou canst not penetrate the gloom which surrounds the present, and a wise Providence has ordained it to be so; though thy path may be monotonous, yet the star of hope shineth as brightly as ever in thy horizon, and if thou couldst penetrate the veil which separates the present from the future, thou mightest see bright rainbows ascending from crystal lakes among the hills; Flora might be spreading her most fragrant carpet for thy feet, and fame might be ready to lead thee through this thy enchanting abode, while the hills and valleys would re-echo the welcome salutation of the vocal choristers. Indepen-

dent of the functions of ideality in its own peculiar province or abstract nature, it acts like an unguent in lessening the asperity of life.

As the Chinese delight in the wonderful and the marvellous, they exemplify their taste in the laying out and ornamenting the ground for gardens. From rough dark valleys we suddenly turn into a magnificent villa, decorated with all the beauty and grandeur which nature and art could bestow; and from dark and rugged mountain defiles we emerge into a superb garden, embellished with that beauty and sublimity which only a refined oriental taste could conceive. So the transporta-

tion from the real to the ideal is equally pleasing, sudden, and wonderful. As we are travelling over the dark and dreary path of real life, the intermediate spots of ideality refresh our souls like oases in a desert, or like the wonderful transition from the cold inhospitable climate of St. Petersburg into the tropical atmosphere of the Botanic Garden of Russia, where the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics flourish—where the exotics from sunny climes are as blooming as if they were in their native regions, and where specimens of the vegetable kingdom are collected from all the regions of the globe.

OLD AGE.

UNDER an old shed, on a flower-stand,
Sat in the sunshine an old man:
Grass was beneath his feet, and at his side
A river ran.

A garden full of trees in bud and bloom,
Spread out in beauty too;
And over fields afar there was, besides,
A pleasant view.

The sky was dotted with fine-weather
clouds—

Bright and swift-flying as a bird;
And over-head, voluptuous in song,
The lark was heard,

With its soft wailing through the hedge
and trees;

And over waving grass, the air
Came fresh and fragrant to his cheek, and
stirr'd

In his thin hair.

A crutch and stick were at the old man's
side,

With which he toil'd to gain this spot;
But his infirmity, in that calm rest,
Seem'd all forgot.

For mild and gentle was that old man's
look,

And on his lip a faint smile play'd—
Showing his heart was peaceful as the
scene

Which he survey'd.

Old age has its reflections. What were
his?

Not cheerless, if his looks spoke truth:
They might have been, how he had plung'd
a stream

Like that, in youth;

When, sparkling in the sunshine of his
life,

His days were as that river bright,

Which, flowing on to manhood, they had
lost

Some of their light.

For shadows swept across it, as Time
gave,

Then took, a happiness away;
And to his dark look early gave
A tint of grey.

Or near and dear to him, of kinsmen he
Might think, and of the days long past,
When they were in a friendship bound,
that seem'd
Would ever last.

But now estrang'd and parted, as if seas
Divided them, and roll'd between;

And rarely thought of now, as if they
friends

Had never been.

And early love might to remembrance
come,

If unrequited with a sigh;
And times whose vanished pleasures will
bring tears

To laughter's eye.

And pleasant thoughts, as well as plea-
sant days,

Might still be lingering on his mind—
For in the past, however dark, some spot
Of light we find;

Such as to think of in our age, may serve
Our hearts, however sad, to cheer;

That in the midst of youth and beauty's
wreck,

We still are here.

Not to repine, but be content, is wise,

And happiness beyond compare—

A foretaste of the heavenly bliss on earth,
Which angels share.

THE GOLDSMITH OF MANNHEIM.

I TRANSCRIBE in this paper all that can be considered reliable of a mass of confused evidence, heard and recorded, after a fashion, by officials who appear to have been less capable of rightly appreciating the value of probabilities, and the suggestive significance of seemingly slight facts submitted to their judicial acumen than German functionaries of an inferior grade usually are, which is saying much, as all who know them will readily agree.

Christopher Ruprecht, who had raised himself to a respectable position as a goldsmith in Mannheim, was a native of some other place in Faderland, the name of which, not being associated with pleasant memories, never passed his lips. His father had left his native town or village under a cloud, when his two children, Christopher and Charlotte, were very young. He was a worker in metallurgy, and joined a guild of that craft in Mannheim. The suspicion of misdemeanor, crime, whatever it was, that had caused him to seek shelter and obscurity in a strange town, followed him there, and he was expelled the guild, though no positive or definite accusation appears to have been made against him. He died a few months afterwards, when Christopher Ruprecht was in his twelfth, Charlotte in her eleventh year. The taunts to which the lad was exposed, in regard to his father's real or supposed delinquency, hardened and confirmed a naturally quarrelsome, cynical temper, and as he grew in years, Ruprecht became entirely isolated from those who should have been his companions and friends, until at length, the only persons with whom he could hold anything like amiable conversation, were his sister and his only child, a daughter. He had married a young woman, simply to spite a person with whom he had had savage quarrel, rather than from any predilection for her. It was motive enough for Christopher Ruprecht, that by himself espousing the faithless woman, whom his comparative wealth tempted to marital misery, he had balked the inclination of Hans Schmidt, who was honestly attached to the girl. She did not long survive the birth of a daughter. On the very day of her funeral, Christopher Ruprecht got wildly drunk at a low public-house, exulted loudly and ferociously that he was free of the woman

whom that villain, Schmidt, would have rejoiced to marry. There was one redeeming point in Christopher Ruprecht's character. He was a skilled industrious artificer, so that when about midway between fifty and sixty, he had realized a handsome competence for one in his station of life, and had no need of, though he did not give up, business, which was carried on under the direction of Hogner, who had been his apprentice. His daughter, Charlotte, for whom he always manifested strong affection, had married one Berengfelt, a farmer in fair circumstances; but the union was an unhappy one. The husband was guilty more than once of personally maltreating his wife, which greatly exasperating Christopher Ruprecht, a violent quarrel took place between son-in-law and father-in-law, ending by Ruprecht declaring he would alter his will, so that the property should be secured to his daughter's sole use. This threat, which he afterwards repeated to Hogner, was uttered on the third or fourth of January, 1817; slightly more than a month before Ruprecht was murdered.

The goldsmith was then, 1817, in his sixtieth year, and had wholly given himself up to vulgar, debasing habits; drinking to excess from morning till night, and frequenting, by choice, the very lowest public-houses, where he would frequently stay gambling, boozing, quarrelling for several days and nights together. One of those low, disreputable houses, and his favourite resort, was familiarly known as the Devil's Den; and there, on the 7th of February, 1817, his death by violence was compassed.

He, with some dozen fellows, was gaming and guzzling as usual, late on the evening of that day, when some one called out from below, inquiring if Christopher Ruprecht was there, adding, that he was wanted home immediately. Ruprecht jumped up, hastened down stairs, and was heard to open the street door and go out. At the same moment some one fell heavily on the ground, and presently deep groans were heard. The company hurried down, and found Ruprecht lying just without the door, bleeding profusely from a frightful wound on his head. The only words he faintly muttered were, "The villain—the villain with the axe. My daughter—oh, my daughter!" There was a stone

seat just outside, and it was supposed the assassin had stood upon that to strike with greater force, and also, perhaps, to avoid being distinctly seen by his victim. No one could be seen near the spot; and no fleeing or hurrying footsteps were heard.

The next evening Christopher Ruprecht was sufficiently sensible, in the opinion of the Mannheim magistrates, to reply coherently to their questions.

"Who was it struck you?" was asked.

"Schmidt!" (one of the commonest names in that part of Germany.)

"What is this Schmidt?"

"A woodcutter."

"Where does he live?"

"In the Most." (An obscure street in the suburbs of Mannheim.)

"With what instrument did he strike you?"

"An axe."

"How did you know him?"

"Only by his voice, when I heard him call upstairs."

"Was he in debt to you?"

"No."

"What motive had he for attacking you?"

"A quarrel."

Having with difficulty answered the above questions, Christopher Ruprecht fainted, and the examination was adjourned.

Meanwhile the inquiries immediately set on foot discovered three Schmidts, wood-cutters; two of whom lived in the Most. They were brothers, and from disparity of stature, were called Great Schmidt and Little Schmidt. It was, moreover, ascertained that Great Schmidt had once given evidence in a correctional police-court against Ruprecht, who had consequently been fined, and condemned to a few days' imprisonment. Here seem to have been abundant grounds for reasonable suspicion; but the cool demeanour of the brothers when interrogated, their expressions of compassionate sympathy for poor Ruprecht, and the confident assertion of both, that neither had been out of their house after dark on the evening of the murder, staggered the German officials. Like the two "aspicious persons comprehended" by Dogberry's Watch, "they were both in a tale." The blundering stupidity of another officer sufficed to remove from Great Schmidt and Little Schmidt every tinge of suspicion. This wiseacre knew a Christopher Schmidt, a wood-cutter, who had not only

had more than one fierce quarrel with Ruprecht, as who in his circle of acquaintances had not, but had himself been in trouble for robbery. But for one little circumstance, the officer would have had no doubt that Christopher Schmidt was the assassin, which was, that this particular Schmidt, wood-cutter, lived not in the Most, but in the street called Hohen Pflasten. But might not Christopher Ruprecht have made a mistake as to the name of the place where the murderer lived? Unquestionably he might; and though Ruprecht was sinking fast, the flame of intellect fluttering feebly in the socket, he was again and again asked, the lips of the questioner placed close to his ear, if he was sure the Schmidt that murdered him lived in the Most? No answer, though the query was several times repeated. At last the officer who had settled in his own mind that Christopher Schmidt was the guilty one, asked the half-dead man if the Schmidt, who struck him with the axe, did not live in the street called Hohen Pflasten? This question was twice asked, without eliciting a reply; but the third time, there was a feeble response, "Yes." Shortly afterwards Christopher Ruprecht died. That "Yes," to which, under the circumstances, no one with brains in his head would have attached the slightest weight, was judicially held to be quite conclusive of the innocence of Great Schmidt and Little Schmidt, if it should not suffice to legally convict Christopher Schmidt.

As often happens with individuals who are stupid as well as timid—and Christopher Schmidt was so dull and timorous as to have acquired the sobriquet of "The Sheep"—the wood-cutter living in the Hohen Pflasten, in bewilderment and consternation at finding himself charged with so fearful a crime, gave colour to the accusations by contradictory falsehood. He did not know Christopher Ruprecht, he first declared; next, he did know him very well. He, Schmidt, was at his mother-in-law's till eleven in the evening of the murder! A few minutes afterwards he asserted that he was in bed at his own place before eight. These replies, coupled with the man's extreme agitation, so strongly in contrast with the calm coolness of Great Schmidt and Little Schmidt, were, in the magistrate's opinion, decisive of his guilt, when a piece of evidence was discovered, which, at first sight, seemed entirely conclusive. Upon the handle of his axe was palpably

a stain of blood. This was shown to Schmidt, and he was asked to account for it. He, somewhat recovered from his fright and confusion, said it must have been caused by a swelling wound in his right hand which had burst the day before. This appeared to be true, but it was pointed out that the stain was at the end of the handle grasped, when used, by the left, not the right hand. To which Christopher Schmidt answered that he was left-handed, which was proved to be correct. At fault again, mystified and wavering, a fact was pointed out that to the judicial Mannheim mind, at once turned the scale in Christopher Schmidt's favour. The wound on Christopher Ruprecht's head was four inches long; the blade of Christopher Schmidt's axe was but three inches in length, *ergo*, Ruprecht had not been killed by the axe of the woodcutter of the Hohen Pflasten, who was forthwith discharged out of custody!

Three implicated Schmidts had, for such strange reasons, been exonerated from suspicion, when two more Schmidts, woodcutters, were hunted up. One of these was able to prove so clear an *alibi*, that he was but a few hours in custody. The other, Peter Schmidt, *woodman in the service of Berengfelt*, could give no satisfactory proof of his whereabouts on the evening when Ruprecht was killed, and Hogner deposed that Peter Schmidt, who was well-known to the goldsmith, had questioned him as to whether Ruprecht seriously intended to so alter his will, that his son-in-law Berengfelt would not, at his death, get a thaler. Hogner replied, that he was sure Ruprecht was in earnest, and would do what he said. This conversation took place about a week before the murder. Peter Schmidt, however, continuing to firmly assert his innocence, and it being moreover clearly proved that at the time the crime was committed, Berengfelt, the son-in-law, who alone could be supposed to have instigated his woodman to murder Ruprecht, *was quietly seated in the parlour of the Golden Fish*, Schmidt the fifth was held to be guiltless, and discharged! I am tolerably familiar with the doings, ancient and modern, of "Crowners-quest Courts," which not unfrequently indulge in curious vagaries, but I have certainly met with nothing in the administration of that ancient institution at all comparable, in asinine absurdity, to the foregoing conclusions of the German sages who

"sat upon the body" of the Goldsmith of Mannheim.

The public conscience was not so well satisfied with the barren result of the inquiry as the official conscience. A clamour arose, and after the lapse of two or three weeks, the investigation was renewed by order of superior authority, and by the same agents. What were those puzzled functionaries to do? Great Schmidt and Little Schmidt had been cleared of suspicion, forasmuch that the murdered man with almost his last breath had murmured assent in seeming reply to the question—which there was a moral certainty the moribund did not comprehend, if he heard it—of whether the assassin did not live in the Hohen Pflasten instead of the Most? Christopher Schmidt, because the blade of his axe measured three, the wound on Ruprecht's head four inches. Martin Schmidt had proved that it could not possibly be *him*; and as to Peter Schmidt, to whom especially the finger of the people pointed as the assassin hired by Berengfelt to put his father-in-law, for very obvious motives, out of the way, how could such a crime be credited of a man who at the very moment of its commission was quietly smoking his pipe in the parlour of the Golden Fish? The idea was preposterous. It was, however, necessary to do something to pacify the Minister of Justice, who had curtly pronounced their reasonings and deductions to be inconclusive. So they reluctantly travelled over the same ground again, with no other result than to confirm their previous convictions. No other Schmidt, woodcutter, could by stricter search be found, and Mr. Jatenplitz, Attorney-General for the Mannheim district, who was chiefly responsible for the failure of justice to the minister, was at his wits' end,—not far to reach, when an anonymous letter, sent through the post, instantly put himself and his subordinates upon a new and promising scent.

The writer recalled the circumstances attendant upon the bitter, and, as he averred, never appeased quarrel that had taken place some twenty years previously between the deceased, Christopher Ruprecht, and Hans Schmidt, when the former induced Schmidt's sweetheart, to whom he was passionately attached, to jilt him and marry the goldsmith. Since that time, whenever they had met, furious abuse, usually initiated by Ruprecht's drunken taunts, had taken place between them. The anonymous scribe added,

that no longer since than about ten days before the murder, Ruprecht and Hans Schmidt had fought together at a public-house in the Most, and that Schmidt, who had the worst of the fight, had, when leaving the place, hurled threats of direst vengeance at Christopher Ruprecht. No doubt, the writer added, that the dying man had declared the assailant to be a "woodcutter." Stunned, confused as he must have been by the violence of the blow, he might have used that word for a worker in wood; and Hans Schmidt was a carpenter. That which weighed most in the informer's mind, though from a lingering regard for the man, and believing also that Ruprecht had by his violence towards Hans Schmidt provoked his fate, he, the informer, had till then kept silence, was that during five or six weeks before the crime was committed, he, Hans Schmidt, had been residing temporarily both in the Most and the Hohen Pflasten. He was making extensive repairs in the carpenter's work of two small houses, one in the Most, the other in Hohen Pflasten; and, according to his general custom, when the house he was employed on was empty—Hans Schmidt being a bachelor, and having no relative to keep his house—lived and slept where he worked, saving for the time the cost of lodging, which he very often changed. Another suspicious circumstance! Hans Schmidt had left his work in the Hohen Pflasten unfinished, immediately after the murder, and had not been seen again in Mannheim for five or six days.

Could the alleged facts communicated by the anonymous accuser be verified, a strong *prima facie* case would undoubtedly be made out against Hans Schmidt, notwithstanding he was not technically speaking a "woodcutter." The facts were verified, and the Attorney-General caused him to be forthwith taken into custody. When arrested, he evinced the most pitiable agitation, and said, in palpitating tones, "that he had feared it would come to that;" but nevertheless earnestly declared his innocence of the crime. He was at work on the house in the Most when seized, and his tools were keenly examined, to discover an axe or some other weapon by which the death-wound might have been inflicted. No such instrument was found, though there were several axes in the carpenter's tool-chest. It was suggested that it might have been concealed on the premises, and search was made. It would not probably

have been a very strict one, but for the trembling anxiety with which Hans Schmidt watched it. Large beads of perspiration burst out upon his forehead; he could neither sit still nor stand in one place for half a dozen moments together; and it was presently noticed that his nervousness passed off in a great degree when the searchers left the room in which he had been seized, and returned again when *they* returned. He had been casing the partition walls in that room with fir panelling, and some one suggested aloud that the concealing boards, or panels, should be pulled away, and search made behind. Hans Schmidt no sooner heard these words than he uttered a faint bubbling scream, and fell as if himself had been struck down, like Ruprecht, by the blow of an axe. The panelling was hastily pulled down, and in that cunning concealment was found an axe, the blade of which was just four inches in length. The size was a common one enough; and there was no trace of blood on either blade or handle, but the proof of guilt was not the less held to be abundantly clear for that; and Hans Schmidt was dragged off to the common jail, amidst the execrations of an excited mob.

When examined preliminarily before the tribunal, the story he told, in substance as follows, did not help him. Four or five days, perhaps more, perhaps less, he was not positive, before he heard that Christopher Ruprecht had been murdered, he, Hans Schmidt, being then at work at the house in the Most, upon returning from a short job at Herr von Jagow's country-house, was taken suddenly ill with an attack of dysentery which confined him to the house, and mostly to his bed. He had no mate or apprentice at work with him, and it was not till he recovered that he heard of the murder. The person who told him, an old friend, said, looking suspiciously in his face, or at least he thought so, that Ruprecht had declared a man of the name of Schmidt, with whom he had had a quarrel, was his murderer. "I remembered the recent quarrel I had with Ruprecht," said the prisoner, "my name is Schmidt, and having always been of a timorous, fearful temper, my head seemed to spin round, my eyes to first dazzle, then darken with a terrible dread. I was off my head; and every moment expected the officers to arrive and seize me. Soon becoming quite frantic with fear, I secured what money I possessed,

locked up the place, and hurried off, fully intending to leave the country for ever. By the time I reached the village of Drontheim, which was not till the next morning—I journeyed on foot all night—I was calmer, and began to think that I had acted foolishly in running away from my unfinished work, and leaving Mannheim clandestinely. I should have returned after resting myself, but anxiety and fatigue had brought on a renewal of the dysentery, and I could not leave the public-house in which I had taken lodgings for about a week. I then did so, with a lighter, but still fearful spirit, as I had read in a newspaper that the dying man said he had been killed with an axe by Schmidt, a *woodcutter*, with whom he had a quarrel. Not being, never having been, a woodcutter, I thought myself pretty safe, yet not certainly so, and my fears have come true. I came back, hoped I had not been missed, and read in another paper that Christopher Schmidt, the woodcutter, had been discharged out of custody, principally because his axe-blade was but three inches wide, and the wound was four inches long. Of course, if I had reflected, I should have known that a sharp three inch axe could make a flesh wound four, five, eight inches long for that matter, it depending upon how the blow is dealt; but I could think of nothing except that I had an axe, the blade of which was exactly four inches long; and I had not used the axe since I shaved the handle, and ground the blade sharp and bright. Should suspicion fall upon me, and the axe so newly shaved, ground, and brightened, be found in my possession, what would be said! Why, that which is now said, that I murdered Christopher Ruprecht with it, and then shaved the handle, and ground the blade, to effectually take away any stain of blood, however trifling, which my eyes—none of the best now—might not have detected. This threw me out of my head again, and I concealed the axe behind the panel-work which I was fixing to the partition. This is all I have to say. It is the exact truth: but it is plain I am not believed. I did not expect I should be. I have always been an unfortunate, fated man.”

Hans Schmidt's expectation that the Mannheim magistrate would place no faith in such a story as that was quite natural. They did not attach the slightest legal value to it, and Hans was fully committed, as we should say, to take his

trial for wilful murder before the supreme tribunal of the district.

The court was crowded by an audience with whom the prisoner's guilt was a foregone conclusion. All his advocate could do was to urge, over and over again, that the murdered man had declared the fatal blow was struck by one Schmidt, a woodcutter, not a carpenter. As this iteration of a supposedly unquestionable fact seemed to make some impression, the president of the court, at the request of the Procureur-General, recalled several of the witnesses for the prosecution, two of whom had been drinking with Ruprecht at the “Devil's Den,” on the evening of the 7th of May. These witnesses, varying their former testimony, now declared that they were only quite positive that the murdered man, on the evening following that when he was attacked, declared that one Schmidt, living in the Most, killed him with an axe; but would not swear positively he said Schmidt was a woodcutter, though they thought he did. One of them suggested the hypothesis, that as they all knew a number of Schmidts who were woodcutters, and knew such men were in the practice of carrying axes about with them, they had themselves, or one or more amongst them, jumped at that conclusion, and unknowingly put their thoughts into the dying man's mouth. This clever gentleman was an official who had assisted the Mannheim attorney for the Crown to *organize the prosecution*, as the continental practice is. Another witness, who appeared equally anxious to ensure the conviction of the prisoner, added, though Christopher Ruprecht, when picked up, exclaimed, “The villain—the villain with the axe. My daughter! oh, my daughter,” the last words would not bear the strained interpretation attempted to be given them by the advocate for the accused, as “my daughter—my daughter,” was a very common exclamation of the deceased's when he was in the least excited.

“And the deceased was drunk, as usual, I suppose?” said the prisoner's advocate, with a sort of impatience, and sitting down in despair of changing the aspect of the case.

The flippant witness jauntily replied, “You are in error, sir. Christopher Ruprecht was not drunk, as usual. The reason was that, on the afternoon of the 7th of May, the day of the murder, the grand fountain was opened in the Linden

Platz; my friend Ruprecht remained there during the whole of the ceremony, and we did not go to the 'Rising Sun'—

"'Devil's Den,' you mean?"

"Call the house what you please, sir; we did not go to the 'Rising Sun' till about two—at the most three hours before Schmidt slew him."

While the witness was speaking a strange commotion manifested itself in a tribune occupied by Herr Von Jagow, his two sons, and some friends. Herr Jagow himself, before the witness had done speaking, was upon his feet, gesticulating violently in a beckoning manner towards the prisoner's advocate. That gentleman, much surprised, stepped towards Herr Von Jagow, heard a few whispered words, turned with flushed face towards the Court, and requested a suspension of the sitting for two or three minutes to enable him to confer privately with Herr Von Jagow. The president suspended the sitting for ten minutes amidst a general buzz of impatient curiosity and surprise.

Returned into Court, the prisoner's advocate said, "The petulant question, relative to the deceased Christopher Ruprecht's drunken habits, which I put to the last witness, will have been the means, under Providence, of preventing a great misfortune. The prisoner, Hans Schmidt, is as innocent of the crime imputed to him as an unborn babe. I request that Herr Von Jagow be sworn and examined."

Herr Von Jagow, being sworn, said, "The date of the murder, May the 7th, did not strike me, did not arrest my attention. But when the last witness reminded us that it was on the afternoon of the 7th of May, that the grand fountain in the Linden Platz was opened, I at once perceived that the Court and jury were on the brink of a precipice. It is well known that I took a lively interest in the erection of the fountain. To celebrate its completion I gave a numerous dinner party on the day of inauguration, at my country house, nine German miles from Mannheim. The accused, Hans Schmidt, was hired by me, as he had frequently been before, to assist in fixing the decorations, the tables, and arranging

other matters in his line. He reached my house at about ten in the morning of the 7th, and did not leave it for five minutes—not for one minute—till at about the same hour the next morning; that is on the 8th, of course. This I, my family, servants, and several guests, who are now in court, can distinctly, unequivocally prove."

That was something like an *alibi*. Whilst Herr Von Jagow was giving his evidence a dead silence prevailed in court. A minute after he had ceased speaking, and the audience realised the conclusive nature of Herr Von Jagow's testimony, the mass, apparently so eager for a conviction before, burst into a ringing cheer, several times repeated before it could be suppressed by the officers of the court. As for Hans Schmidt, he did not appear to comprehend what had occurred. He was "out of his head" again, poor fellow. The trance of bewilderment did not last long; the much commiserated man, a formal acquittal having been recorded, was carried triumphantly out of the hall of justice, made very tipsy with Läger beer, and in a few days settled down into his former routine life, which was prolonged to a great age.

There can be no doubt that the prisoner had been put in fearful peril in consequence of the secrecy, compared with the broad publicity which obtains in this country, of the preliminary investigation. Had those proceedings been published *in extenso*, Herr Von Jagow's newspaper would have made him aware of the frightful misapprehension which had arisen. It would not have been left to the accident of himself happening to be present at the trial that an innocent man, at almost the last hour, escaped an ignominious death.

Again surges to the surface the question, never to be solved by man: "Who murdered Christopher Ruprecht?" The popular instinct, as often wrong as right, again fastened upon Berengfelt as the contriver, and Peter Schmidt, his woodman, as the instrument of the murder. But no semblance of legal proof was ever found to fix either of them with the crime.

COME UP HIGHER.

"COME UP HIGHER!" Thus Ambition spoke to us as we stepped upon the threshold of youth from the playground of childhood while it was morning, early morning in our life. We stood in a school-room at the foot of a class all larger and more advanced than myself—large boys, who had attained their majority, large girls, who had advanced far enough in their teens, in Kirkham, and in self-assurance, to be called young ladies; and we stood at the foot of that class. They all looked not so coldly upon us, but wonderingly, as if inquiring why so small and young a student should stand with so large a class of large scholars; but in truth we were a stranger in school, and our teachers thought us insignificant, and didn't speak to us all day, nor invite us to tell who we were, nor what we knew, nor what we wished to learn or study, and we felt our insignificance, and were extremely diffident, not daring to play with the other boys, for we had no invitation and dared not intrude. No, we could not, for that day at least, make any advances, and so we sat alone, and studied alone, unmolested, except by the piercing gaze of our classmates, who seemed trying to read us.

Our teacher passed us unnoticed, uncared for. We had waited all day for some one to speak to us, for we had been told that the teacher would ask us to read, and question us as to our advancements, so sat all day in anxious expectation. 'Twas our first day at a public school, and we may be excused if we did act a little verdant—some have acted so even later in their school-boy days. The classes had all spelled but one in the afternoon. School was most out, we had been a silent spectator of the whole day's proceedings, but had taken no part in them. But now, as the last class was called, our time had come—now or never. And as the foot of the large class stood quite near our seat, we stepped out and stood with them; almost too small, and quite too still to be perceived by our dreaming teacher. The first time round a word was missed near the middle of the class by a young lady. I wonder that so large a scholar should miss so simple a word, but it went from next to next until my turn was reached. I spelled it correctly and then took fright—all eyes were upon me. I wished that I had missed it too.

"He don't belong to our class," said half a dozen.

"Never mind," said the teacher, sternly, "it is correct; go up, sir." We timidly stepped up and stood next below the young lady who had first missed the word. "Come up higher," said she. 'Twas the first kind word I had heard. I stepped up and took my place above.

The spelling was soon over, and we were dismissed. I had friends then, but that kind voice was ever in my ears—"come up higher." From that moment ambition learned to repeat it. And never, though many years have passed, and that class of scholars have all gone out into the world, and have lain down to rest 'neath the shades along life's pathway, has that voice ceased to call me—"Come up higher." Duty repeats it; Hope, Love, and Faith whisper "Come up higher."

We maintained our place and scholarship in that class, and gained good places in other classes. The kind sister who had superintended our education up to that day continued her untiring exertions to keep us ahead, proud of the position we had taken, and we forgot in our advancement that we were a child.

As we look back over the past we see no period of youth. We stepped at "one time and one motion," from child to manhood. We cannot now remember of ever, while attending that school, engaging in sports with those of our age. "Come up higher," was the pass-word, the watchword and encouragement. We had taken a manly position, and the incentives to action around us prompted us to maintain it. Our parents were not able to give us any educational advantage beyond the very common district school, and that which we had learned at home from them and a sister who had graduated at Troy, New York, before the crash had swept our father's wealth, and left us "poor but honest;" but as we look back upon the incidents of those days we feel a pride in quoting their words as they declared their inability to aid us farther. They said "come up higher."

'Twas a hard struggle with poverty, and want, and duty all staring us in the face. We had read of the midnight lamp, and how education had been gained in its light after the hours when wearying toil was over. But we were too poor to buy it, and so we did the next best thing.

Studied at odd spells, and sometimes by moonlight. Our first poem was written in the field, with our plow-beam for a writing-table. Our first essay for the press was composed while driving a reaper, and written on the reel while resting. It seemed like the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, but it demonstrated that "there was no royal road to excellence"—to "come up higher."

I was standing in the school-room again; though but a boy in years I held a man's position. I was teacher, I had just completed my sixteenth year. My thoughts ran back over the past, and called up the incidents which I have just related, and then they ran forward into the dim and misty future. Imagination painted a picture of what I must pass through, and the heart grew faint in view of it. I was dissatisfied with the condition of all those who were obliged to cater to the whims and caprices of a great number of diverse minds, each asking for a different dispensation of the same thing, and was consequently dissatisfied with my own condition; but ambition prompted me. Hope, Love and Faith still whispered "Come up higher." And we did go higher. We won a proud position, and a name as a teacher in the next few years which followed. Yes, we gratified our love of study at some of our best schools, and we gained the acquaintance of the good, and great, and influential, and we found many to speak kind words to us, even as kind as Miss Dusenbury had done when our modesty forbade our going above her when we made our first achievement at school. Yes, many admiring our aim in life, repeated her words, "Come up higher," and Miss Dusenbury was among them. She, too, had advanced her position. She was a teacher.

We had passed a short clerkship with a worthy attorney and jurist, seemingly short because so pleasant, had reviewed the legal studies which we had read in our leisure odd spells during our months of teaching, and had applied ourselves diligently to the study of forms and pleadings, as well as practice, and we presume we had shown some proficiency, for our preceptor, Judge B —, put much dependence upon us, and not only put us ahead, but gave us credit for having a head that would obey orders and attend to business. We were his only clerk, and had his entire confidence. We were

looking oft and anxiously onward and upward to the time of our expected examination and admission to the "up higher" which we had been seeking, the light of which had cheered many an hour otherwise cheerless,

"When hope deferred is sickness to the soul."

Judge B — had just finished the argument in a case of much importance, and had resumed his seat, busily putting up his papers, copies of the pleadings in the case.

"Who made those pleadings?" said Van Vachton, one of the ablest attorneys at the bar, pointing to the bundle of papers which Judge B — held in his hand.

"My clerk, sir," was the short response.

"Well, he ought to go up higher than a clerkship, if those papers are wholly his own production," said Van Vachton.

Judge B — had a quick and independent way of speaking, and always spoke proudly when anything of his was praised. He answered Van Vachton's suggestions by saying decidedly,

"He will in time, sir; his ambition has chosen for him a high mark, and he will come up higher, at least attain to it."

"Will you allow me to put him up now?" said Van; and saying this, without waiting for an answer, he rose and made a motion before court for the appointment of a committee of examination.

A few hours after I was a member of the bar of that state. Our reception was flattering, too flattering; but we were saved from its baneful effects by the kindness of our preceptor. A few weeks after our admission we had our first case, and were successful. We were gaining a dizzy height, and still kind voices said come up higher, but we were becoming excited, and my best friends saw it. My promotion had been too fast for my advancement. We wish that every ambitious young man had such friends.

Judge B — came to the office just as we had returned from our first success at the bar. We did expect some praise from him, and were disappointed in not getting it: and his practised eye was quick enough to see our feelings. We had hoped that now he would offer us some kind of partnership with him. We had never dared to dream of this before our admission and our first case. But

now. We waited a moment in silence to hear his proposition. He began:—

"Can you lend me three hundred dollars?"

"Now?" we asked, in astonishment.

"Any time within a year will do," he said, mildly and thoughtfully.

We answered promptly, "yes."

"Besides performing the duties of the office?"

That question came closer. There seemed to be a touch of the real in that; as though we could be expected to perform impossibilities; but we answered yes, without considering the magnitude of the idea. We had seldom failed in an undertaking, and had learned to say "yes" to every proposition of action given us by our teacher. Then I will tell you why the question. I want you to "come up higher," he said, his voice seeming full of feeling; your present position is unsafe. You have reached a height where you should rest to secure your foundation. The plaudits of those around you are working your ruin. "Come up higher."

We were again in the school-room and a student, striving to form a thorough groundwork for our profession, gain, ay, experience, stability of mind and character, so that when we appeared again before the world it would be with the fullest confidence of maintaining our position. We were in an expensive law-school—we had the promise of backers, and the determination to maintain ourself. We knew we had friends. That Judge B——'s questioning about our ability to raise the means was only to test our determination and our fitness to "come up higher;" but our pride and our complete success lay in our power to maintain ourself, and we went on. Ambition kept ever prompting us to go higher, but would allow us to go only as a self-made man. The swimmer on life's troubled sea, like the swimmer on earth's tempestuous ocean, makes better struggles when he knows that his own efforts alone must save him, and we knew that our efforts alone could save us, if we were saved at all. That the "come up higher" could only be answered by self-reliance on earth, and full reliance on God. We had measured our undertaking and prepared for its accomplishment. We need not relate the incidents of the year. We passed through it with toil and strife. Our means were scanty, but no one knew it but ourself. We had our way to make alone, and we alone knew the struggle it cost us. "Hard

are life's early steps," and but that youth is buoyant, confident, and strong in hope, men would behold the threshold and despair.

Good recommendations gained us positions of trust, and we made our way and completed our studies. The course of lectures closed and we graduated. We stood before the world again prouder than before, and still we were more humble.

"Few know of life's beginnings,
Its struggle or its long expectancy."

We were humbled notwithstanding our success in view of the many struggling as we had struggled "against evil fortune, still buoyant 'midst the waves of adverse fate." They, too, had been called to "come up higher," were nerved by the same impulses as ourself; but something, we dislike to call it destiny, prevented them, and their progress was slower than ours.

We stood again before a court and jury, far from the scene of our first success at the bar. We had gone among strangers, and so much depended upon our first exploit. We had no kind preceptor to prompt us now. We stood before the world alone. We had signed the attorney's roll at the foot of a long list, all older and more experienced than myself, and in the hour of seeming loneliness we thought of our first adventure in a school-room; how the thorough preparatory course had given us a good position, and how Miss Dusenbury had said "come up higher."

There was a criminal case called. The prisoner was in the box. The indictment was read, and he was asked to plead. He timidly said, I have no counsel. One glance at his face revealed a picture of despair. He was yet quite young, and there was that in his eye which said he was innocent. Plainly could I read in every aspiration beaming there, "come up higher," and such aspirations never lead to crime. A veiled lady sat beside him; perhaps it was a sister, at least a friend. She was pointing him "higher." 'Twas evident they were strangers, and their trust was in God to deliver the innocent.

The judge looked round the bar, scanning well the attorneys who filled it. His eye rested. We knew the order he was about to give. You have no cases at this circuit, he said, addressing himself to us, will you take the defence of

this prisoner. We accepted of course. We should have done so had he looked more guilty, for even the murderer has rights to be defended in court. We entered into the defence, knowing, yes feeling confident we were right, and our client innocent, and had we lost that case we should have asked for no sympathy, and most certainly we should have received none.

Again we were successful; but as soon as the verdict was rendered "not guilty," I left the room. I could not stay to congratulate the prisoner, nor to receive his thanks, nor the earnest gratitude of the sister who had sat by his side during

the hours of suspense. We hastened from the court-room, from the noise and bustle and confusion, to go to our private room. We had asked for this result, and we wished in the quiet of our chamber to acknowledge the answer. We had resolved that while we were rising higher before the world we would look beyond the world, and heed the voice of the Great Spirit which ever whispers "Come up higher." We were surrounded by friends again. We rose in our profession. The lady veiled was Miss Dusenbury. The masterly effort of that day was the result of her first kind words to us, "Come up higher."

THE MISERIES OF YOUTH.

A YOUNG man is always unhappy. How can he be otherwise? In youth he receives more discouragements than during the rest of his life. Elderly people look upon that age as the one in which we ought, and do fully enjoy life, whereas it is the age at which, finding the world is but plated metal, we become discontented and hate it.

There is a feeling in youth that, when old, we shall know an immense amount; and that we, though foolish now, will sometime know everything. We are willing to admit our attainments are but slight, if we think time will perfect them.

But, on the other hand, at the threshold of life one sees that life is different; that they know as much then as they can ever know, and that all hope of success in life depends on the power of their doing one thing a little better than any one else does it; and that this thing is not the most important of all things, but one among a million.

One sees old men becoming narrow-minded and bigoted; their minds fixed upon trifles, and often thinking that since success followed them in the one pursuit they undertook, they had some remarkable gift for it, or else that they could have succeeded as well in any.

The young man feels that he himself knows but very little, and that other men are no wiser. From despising himself he comes to despise all mankind.

Again; a great source of care is the want of money. At a time when a person is most capable of taking pleasure in

amusements, few have the means. A young man must think almost continually about his expenses; how he shall get enough to appear decent; whether he will ever be able to earn his livelihood. He must dress well, else he can call no man his friend.

Clothes are not everything; but they are a most important part of a man or woman's respectability. Without good clothes, what is his society? What is it, anyhow? A young man hates formality, admires a coarse frankness of manner. Every man has a certain amount of the blackguard in his nature. It is admitted, and low company is allowed him to get rid of it in. If a man is a good man of business, many things will be forgiven in him; but it is too often the case that the business man thinks that a sufficient excuse for complete blackguardism in other pursuits.

But, then, the want of money. The greatest misfortune in life is poverty in youth. In old age we have no pride, we do not care for appearances; but, in youth, when we know our future success in life depends on our opportunities; that as a man's teachers so is the man; that if he is shut out from good society in youth, he will be ill-bred for the whole of his life. If you see a man cold-hearted, mean, rude, obtrusive, in the latter years of his life, you may know that it is caused by a too nervous timidity united to poverty in youth. There are men whom it tempered to be born poor; but there are others who are lost to the world by

such afflictions. Smart little boys, who are bright of their age, may be punished a dozen times a day, and no harm result from it; but a cross word or bitter remark to that poor dunce in the corner may be the means of destroying all his strength of character, and give, in its place, a sullen obstinacy to his mind.

But then, to be a man of business requires certain talents; and it is a pity that this may be great even when the rest of the tastes are for low pleasures. In youth, however, these low tastes are not noticed, but merely a froth upon the surface of the mind; and this struggle between the good and bad principles of action, though of use as discipline, is of a nature to keep him constantly unhappy.

A young man is never religious. If he says he is, consider him a hypocrite. Force him, if you please, to attend church regularly; it will keep him out of mischief, and he will, when he grows up, attend from force of habit, and derive improvement. But, if he says he likes it when a boy, be certain he is lying, or does not know his own mind, or else has some other reason than the idea of goodness.

Again, to an old man every youthful face appears handsome, and hence they imagine every girl and boy admire each other. Instead of that, it is the reverse. Young men and women generally hate each other's society. They may seek it for vanity's sake, from the thought that all of the other sex admire them, from some hidden attractions; but there is a constant antagonism between them. Nothing is more wonderful than that this fact is continually forgotten in the case when elderly people write upon this subject.

He that has never experienced love is often the most ardent in its praises; and he who has never seen a battle is enthusiastic for that means of deciding a question of state. Also, those who, having passed a certain period, look back, often confuse the motives which urged them to the work.

A man displays both courage and cowardice in some action that succeeds. When afterwards that occurs to his mind, is he not certain to think it all premeditated, and that he succeeded because of his bravery? So, when we look back upon our youth, we think of it as being like the youths around us. They seem to enjoy life, except that they worry about useless things.

Why does he want to be a man, so that he can do such a thing? He ought to know that when that time comes to him the desire will be passed.

Poets are those who have the desire of youth with the strength of manhood. Why does the little girl wish to be a woman, and be married? She should know that to be married is not the great end of life. But what an unhappy youth it is for those that know these facts; that feel that what they wish for is of no consequence, and yet cannot overcome the desire, that know that happiness is in the certainty of gaining, not in the victory itself. If we are certain we can gain our object, be it what it will, say the woman we love, or riches, or heaven, we have then the nearest approach to pure happiness. Hence conceited people enjoy life best, and sensitive people enjoy life least, for they feel the constant shadow that says nothing lasts.

How can such a person be deeply in love unless he be fickle? He knows he shall tire of any woman, and yet he must have the pleasure and pains of attempting to gain her regards. He has the knowledge of age with the passion of youth. He takes pleasure in the present moment, and yet it is embittered by knowing it will soon be passed. Hence the love of the poets is the love to an ideal that any woman may assume. Like the characters in a play they admire, for the time, any actor that represents to them the living form. Common-place people know human nature better than men of genius, for they have studied it all their lives, while the others look upon it as artists do cattle, merely as nature to be formed into a composition, and the composition is of more importance than the animals.

Of the sorrows of love in youth not much is to be said. If a man knew that he would care as much for a fresh face, when he was thirty-six, as he does at twenty, he would put up with any disappointment quite calmly. But passion is stronger than philosophy. Give a man an object to work for, and he will display more energy than any amount of duty will move him in its exercise. Let him attempt to win a girl who attracts him, and he will show more industry than all your remarks about riches, and a beautiful wife in the future for him that is industrious.

But a young man is often without this incentive. He does not think any woman beautiful, or at least, that he is certain

of winning by such toil. He goes on through the world asking for the affection of somebody to awaken him from his apathy, and seldom finds it, for he lacks himself the first quality of esteem, a returning regard.

These may be termed imaginary sorrows that he will outgrow, and discover to be mere idle dreams; and yet the day when he sees they are but follies will be the most sad of his life. We are pained while they accompany us, and pained at their departure; yet, through this must all pass, for is it not in this part of our life that we are really being born? Are not these troubles the pain from the knife with which nature trims off the tendrils which reach back, connecting us with some other life, the memory of which haunts us till, with careful hand, he shuts out from us all interest with the past, and we become wholly of this world, soon again to be slowly drawn to another.

Then let us give all praise to age, when the wealth you have amassed by constant exertion enables you to have your own way without fear of complaints.

When your wife, whom you love very calmly, and in an undemonstrative manner, does not snub you too often, but is somewhat proud of her match; when every young woman likes your escort, since you are so liberal with your money; and when you have learned that the only certain sources of pleasure are eating and smoking, and have long forgotten any questioning of destiny you may once have had.

Hail to thee, age! You have no desire to be a boy again, and are inclined to smile when you come across some verses written by your son, who really ought to pay more attention to business, and not waste his time scribbling lines! Heavens! one would think that there were girls enough in the world that he would not be obliged to go through all this folly. He

imagines her an angel because she wears number three slippers.

Why are young men so attracted by these silly girls, when the sensible ones alone can make them happy? Or is it of no consequence whom they marry? Well, well, he will be a fool, I suppose, though I did hope a boy of mine would have had more sense; but, I suppose, he takes after his mother, who, as I remember, was in a great taking for "something in her album;" and, if I remember rightly, I was actually fool enough to gratify her on one occasion, and what thanks did I get? None at all. It was even laughed at, though it was a deuced sight better than anything else in the book; and I guess that was the reason.

And here my boy has also laid himself open to ridicule; and if he has the talent of his father it will be undeserved. Let me see what the young dog has written. Perhaps I can point out to him any errors he may have made, which my experience will enable me to detect, and save him from silly laughter at a hasty word or a wrong number. He is lucky in having such a kind parent. Some would have thrown it into the fire, but I offer my criticism. Perhaps he will not thank me, but young men are almost always ungrateful.

I should judge he had been refused by some young lady, the reason he said that his nankeen trousers were not fashionable; and, though I pity him, if he admires her, yet think it hardly a sufficient reason for him to turn pirate, or pickpocket, or lawyer, or politician, as the substance of the lines seems to intimate. Poor boy, he has no idea he is making a fool of himself. Most likely I would have done the same myself. I am not so certain that I did not, and yet now I see it was folly. Oh, the misery of youth, to be a fool and not know it! and the double misery of age, to be a fool and know it too well.

THE COUNTRY.

"Then to a lawn I came, all white and green,
I in so fair a one had never been:
The ground was green, with daisy powdered
over;
Tall were the flowers, the grove a lofty cover,
All green and white; and nothing else was
seen."

CHAUCER.

THE country! What images are called up to an in-dweller in cities at the mention of the word country! especially if he has passed his earlier years among "Nature's green seclusions." It is summer time; "the leaves are green and long;" and you meet with a friend who is going into the country. Fain would you accompany him, but business prevents you, and all you can do is to send the fancy thitherward, while you recal the old familiar scenes. The smell of the hawthorn, the waving of the tall grass, and the cool shadows of the high hedges, are with him—their remembrance alone lingers with you, and even in that there is some comfort. Many writers have wished that more of the country was left open in our large cities. We do not. Give us a few more squares, wider streets, not so many courts and alleys, and let the country be where it is. A city park is a pleasant place; but oh! how unlike the true green, open country! The very flowers of Finsbury-square have, to our eyes, an unnatural and waxy look: they smell of smoke, and in place of real bloom, we find them covered with "blacks," which seemed ironed in, like the washed linen sent home from the airy drying-grounds of a laundress in Fetter-lane. Not but what such places are highly beneficial to the health, and pleasing to the eye, and we wish London abounded in hundreds of similar squares, but they never can be the country. We would prefer picking our way through acres of pathless furze, as we did a few days ago at the foot of the Addington Hills, in Surrey; a prickly land, all golden with blossom, yet dearer to us than ten thousand of the "smoothly shaven greens" of cities.

The Great Builder of the country is God! you see His handiwork in every step you take, from the ground you tread upon to the trees that rise tall and green above your head. Look whichever way you will, He is the grand Provider,—man but works up the material furnished by His mighty hand. But a country that pro-

bably was never cultivated by the hand of man since the first morning dawned upon the world, is of all places the most beautiful for a real lover of nature to wander in—a world of old oaks and hoary hawthorns, with ragged gorse bushes overtopped by ancient crab-trees, where the sloe and the bullace run riot with each other, where the fern overhangs the wild bluebell, and lilies of the valley peer out wan and white beside their sweet companion the violet. Such a place was Corringham Scroggs, and the open ranges beyond Somerby; and there are still hundreds of such spots in the hawthorn-hedged England.

How few know, unless they are read in ancient lore, that many of the wild flowers which are familiar to our children in the present day, retain the very names which they bore in the times of the Saxons; that a thousand years ago, with but few exceptions, they were named as they are now, and will be ever, whilst England rears her green head above the sea; that Alfred the Great, when pointing them out to his children, used the same words which our children do at this hour; and when the fair Rowena gathered her wild nosegays, ere a Norman hoof had trampled down a daisy, she called them just such names as we were taught to distinguish them by in our childhood. An old-fashioned paper will we write, ere long, on this very subject, and call it "Saxon Flowers," unless some better writer should steal a march upon us. What would we not give to see the masterly hand of Sharon Turner dallying with such a subject?

When were the fields of England not "powdered," as Chaucer happily calls it, with white daisies; her woods without wild-roses and woodbines; her groves without hawthorns; her sunny banks without primroses and violets; or at what period was she without her "tall pensioners," the cowslips? Her earliest ruins were haunted by the wallflower; her loneliest moors redolent with wild thyme; her old Druid-haunted woods, "ankle-deep" in lilies of the valley; crocuses and snowdrops were ever her own. The first Spring that visited our island scattered them plentifully from her green lap. The armed gorse and golden broom had always the blue-bells in their company, and the

meadow-sweet threw out its fragrance when the naked Britons rose to oppose the landing of the ancient Romans. A good book on flowers has yet to be written; and, to do it well, a hundred old volumes must be ransacked of their treasures, to find out their ancient meanings. Old histories, monkish legends, ancient ballads and dramas, which few read now,—all these must be laid under contribution, and made to give up their sweets, before we have a true history of English flowers to carry with us into the country—

“Minting the garden into gold.”

The country! how we long to throw down our pen, and leap into the first train, and be off; and yet this cannot be. A weary bee, returning to its hive, deposits its honey, and, in its dreams, goes murmuring again over the flowers, even as we do now, half envying—

“Nature’s sweet confectioner.”

The quotation is Cleveland’s, the first line in his volume of poems. He was a true poet, although he fought against the clear-headed Protector Oliver Cromwell.

Dreamers we have ever been; and, although the stern realities of everyday life have thrown their forbidding shadows athwart the sunshine in which we basked, yet they have never wholly blotted out the brighter visions. Glimpses of far-off places are ever opening before us, “green nestling spots,” which we have loved even from our boyish days. Nature hath never wearied us, and the more we have looked upon her face, the greater has been our pleasure; even as a child whose eye tracks the sunset across the sea, and believes that the trailing pathway of gold ends only on the threshold of heaven.

The solemn woods have, to us, seemed like the great cathedrals which God himself had erected—as if a holier religion reigned there than was ever found beneath the towering fabrics erected by the hand of man. The deep roaring of the winds had a sound to us unlike aught earthly; the rustling of the leaves, in gentler gales, awoke the heart unaware to prayer; we felt not the same, while in the midst of such shadowy scenery. The pillars hewn, and carved, and upreared by mortal hands, look not so grand and reverential as an aisle of ancient oaks, tossing their gnarled boughs above our heads, and admitting, through the massy roof, partial openings of the sky. The organ never fell upon our ears with the same solemnity as the roar of the ocean, beating

upon a solitary shore. Between the walls of high and lonely mountains we have felt an inward awe which the vaulted abbey could never awaken; for over the one hung the great image of the Creator—above the other, the builder, man.

Ruins only approach the sublime when they are grey and vast, and time has erased their history. To us the Pyramids would not convey such images of mysterious and melancholy grandeur as the naked and rugged pile of Stonehenge. The untraceable Past is sublime, through obliterating time having long since claimed it for his own, and handed it over to Eternity; it seems tinged with the first sunshine which broke upon the world, and may catch the last ray which shall settle down upon the earth, ere the night of silence and eternal darkness descends upon it for ever. What would we not give if Shakspeare had trod the streets of Pompeii, and laid the scene of another immortal drama in the midst of its ruins! Desolate places, which have no written history, look like the old mourning worn by another world—relics that tell of burial and past existence—and we know no more; uninscribed tombs and mysterious monuments, which make us feel that we are but a portion of the “clod of the valley,” and the immortality of earth a mere mockery.

Look at the country everywhere; those hills are thousands of years old; deep down you may discover the remains of animals, which man has left no record that he ever met with in this corner of the globe. How came they there? In that fertile valley, waving with corn, are found bones of the mastodon; what was the spot, where that homestead now stands, then, when the living monster shook the soil with his heavy tramp? Ocean, earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, mountains of ice, torrents of lava, settlements down of old seas, layer upon layer, and the great eye of God only looking on! What a world! yet men talk as familiarly about it as if they had seen each separate formation—can tell me (as they think) how this hill, up which I walk breathless, was formed; and how this valley, which I grow dizzy while gazing into, was sunk. Further on are unopened barrows, in which the dead sleep; a few blue beads, a bone or two, a piece of misshapen flint—and the rest will be for ever unknown. The prow of Cæsar’s galley grazes upon a mysterious coast, in I know not what corner of my country for

certain, and this is the earliest record I possess of ancient England. I read of war-chariots and bearded Druids, and brave men; and all that heaves above the earth, which I can believe they ever gazed upon, is the ruins of Stonehenge. I have looked upon the Roman wall, and Roman arch, at Lincoln, in wonderment—hard grit, and slow-decaying stone; and all beside is Egyptian darkness.

Man seemed not to walk abroad until the twilight of Time, when the evening shadows of uncounted years had gathered over the earth, and grey Eternity stepped out over the furrowed fallows, to sow seed for a new generation, and endow them with wisdom enough to make them doubt. The reality of Homer is tossed like a pebble, amongst many others, upon the great sea-shore; and I misbelieve the marble which is made up into all I ever see of the mighty bard. Troy becomes a fable whilst I read; and the great Iliad a drama played by the heathen gods.

Backward the mind goes into the valley below my feet, the ruined abbey, the winding river, the ancient town where the Danes once dwelt. I read the Saxon Homily, and turn to Augustine—think of the slaves in the market-place, fair as angels, and picture this country then. Weeping mothers, as now—no change! The armed Roman and the tyrant capitalist, the same chains; groans in the victor's galley as he sails away, are echoed from the mines in which my brother men now labour, the fields they at this hour till, the factories in which they work, and work—then die. And might still towers above right; the old picture is but in a new frame; man poor, and man powerful; man rich, and man wronged. Briton, Roman, Saxon, Dane, Norman, Slave, Thane, and Theof, serf, villein, peers, paupers—and the history of my country is written. Layer above layer, the old formation in which every unaccountable struggle is called a slip—such is the geology of our race.

What beautiful pictures do we everywhere see if we but walk a few miles through the country! Turn the eye whichever way you will, some object is sure to present itself worth noticing. How graceful is the motion of the weeds which here trail into the water, and ride like things of life upon every ripple, while the half-bared roots of the old willow, around which grow fungi of varied hues, are mirrored in the deep stream; and far

down you see the tall, tapering branches, waving to and fro in alternate shades of green and white, just as the leaves flicker in the playful wind, which every moment comes and goes, in and out, over and through, the tall, tapery, and leafy rods, which shoot out from the summit of the hollow stem. Up darts the gaudy kingfisher from the bank, and as it flies over the top of the old elder tree, on which the full sunshine streams, you might fancy it a winged treasure, gems "of all hues," green, and blue, and orange, and yellow, glittering, and bright, and varied, and rich enough to grace the tiara of a sultana. In the dark pool below swims the water-rat, his bright, black eyes riveted on the pendent branch round which he is floating, his motion so gentle that he scarcely ripples the smooth current of the water—that fallen leaf has frightened him from his play, and he has gone to his nest, somewhere amongst the water-flags. What a lapping and a babbling the stream here makes, as it raises its low, liquid voice, as if chiding the smooth pebbles which check its course; and lower down it goes murmuring along, seeming angry that it has been stopped by the way; and now it resumes its old, cheerful song, which it will carry for miles between the narrow banks, until it mingles with the deeper music of the distant river. What more picturesque object would an artist select than this water-mill in ruins? Stagnant has this wheel stood for years; and bit by bit have the lower portions rotted and passed away; what remains is beautiful through its very decay; there is an ancient look about the moss and the weeds that have sown themselves in the moist crevices—they hang, and droop, and wave in a hundred beautiful forms. There is a desolateness about what remains of the old broken bridge, that ever seems stretching itself as if to regain its former position on the opposite bank; in the hanging planks which dip into the water-course, as if wearied of waiting their time, and anxious to be swept away; in the roofless walls which still show where a human habitation once stood; in the traces which point out where a garden was once cultivated, where the wild bramble has long ago twined round the cherished rose-tree, while the wallflower and the hemlock grow side by side amid the untrodden ruins.

Year after year, long after the old water-mill had ceased its work, might a solitary woman be seen seated in the even-

ing sunset beside the doorway. There she lived alone, bent with age, unvisited and neglected; how she obtained her livelihood no one knew, though rumours were afloat of the hoard of wealth which had been the accumulated savings of the owners of the water-mill for many generations. For a length of years the strong ancient iron fastenings of the doors and windows had formed her only safeguard, until Time, under whose hand all things decay, rotted the massy woodwork, and ate into the very heart of the stubborn iron; and when those silent sentinels of bolt and bar became weak and useless, the wicked hands of ruthless men commenced their work under the dark shelter of as black and tempestuous a winter's night as ever rocked the earth, or blotted out the stars of heaven. Days passed away before the murder was discovered, so seldom did a passenger tread the solitary lane beside the brook. What wealth she might have possessed the undiscovered murderers must have carried away; and when the old furniture was sold to defray the expenses of her funeral, the house was for ever closed, and never did human foot again cross its threshold until ruin had completed its silent work, and roof and rafter were by degrees carried away, during many hard winters, when the needy cottagers required fire-wood.

What a cheerful look there is about the little cottage of the bee-hive maker! what swarms of healthy children are ever going out of the doorway! He calls his hut, *The Hive*; and from the bustle, and stir, and industry, and cleanliness, which are ever found there, his dwelling is not misnamed. What piles of fresh yellow straw lay upon the sloping bank, which have been steeped in the brook to render them more pliable to the hand; those long trailing heaps of briar, clear from knot or branch, he will split with his three-pointed cleaver, and draw through his sharp-edged shave, until they become thin and almost as elastic as tape; and with these he will twine together those "golden roofs," as Shakespeare has happily termed them, in which the belted freebooters, who carry "war among the velvet buds," will pile up their cells of honey, drawn from the dewy lips of summer's sweetest blossoms. Who knows but that the immortal bard of Avon may, in his day, have gazed upon such a scene as we do now!

Strange tales are told of the large pike which have been caught in this stream,

and many a monster have we ourselves seen occasionally basking in the sunshine near the surface of the water. In former years it was the great haunt of old-fashioned anglers, who prided themselves in fishing according to the rules of honest Izaak Walton. Early in the morning you might have seen them wending their way towards this renowned stream; and even after the shades of evening had grown from grey into dusty black, still some one or another would be found at his post. To us, who had less patience, "snaring" was our favourite mode of catching these immense jacks—when we could: a stout rod, a strong line, and a good spring wire set wide open upon a clear running noose, and this we were wont to drop gently into the stream, with a slow and steady hand; above and below, it must be clear of the pike; another gentle move, and the fish seems as if sleeping securely in the very centre of the ring, for the motion has not disturbed him—Quick! he is secure; it bites and closes around him every way, seeming to eat into his very bones; and on the green-sward he lies, caught without either bait, or hook, or net.

Which way shall we turn now? Down this lane, and up the steep road of red clay that winds between those two plantations. We will clear the fence at a bound, and trespass in spite of the board which threatens to prosecute all invaders; for formerly there was a pleasant walk right through the centre of this fir-wood, but the consent of two magistrates was obtained, and the old thoroughfare was closed according to law. What a shame it is that these rich robbers should possess such power! Would it not be doing the public a greater good than was ever yet done by hanging any man, however bad he might be, to hang up one or two of these selfish and narrow-souled fellows (who, because they are owners of the property, cut off the ancient privileges which the poor have for centuries enjoyed), and thus make them a warning to all other like invaders? What would one of these purse-proud 'squires think, to see (instead of his own unjust warning, threatening all trespassers who ventured upon a pathway which their forefathers had trodden without molestation for ages)—to see written up, "*Whoever dares to close this ancient thoroughfare shall be bound hand and foot to the largest tree, and kept upon bread and water until he again throws it open to the public*"?

or, as it is a matter important to the health of many, why not (if hanging is beneficial and prevents evils) tie him up at once on the highest tree in the wood? In a case like this, taking away life might act as a warning to others; and, in the end, prevent all further encroachments upon old, acknowledged public rights. Does not this system of closing public thoroughfares arise, in a great measure, from the Game Laws? We know a few instances in which footpaths have been closed only for "THE BETTER PRESERVATION OF GAME."

How still and solemn the old plantation seems! moss and weeds and withered grass have already grown over the once familiar pathway. The rustic seat that overlooked the distant country from this beautiful opening is removed; there is nothing now to tell that this was the great Sunday and holiday resort of the public. And the will of one man alone has done this—a fellow whom nobody ever heard of, until one or two unexpected deaths turned him up from his obscurity, and made him heir. May he be doomed in the other world to some shady and solitary forest, to a wooded and lonely walk, walled high at each end, and where the trees are planted so thick that he cannot get his body between them, but there ramble up and down, a lonely ghost, for the same number of years that he has caused this once beautiful footway to be closed; then may his spirit return, for a brief space, to earth, to warn his successor, and tell him all he has suffered for what he did with the plantation-path; and when it is opened again, may they both enter Paradise!

What a beautiful burst have we here! A village, half embowered in forest scenery; the thatched roofs peering here and there among the trees, and recalling those primitive towns inhabited by the ancient Britons, which the Roman invaders found situate in the inmost heart of England's undated forests. The very chimneys are overgrown with moss and liverwort, until they become scarcely distinguishable from the bolls of the overhanging trees; and the tasteful hand of Nature has tinted the thatched roofs with every hue of the surrounding scenery. It is only by the glinting of a white wall, seen through the picturesque opening of the branches, or where a straggling sunbeam throws a golden glow upon the little lattice, or a slow moving column of pale blue smoke curls upwards, and is lost

amid the deep greenery of the foliage, that at this distance tell us we are drawing near the habitation of man. Yet as we draw closer, the scene changes as if touched by the wand of some mighty magician; and what appeared in the distance like a village in the centre of a forest, opens out into a well-wooded and picturesque hamlet, with green crofts, and ancient orchards, and sweet garden grounds, walled in with the golden gorse. The very fences have a forest look, as if the moss had assumed every varied tint of sunlight and shade, with all those rich and ever-changing hues which heaven pours down from its painted dome of cloud—a minglement of purple and gold, and blue and silver, alternating with twilight glooms and starry spaces, which dot the dark with silver. The very road, that goes winding beneath the ancient trees, has a peculiar character of its own. Here it is brown, and broken, and bare; there its course is disputed by giant roots, which twist like coiled serpents everywhere. Further on, there stretches a rich expanse of grass, whose growth neither the tramp of hoof nor print of wheel can long impede—so dense are the matted and massed shadows of the boughs above, so damp, and level, and green the expanse below. Saw ye ever a church that looked more holy, with its silent burial-ground, than this? The very gravestones seem to partake of the character of the trees as you draw nearer, for they are old, and few, and far apart. How solemn sound the tones of the old church clock! It seems as if Time was in no hurry here; that the huge trees had grown up without impeding his march; and that the old tower had become grey in its unbroken sleep: and even the Tongue of Time scarcely caused aught to open its eyes in this shadowy, green, and secluded world. The dead here seem as if they had lived to do all that there was to do, and had then laid down to take their rest; for you cannot conceive that the bustle and tumult, and wear and tear of life, were ever heard in a place so tranquil as this appears; but that everything grows of its own accord, and that man has but to gather enough for his common wants, then stretch himself upon the velvet sward, and sleep.

As we draw nearer and nearer the dream is broken. We see the ponderous waggon beneath the shed, which is roofed with withered furze, and pillared with the unbarked stems of trees. The red plough and the fanged harrow are piled amid

other implements of agriculture, which tell that even here man liveth by the sweat of his brow; and you see that the nymphs of this Arcadia are red-armed and industrious maidens, who brew, and bake, and milk, and churn, and, beside administering to every household comfort at home, pour forth their produce into a neighbouring market; while their swains are huge, healthy, stalwart fellows, who, instead of piping all day long to their silly sheep, turn up the stubborn soil, which stretches for miles away beyond the outskirts of the forest-like looking village, where fields spread like an ocean, whose waves are golden corn, whose surf breaks in ridges of woolly sheep upon the green shore, and the roar of whose waters is the lowing of herds, scattered over many a level lawn and heaving upland. A poet might fancy, while standing here, that he looked upon England in its rude, sylvan, and barbarous age; and further out, in its present state, rich in improvement, and flourishing in industry, and bearing the marks which the intelligence of man has stamped upon the earth. So primitive look these thatched homes among the trees, so wealthy that wide expanse of cultivated land, here and there alive with lowing herds, and further on, white over with bleating flocks. Behind, we might picture the hardy Briton hunting the savage wolf or chasing the wild deer. Before, where the sunlight streams, instead of the howling wolf and the belling of the deer, we look for the bird-boy's whistle or the milk-maid's song, or listen for the carol of the sun-tanned reaper. Here we have, mapped out before us, what our artists so seldom paint—the bold back-ground of a primitive old world,

hilly, and woody, and wild, softening down into smiling corn-fields and rich pasture lands, dipping into dales, and ascending in sweet green summits.

Oh, how delightful it is to watch the opening of morning here! to see the first pale glimpse of dawn broaden and brighten out into day; to stand upon this commanding summit, and look over miles of beautiful scenery, such as, if broken up, would supply an artist with subjects for a thousand pictures: but it is our task to paint in words, and bring before the "mind's eye" of the reader, bit by bit, what would burst upon him at once from the canvas. The only advantage the poet possesses is the power of describing the sounds which make musical his landscape, and which we heard everywhere around on a sweet summer morning.

Morning again breaks through the gates of heaven,

And shakes her jewelled kirtle on the sky,
Heavy with rosy gold. Aside are driven
The vassal clouds, which bow as she draws
nigh,

And catch her scattered gems of orient dye,
The pearlèd-ruby which her pathway strews;
Argent and amber, now thrown useless by:
The uncoloured clouds wear what she doth
refuse,

For only once does Morn her sun-dyed garments
use.

No print of sheep-track yet hath crushed a
flower;

The spider's woof with silvery dew is hung
As it was beaded ere the daylight hour;
The hooked bramble just as it was strung,
When on each leaf the Night her crystals
flung,

Then hurried off, the dawning to elude;
Before the golden-beaked blackbird sung,
Or ere the yellow-brooms, or gorses rude,
Had bared their armed heads in lowly gratitude.

SACKVILLE CHASE.

A Sporting Novel.

By C. J. COLLINS, Author of "Dick Diminy," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE EARL OF SACKVILLE IN LONDON ON HIS WAY TO NEWMARKET. A TRIAL ON THE HEATH, IN WHICH THE COLT WITHOUT A NAME FIGURES, BUT NOT GLORIOUSLY.

IN an elegant room of the mansion the Earl of Sackville and Mr. Sheraton are seated at breakfast. The subject of their conversation is evidently pleasing to the earl, for upon his sharp countenance a smile of satisfaction is playing,—a smile which is rather to himself, if that could be, and which is strongly suggestive of the tone of mind that is ruling beneath.

"Well, do you know, Sheraton," said the earl, "I will confess to you that I never felt so strong an interest in any one in my life—it seems to have taken possession of my mind."

"A greater interest than in Paris?" suggested Mr. Sheraton, in a peculiar tone.

"Oh, that was nothing to it," said the earl, quickly; "there is something in her face, and something in her manner, which has twined itself about my very soul, Sheraton," continued the earl, rising and pacing the room in unwonted excitement. "Sheraton, I have implicit faith in you; to you I delegate this matter; there is not another man in the world to whom I would have trusted so much."

There is a shade upon Mr. Sheraton's brow, and an almost imperceptible tremor in his voice, as he replies, "And your confidence shall be—has been well placed, my lord. I have arranged that we shall dine there on our return from Newmarket."

"Sheraton," exclaimed the earl, "it was fortune, fate, prevision, or whatever other name plain good luck may be designated by, that threw you in my way, but you shall never regret it. As I said before, there is a kind of fascination about her that has overwhelmed me. As I looked into her face, I could almost believe that I had existed in a former state, and had met her there. Did you ever experience such a feeling?" he inquired abruptly, stopping before Mr. Sheraton.

Mr. Sheraton intimated that he had done so, and added, that he thought it was a very common feeling.

At this point a servant announced that Mr. Jonas Nixon was awaiting below.

The Earl of Sackville laughed to Mr. Sheraton, and said that for the moment he had forgotten their engagement down in Suffolk, and then he directed the lacquey to show Mr. Jonas Nixon up.

The trainer was very speedily shown up accordingly, and he entered the room with his low-crowned hat in his hand, and he made a low obeisance both to the Earl of Sackville and Mr. Sheraton.

"Well, Nixon," said the Earl of Sackville, gaily, "are the nags all right?"

"All right, my lord, and the whole string is on its way to Newmarket by this time," replied Jonas Nixon.

"Is John Busby with them?" inquired the earl.

"Of course, my lord," answered Jonas.

"And the little gentleman who is and shall be nameless—is he all right?" inquired the earl, slyly.

Mr. Jonas Nixon stepped forward to the table, and putting his fingers and thumbs thereon, said in a hoarse whisper, as though he were conveying a secret that might be heard beyond the walls of the room, unless he spoke in that mysterious tone, "My lord, he's growed into a wonder."

"I think so too, Jonas," said the earl, smiling at Jonas's studied caution. "But we mustn't let the world know it just yet. You've made all arrangements for the trial, have you?"

"All right, my lord," said Jonas Nixon, with a twinkle of the eye which very nearly approached a wink. "The day arter to-morrow at four o'clock in the morning."

"And what weights do you propose to try 'em at?" inquired the earl.

"Well, my lord, of course I've give out to the boys, and they'll give it to all the world in course," and here Jonas Nixon laughed and chuckled to himself as though he were enjoying some good joke or other; "but I've left it to your lordship to say what the difference shall be."

"Quite right, Jonas," acquiesced the earl; "but there must be no mistake in the matter. I want a wide margin to be given, so that there can be no possible doubt as to the result. Now, what would you suggest yourself, Jonas?"

"I was a thinking, my lord, that if he can get anywhere near Sagittarius with fourteen pounds more on him—and I think he can, mind you—why, that'll settle the business."

"Very well, then, Jonas, we'll make it twenty-one pounds," said the Earl of Sackville.

"What, my lord!" cried Jonas, standing aghast. "Why, you'll break the colt's back."

"Oh, no," exclaimed the earl, impetuously; "if he's to carry half a million sterling—half a million, Jonas—all to come here, Jonas—all to come here,"—and the earl slapped his pocket—"if he's to do that, twenty-one pounds extra will not hurt him."

"Well, my lord, I should have thought that fourteen was quite enough," said Jonas, seriously.

"But if he can do the twenty-one, that wont make him any the worse, I suppose," said the earl, in a bantering tone.

"Oh, in course not, my lord."

"Oh, my lord," cried Jonas, suddenly, "have you heard of these here Americans?"

"What Americans?" inquired the earl, laughing.

"Why, some Mr. Van Bruggen, wot brought a stud over from America," said Jonas.

"Why, yes, I have heard something about him, but what of him?" the earl asked.

"Why, my lord, I've been told as how he's brought over a out-and-out clipper for next Darby," said Jonas Nixon.

"Oh, has he?" replied the earl; "well, suppose he has, Jonas: you've lived long enough, I think, to know what sort of bouncers come from the other side of the Atlantic."

"Oh, yes, my lord, I know all about that; but it was a very downy friend of mine told me of this here clipper."

Mr. Sheraton said that he had met the owner, who was associated with a person of the name of Raikes.

"What!" exclaimed the earl, in a tone of surprise, the moment he heard the name of Raikes, and smiling as he did so. "A big bearded fellow?" he asked.

"Yes," said Mr. Sheraton.

"And is he intimately associated with the owner of the newly sprung up favourite?" inquired the earl.

"He manages all his affairs connected with his horse, I believe," replied Mr. Sheraton.

"Glorious—capital!" exclaimed the earl, rubbing his hands, and then he continued—

"You know, Sheraton, the enormous stake that we have heaped upon the nameless, and it must not be jeopardized; and, by fair means or foul, this new favourite must be got rid of, and Raikes, of all men in the world, is the man to do it!"

"Why! do you know him, then?" inquired Mr. Sheraton.

"Know him!" exclaimed the earl, in high glee; "I should think I did. I knew him years ago—oh, more than twenty years ago; but he was a sad scamp. You wouldn't think, now," said the earl, suddenly stopping before Mr. Sheraton, "you wouldn't think now that that man is in holy orders?"

Mr. Sheraton burst into a loud laugh, and exclaimed, "No, indeed, I should not."

"Well, he is, then," said the earl, laughing also. "Yes, that same Denzil Raikes is a surpliced clergyman, although he looks now more like one of the surplus bears than anything else."

"Then you have seen him," said Mr. Sheraton.

"Yes; met him casually about a year or so ago," said the earl, in a well-assumed tone of indifference, and then adding, with much animation—

"Now, my dear Sheraton, everything seems to favour us in our enterprises. I know you to be a man of address, and you must ingratiate yourself with this Raikes. I know the character of the man well. He will do anything for money. Bribe him, Sheraton, in some way or other; I leave the man entirely to you. Get this horse out of the way, and then our way will be clear enough."

Mr. Sheraton was thoughtful for a moment or two, and then he said, "I think I know a friend of this man; at all events, I will see if I can't manage an interview on the quiet with this Raikes."

"All right," cried the earl; "do so, and take my word for it that you will succeed."

"I'll do it," said Mr. Sheraton.

"Now then, that being settled," cried

the earl, gaily, "let us be off to Newmarket."

Although Newmarket is as familiar as a household word in the mouth of every man who takes the slightest interest in turf matters, yet how few in the racing world can say that they have looked upon the place with whose name they are so intimate! Newmarket for centuries has been the centre of the racing world, and has hitherto been a guide-star to all other places in the country where race-meetings have been established.

Newmarket has a *prestige* which can never be destroyed while a love of the sport is inherent in the English heart. It is the spot where, *par excellence*, the great magnates of the turf frequently, and almost exclusively, assemble to enjoy and practise the sport of which Newmarket is the centre. The power of their position is there felt more potently far than at any other meeting, no matter what its locality may be. At race-meetings generally, there is a levelling of all ranks; at Newmarket, on the contrary, there is the elevation of one. Indeed, we might almost say that there is but one rank there, and that the highest.

A goodly street is the main street of Newmarket. Broad and ample, it has an imposing appearance, and cannot but strike the stranger. But how quiet it is! Nothing in the place appears to move. Is it inhabited by a people permanently located here? Standing in the centre of the town, one might almost doubt the existence of resident Newmarketonians. To be sure there are houses on each side to make up the noble street, but they must have been built to make up a show of a town. There are shops, too; they have a ghostly appearance; they never could have been meant for customers.

There is an uninterrupted view of the town of Newmarket from one end to the other, and a stranger will not fail to observe the number of inns with which the place abounds, and which he can take in in one view. But these are in keeping with the other houses. There is no more sign of animation—that is, on ordinary days, when no races are on—than at the haberdasher's, or the stationer's, or the butcher's; this last, especially, presenting a dismal look, for it is devoid of all semblance of a joint, and looks, with its naked tenter-hooks, and empty block, and polished show-board, like the legacy of a past age, or an importation from Pompeii. Surely the town must be peopled by sha-

dows—and yet that is no shadow that is smiling through yonder casement. A pair of laughing eyes illuminate a rosy countenance that is ornamented by waving ringlets of autumn's golden hue. The place must be inhabited by fairies, and perhaps this is one of them. No, that cannot be; those cheeks are too substantial for a fairy's—those eyes too bright for a night-dancer's—those ringlets too glossy and too rich for aught but one of England's merry daughters.

The Earl of Sackville and Mr. Sheraton have arrived on the morning of the first day of the race meeting, but they have reached Newmarket after the time for the commencement of the races. Having driven to their hotel, they stroll up the quiet town towards the heath, which they presently reach.

An open, bracing place it is, but not a soul is to be seen; and yet this is a race-course, and a race-meeting is on. Where are the booths, the shows, the strolling players, the songs, the three-sticks-a-penny—where the long array of carriages without horses, and beauties on the seats—where the rattle and the bustle, the excitement and the crowd that are always considered indispensable adjuncts to a race-course? Oh! such things are not at Newmarket. The showman is out of his element there; the carriages are not allowed; the three-sticks-a-penny are prohibited; the crowd can never come. Newmarket is a race-course by itself, and bears no more resemblance to any other than does the water at Oxford to the Thames at Putney.

The Earl of Sackville and Mr. Sheraton walk on cosily and chatting, and now they approach one of the stands, and near it a winning-post. They are treading one of the courses on Newmarket Heath. They are on the brow of the hill, and the races are going on far away, yonder, down in the hollow. Far away—yes, a full half-hour's walk. Upon that distant heath there are confused black patches of human beings, but at the distance they would seem to have assembled, not to witness the prowess of thoroughbred race-horses, but for some sport or other in which the presence of a horse was not allowed. Down in that hollow, as they move to and fro, they look like a mass of mites in a cheese, with the difference that mites are not so dark in appearance.

As the earl and Mr. Sheraton walk leisurely down the heath, they are met by Jonas Nixon, who had gone straight from

the railway to the course. Jonas hurries up to them, and informs them that as the races will be over very early that day, he has made arrangements for the trial to come off that afternoon.

The Earl of Sackville said it was all the better; for, to tell the truth, he didn't like getting up early in a morning. And he laughed to Mr. Sheraton as he added—

"Coming out early in the morning to a trial on a bleak heath is a trial in a double sense, for it tries me sorely."

The earl was in unwonted spirits to-day, for Mr. Sheraton had communicated to him the fact that he had made arrangements on their return to town for an interview with Madlle. D'Arlincourt at her own house, where they were to dine *en famille*, she said. The Earl of Sackville therefore was under the influence of a new excitement—one which he could not have defined if he had been required to do so.

"Well, what time do you propose that the trial shall take place, Nixon?" inquired the earl.

"Why, my lord, the racing will be over early to-day, as there are but few events on the card," replied Jonas, "and I have fixed half-past three in the new trial ground."

"Will the people have cleared off by that time, do you think?" inquired the earl.

"The racing will be all over by half-past two," Jonas replied, "and there won't be a soul on the heath that will dream of what is going on."

The shrewdest men sometimes miscalculate, as even Mr. Jonas Nixon would have discovered, if he could but have heard a conversation that was at that moment being carried on at a distant part of the heath, down where the racing was being conducted.

It would seem that Mr. Sparke and Denzil Raikes had become exceedingly intimate, for we find them at Newmarket together, accompanied by Mr. Van Bruggen. It is between these three that the conversation to which we have referred is taking place.

"Why, you see," Mr. Sparke is saying to Denzil Raikes, "John Busby can't very well keep anything from me; that is, it wouldn't suit him to do so."

"And he told you this, yesterday?" Raikes observed.

"Never mind when he told me, or how he told, or indeed what he told me," Mr. Sparke rejoins, not pettishly, as his phrases would seem to imply, but rather

playfully than otherwise. "There is a game going on, that is clear, and if you will go with me in a couple of hours we'll see what the game is, or my name is not Sparke. What do you say, sir?" This to Mr. Van Bruggen.

Mr. Van Bruggen suggested that perhaps Mr. Sparke had better be accompanied by Denzil Raikes only, and he would trust to Denzil's report in the matter.

"Caution's the word—right as a trivet—you're quite right, sir," said Mr. Sparke, with a wink. "Too many cooks—I know, sir—two's company and three's none."

Mr. Van Bruggen laughed, not so much at what Mr. Sparke said, as at the manner in which he said it.

"Hallo!" shouted Mr. Sparke; "here, you Agony Jack, come here!"

And Agony Jack, who was running in and out of horses' legs, and darting like a strange fish amongst the crowd, came skipping up to the side of Mr. Sparke, and, with a hideous howl, asked if his honour's worship wanted a card.

"Come, none of that, Jack; I want to speak to you," said Mr. Sparke. "Come here," and he led Agony Jack to a quiet spot away from the crowd.

"Now, of course you know a horse when you see one?" Mr. Sparke said.

Agony Jack made no verbal answer to this inference of Mr. Sparke's, but he looked at his questioner with an expression of countenance, the slyness of which was as eloquent as a string of declaratory words.

"You know the new trial ground?" said Mr. Sparke.

Agony Jack replied that he should think he did.

"Very well, then; you go there at half-past three, station yourself so that you will not be seen, near to the top of the ground, and tell me what you see and what you hear."

"All right, Mr. Sparke, sir,—and the tip?" suggested Agony Jack, slyly.

"Do what I tell you, Jack, and do it well, and I'll give you half a sovereign; there now," said Mr. Sparke.

Agony Jack made no reply, but he gave a hideous yell, threw up his cap in the air, and then rolled on the ground, as though he were writhing in mortal agony; but jumping quickly up again, exclaimed in a kind of gasp, "Wont I!"

"Very well, off with you, and come to me at the White Hart at five o'clock," said Mr. Sparke; and Agony Jack darted

away again towards the crowd, shouting as he went, and by his extravagant action leading certain beholders, by whom he was well known, to an inference which was expressed by a young stable-boy in the following words: "There's that Agony Jack bin a lusher agin." But the asseveration of the stable-boy was not at all accurate on this occasion. Agony Jack's exuberance of spirits arose from a very different cause, as we know.

At the appointed time of half-past three, five horses were at the private trial ground, and all around the great heath of Newmarket was desolate—at all events, unpeopled. The private trial ground at Newmarket has much the appearance of the deep cutting of a railway. Privacy is a great object to be secured in connexion with it, and so at intervals along the sloping banks on each side there are black boards placed, so that any person standing on the banks is prevented observing the action and the going of horses engaged in any trial until they are close upon him.

At the spot indicated by Mr. Sparke, Agony Jack had taken up his place unobserved, and had concealed himself in such a manner that he was near enough to hear the conversation that was passing between the Earl of Sackville, Mr. Sheraton, and Jonas Nixon, albeit they spoke low at first. This caution, however, gradually left them, for their party appeared to be alone upon that great heath.

A trial is a very simple affair. It is but a race in private, without the colours. On the present occasion little time was lost, the horses were speedily saddled; amongst them was the nameless colt, Sagittarius, a former winner of the Derby, and two others. The riders of these in this trial were all professional jockeys, but they did not know the weights their horses were carrying. As may have been gathered from the conversation in the first part of the present chapter, the nameless colt was carrying twenty-one pounds more than the others of his own years.

They are ready and waiting for the signal to go, but before that is given the Earl of Sackville gives these final instructions,—“Now, boys, go away as hard as you can split from end to end, and each one try to win.”

The signal is given by Jonas Nixon—the horses jump off—a terrific speed is maintained—and in the end Sagittarius wins by about a length—the winner of the Derby and the nameless one being head

and head together about that space behind him, and the others beaten off a long distance. As they pull up, Mr. Sparke and Denzil Raikes are observed at the top of the mound, and the leading jockey says, “D—— it, we’re twigged!”

“Let ’em twig,” says the rider of the nameless colt, “it’s little they’ll twig out of this go, I’m thinkin’.”

As the horses are walked leisurely back to where the Earl of Sackville and the others of his party are waiting, Mr. Sparke exclaims to Denzil Raikes—

“I don’t altogether see this game at present, but I’ll find it out.”

Denzil Raikes is thoughtful and abstracted.

“What are you thinking about?” suddenly inquired Mr. Sparke.

“Agony Jack,” replied Denzil Raikes, in an abstracted tone.

“Agony Jack, and what about him?” demanded Mr. Sparke, in a tone of surprise.

“No, no!” cried Denzil Raikes, laughing; “what am I thinking about?—my thoughts were then a long way off, and suddenly that nondescript came into my head.”

“Well thought of, though,” said Mr. Sparke; “we have to meet him, you know. Come along, you seem to be a little in the dimalms. We’ll have a good dinner at the White Hart, and then I’ll show you a little life—you and Mr. Van Bruggen. A night in Newmarket, to those who know how to spend it, is worth seeing.”

And they took their way across the heath towards Newmarket.

CHAPTER XIX.

A NIGHT AT NEWMARKET.—AGONY JACK’S STORY.

DINNER after the day’s sport on Newmarket Heath is very enjoyable when it is a good one, and Newmarket dinners generally are very good. The cuisine at the hotel at which Mr. Van Bruggen was staying was well furnished, and the cook was an adept in his vocation. Mr. Van Bruggen, and Denzil Raikes, and Mr. Sparke had enjoyed their dinner much, and they are sitting over a pleasant dessert and sparkling wine, as the sun sinks gloriously in the west, and lights up with an unwonted glow the heavy, dingy curtains which hang round the windows of the room in which they are seated. The conversation of the two has reference to

coming events, and especially to an engagement in which Arbitrator is to take part. What this is, will probably be self-developing, as we shall see.

And now the room begins to look gloomy as the twilight advances, for those ponderous, dingy, faded crimson curtains which are relics of Newmarket, as they have, winter and summer, for years hung heavily upon those windows, seem to invite gloom, and having got it into the apartment, to keep it there. The general appearance of the room, combined perhaps with the effect of the dinner, has operated upon the spirits of our three friends; for their conversation has flagged, the bottle is out, and the question that it be replenished has been negatived.

"Now then, what do you say, sir, to my being your guide, as I proposed, to a night in Newmarket?" said Mr. Sparke to Mr. Van Bruggen, rising.

Both Mr. Van Bruggen and Denzil Raikes express their readiness and desire to avail themselves of Mr. Sparke's offer, and they rise to do so.

They sally forth, and speedily find themselves in the High Street of Newmarket, that broad highway whose appearance in day-time we have already attempted to describe. It is now getting on towards ten o'clock, and the sun having set in glory has left behind him a cloudy night. The high thoroughfare of Newmarket is quite deserted, save by here and there flitting human objects, who, in the gloom of a dull summer's evening, appear like perturbed spirits in black attire.

Our three friends walk up the street fortified with cigar accompaniments. At the top of the street, and over the way, they come upon the Theatre Royal, Newmarket.

"We'll have half an hour here," said Mr. Sparke, "there's sure to be some fun."

"How about this?" inquired Mr. Van Bruggen, pointing to the cigar which he had just lighted.

"Oh, smoke away," replied Mr. Sparke, laughing, "that's not objected to here."

They enter the door which conveniently leads to pit and boxes both. They can just discern the money-taker by the aid of the light which proceeds from a solitary dip, and having exchanged the necessary silver for the usual card-board slips of admission, they enter the dramatic temple, and take their seats in the boxes.

A remarkable place is the Theatre

Royal, Newmarket,* at any time, but it is eminently remarkable during one of the racing meetings; the embellishments might be termed splendid, if it were possible to discover which parts are the naked boards, and which the paint, but as the latter has been most impartially and indiscriminately rubbed off in patches, the general appearance of the decorations is more novel than beautiful, and more suggestive of rough scenes long ago enacted, and of the ravages of damp and mildew, than of anything else. The party has entered between the pieces, and the full burst of the orchestra is heard to the utmost advantage. It is an orchestra that is more energetic than numerous, and displays a novelty of combination of instruments rarely to be met with. There are two violins and one trombone! The effect of an overture by such an orchestra must be heard to be appreciated, and being heard will never be forgotten.

The overture, or whatever it is, is over; the two violins and the trombone have turned round to look at the house. The trombone, as he takes a pinch of snuff, points the attention of the first fiddle to the general appearance of the house, and the general appearance of the house is worth observing. The pit has a brick floor, which we should fancy must be particularly agreeable on a cold, damp night. The gallery seems to be pretty full, for it is very noisy, emphatic adjectives garnishing the conversation of those who are assembled up there. The pit is but half occupied, while the boxes do not present so good an appearance as that.

There is one thing connected with the Theatre Royal, Newmarket, which must strike the kind-hearted stranger with gratification, and that is the delightful and primitive familiarity which exists between boxes, pit, and gallery. The withering distinctions which are maintained at the Haymarket are not to be found at Newmarket, for the shilling in the gallery there claims the privilege of holding a conversation with the three shillings in the boxes, and has his claim allowed, while the pit is so conveniently constructed that Bill, the stable-boy, who has recognised young Timothy Snifter, the new jockey, in the boxes, has nothing to do but to jump upon one of the pit seats, put his leg over the boxes as easily as he would mount a horse, join his friend, hold

* The Theatre Royal, Newmarket, exists no longer: it has been converted into a Methodist chapel.

a conversation with him, and return to the pit again if he thinks fit, or stay where he is if he desire it,—a convenient state of things which might be introduced with effect into the metropolitan theatres.

A tinkling bell is heard, and the brown-green curtain goes half-way up, and there it sticks, in spite of the tugs that are evidently being made at it from behind. This *contretemps* sends the whole house into noisy delight, and the denizens of the gallery being the most numerous body in the house, are the loudest in their declarations, "that this 'ere is a rum start," while the whistles which they give vent to, a young locomotive engine might envy the power to produce. At length the curtain, after having been let down again, is induced by slow degrees to reach the top, and the next piece of the evening begins.

It is not badly performed, but the points of the piece are occasionally rendered ineffective by the running commentary in which various gentlemen in the house indulge. They have a lively fancy, but their remarks are not always *apropos*. An old lady in the piece has to say, "I shall be delighted when this marriage takes place," upon which a very facetious gentleman, who is in his shirt sleeves, and who leans over the front of the gallery, responds, and says, "And so shall I, old gal,"—a declaration that he confirms by making an emphatic reference to his own eyes, which is not necessary. The sally is received with shouts of delight by boxes, pit, and gallery, and as our three friends take their way from the scene, the boisterous mirth of that strange assembly rings after them, and they hear it even when they reach the street.

That street is indeed dismal in appearance now, for the shops that earlier in the evening put forth a faint show of vitality and light have been extinguished—that is, shut up.

"Now, then, come along," exclaimed Mr. Sparke, "and we'll go to the Wellington—I'll introduce you to the house of call of the town."

They turn up a very narrow street, leading to some dark and unknown regions, and reach a house of public call, which they enter.

"Presently we shall be in 'the room,'" said Mr. Sparke.

With a very indistinct perception of what "the room" may be, Mr. Van Bruggen and Denzil Raikes follow Mr. Sparke along a narrow passage, at the end

of which is a room door, which he opens. The moment he does so the sounds of many voices in loud confusion greet the ear. A strange place it is that Mr. Sparke leads his friends into. It is a long, narrow room, with tables ranged down each side; against the walls all round are fixed seats similar to those in billiard rooms, and closely wedged together on the seats sit those who are the frequenters of the place, and to see whom Mr. Sparke has brought his friends.

In this room there appears to have congregated every description of great-coat, for nearly every person present wears one. But various as are the fashions of the coats, there is but one style of cut about the trousers of every man in the room. They are made in that peculiar fashion which causes the observer to wonder how the wearer ever got into them, and how, having once got into them, he could ever get them off again. The prevailing colour of these garments is drab. The frequenters of the room appear to have but three articles of dress—a great-coat, a pair of drab pantaloons, and an enormous neckerchief of flaming colours. Strewed about the tables are all the appliances of drinking, of course. Foreign spirits, British malt, and mild tobacco are consumed in most extensive quantities; and as the smoke accumulates and the liquors diminish, the noise becomes more general, and every one present seems imbued with the belief that, the louder he is, the more convincing is his argument—for arguing they are, one and all, upon some subject or other. It does not follow that the subject is racing. Mr. Sparke is hailed with a shout of delight the moment he enters the room, and he is immediately surrounded by half a dozen or more, who vociferously demand what Mr. Sparke is going to stand.

Mr. Sparke silences them, however, as much by his manner as by his words—"Now all you blokes, hook it; I'm not going to stand anything, nor my pals either," and by his "pals" he meant Mr. Van Bruggen and Denzil Raikes.

An arrival has just taken place, and the rattle of the confused conversation is for a moment hushed, as the attention of all present is directed to the fact that the "flimsy" of the entries for to-morrow has just been brought in. One member of the company volunteers his services to read the names out for the benefit of all present, and attention is at once commanded. The reading commences, and,

as the various names are enunciated, pantomimic signs are made, and violent winks are exhibited, expressive, no doubt, to those who understand them, and affording relief to those from whom they emanate. The reading is got over, and the rattle of conversation is resumed. Anxious discussions take place at the various tables, and violent gestures are indulged in to emphasize certain declarations having reference to the events of to-morrow. Fast and furious go the orders for the various fluids which the house affords, and gradually the excitement produced by the reading of the "flimsy" subsides, when a gentleman, dark in countenance, dark in attire, and particularly black about the hair, is called upon for a song. "'Ear, 'ear, 'ear," is heard from various parts of the room; "bravo, come, blaze away!" and there is a general rattling of glasses on the tables, during which the "singster," as a gentleman sitting near Mr. Van Bruggen calls him, clears his throat, and, being a professional, takes a tuning-fork from his pocket, and, by its aid, pitches his voice in the proper key. Silence having been obtained, by the aid of making a most terrific din on the tables, the "singster" bursts into a melody, one line of which is—

"'Tis 'ere hi would rest in this hold harm cheer."

The song is loudly applauded, and hilarity pervades the whole company.

"I'm the author o' that song," says one, in high glee at his own powers of wit. "I knowed he'd got the tune, and I soon whipped him out of his kennel," referring to the vocalist, who clearly feels flattered by the compliment, notwithstanding the doubtful phraseology in which it is couched.

"Holloa, Bill," cries another, "what'll you have?"

"Well, a little drop o' gin," replies the individual addressed.

"Just hollar for it, then!" exclaims the gentleman who has given the invitation; upon which "Mary, my dear," is requested to bring in "six of warm gin, immediately."

Everybody present is "hail fellow, well met" with his neighbour.

A new-comer has arrived, who marks his advent with a shriek which makes the room ring again, and our party recognise the person of Agony Jack. At first he does not see Mr. Sparke; but that gentleman attracts his attention, and he at once goes towards him. Agony Jack

bows respectfully to Denzil Raikes, for he recollects him as the gentleman with whom he had the conversation on the day of the steeple-chase.

"How have you been doing, Jack, this meeting?" inquires Mr. Sparke.

"Out and out, Mr. Sparke—never had a better time," replies Agony Jack, and then, pulling a hideous face, he added, "I do believe I shall be a gentleman yet."

"If getting money means being a gentleman, Jack, there have been more unlikely things than that," Mr. Sparke said. "I shall expect you to-morrow morning about the trial to-day," he added, in a whisper.

"All right, sir," said Agony Jack.

"I suppose you are not going to stand anything now, Mr. Sparke?" he added, with a leer.

Before Mr. Sparke could reply, Denzil Raikes said—

"Yes, Jack, go and have what you like, and we'll stand it."

Agony Jack doffed his old hunting-cap, made a bow, in which there was a kind of grotesque grace, said he would indulge in a little gin, warm, and then he hobbled to a table on the other side of the room.

"What's your game now, Jack?" inquired a gentleman attired in a dilapidated frieze coat, which made him look like a jockey disguised as an Irish bog-trotter; "what's your game now, Jack?"

"Oh! my game, Phil, my lad, is picking up people when they fall down in the street."

"I believe you, my boy; you're the cove wot can pick 'em up, and no mistake."

As the night advances, the company gradually drop off, until by about twelve o'clock not more than a dozen are left. These get round the table and become very sociable.

"It strikes me," says Agony Jack, "that there'll be some ropin' to-morrow."

"What makes you think so, Agony?" inquires a gentleman in a long great-coat reaching to his knees, and who has a very dilapidated hat on his head, but who seems to pull at his long pipe as though nothing in the world could disconcert him. "What makes you think so, Agony?"

"'Cos there always is in that 'ere stable when they brings a favourite. They seems to think nothing of the awful wisitation that appeared to Sim Duffles, three years ago."

"Why, what were that?" inquired a gentleman with intensely red hair. "What

were that? I never 'eard o' that, Agony; wot wisitation, my boy?"

"Why the wisitation as appeared to Sim Duffles the night before the Seize-her-witch, three years ago."

"What were it, Agony?—what were it?"

"Why, it were this—

AGONY JACK'S STORY.

"It were a out-and-out wet night, the night afore the Seize-her-witch in that year, and Sim Duffles had been out rather late, and as he was going up the hill he meets an old 'ooman in a red cloak, and says she to Sim, 'Sim Duffles,' said she. 'That's me, and no mistake, old gal,' says Sim. 'I know'd it were,' says the old woman; and says she, 'Sim Duffles,' says she, 'you go up to the heath, for there's somebody as wants to see you.' 'Wants to see me! It's rather wet to go up to the heath to-night, mum; what is it, and who is it?' 'Sim Duffles,' says she, mysterious, 'you must go!' 'Must I, mum?' says he; 'if I must, I must; but what's the good?' 'The good o' your immortal soul,' says she. This staggered Sim, and no mistake, and he says, 'Indeed, mum; you don't say so! I'm rather particular about my soul.' 'An' you need be, Sim Duffles,' said the old 'ooman, 'an' go up to the heath. Go this minit, Sim! Go as fast as your blessed legs can carry you! Go, and be d——!'"

"Eh, what's that, Agony?" inquired two or three, putting their pipes down.

"Well, that was a mistake o' mine. I was carried away by my feelins."

A murmur of approbation ran through the company, and Agony Jack was adjured to go on to "the finish."

"Well," said Agony, resuming the thread of his tale, "Sim thought he had best go up to the heath, though it rained like bricks. 'Go!' says the old woman, 'go, Sim Duffles, and you wont repent it.' 'I will, mum,' says Sim, 'and much obliged for your telling of me.' 'You'll think so afterwards,' says the old 'ooman. 'Good night, Sim Duffles; go up to the heath; he's waiting for you, and remember wot he says;' and she said this wery solemn indeed," says Agony Jack, in a tone the solemnity of which might have been envied by "the old 'ooman" herself. "Well, up goes Sim to the heath, and he walked about there for some time, but didn't see nobody. Thinks he to himself, 'this here heath is rather a big place, and the old 'ooman didn't say what part I was

to come to, and I don't want to go down to the Ditch Mile to-night.'"

"I should think not," exclaimed a youngster at the top of the table; "precious flat if he did."

"Never you mind, Master Phil; when you hears wot he said you'll open that tater-trap o' yourn precious wide, without uttering a synnable. Well, Sim Duffles was just thinking of coming away again, and had turned around, when an awful voice exclaimed——"

"No, if I do, I'm jiggered!" cried somebody at the other end of the room, interrupting Agony Jack's tale. Two gentlemen were differing upon a point of practice, and on any another occasion they would have been unanimously desired to fight it out; but as the great majority of the company present were now deeply interested in Agony Jack's anecdote, the two disputants were emphatically requested to "cut it," or "make themselves scarce," and after a little wrangling, they adopted the latter alternative.

Agony Jack being again in possession of the attention of the company, proceeded with his relation.

"Well, then, as I was saying, Sim Duffles was just a thinking o' coming away, when a most unearthly and diabolical voice roars in his ears—

"'Sim Duffles, beware! look up at me, Sim Duffles, and tremble!'"

"Sim turned round, a tremblin' all over, and there he saw—what do you think he saw?" inquired Agony Jack.

Not a soul answered the inquiry; they sat with open mouths gazing intently into Agony Jack's face.

"He looked up," continued Agony Jack, "and there he saw—ah!—a great big hoss, and on the top of him an unearthly looking chap; and the hoss and the jockey was all white, just as if they had both bin floured. Well, Sim trembled above a bit when he clapped his eyes on that there wisitation, and he tried to think of some of his prayers, but he could not. 'Sim Duffles,' says the wisitation. 'Sir,' says Sim, his teeth a-chattering like a little mill. 'Sim Duffles, you're a-goin' to do a bit o' ropin.*' 'It ain't me, sir, it's the guv'ner,' says Sim. 'It's o' no use o' your prewarikating,' says the wisitation, quite fierce, and spoutin' out blue fire from his eyes and nose. 'Come, come, sir, I knows your thoughts—you

* "Roping" is to pull a horse to prevent his winning.

can't deceive me,' goes on the visitation. 'Oh, Lord, sir!' says Sim, goin' down on his marrow-bones, 'oh, Lord, sir, they all does it—especially in steeple-chasin'.' 'That's no excuse for you, Sim Duffles,' says the visitation. 'Have you been a ropin' your horse for to-morrow?' 'If you be the devil,' thought Sim, 'I'll tell the truth and shame you.' 'It's true, sir, and I'm very sorry for it.' 'You ain't sorry,' says the visitation. 'S'help me,' Sim was going to say. 'What!' roared the visitation. 'I didn't intend to offend your diabolical majesty,' says Sim, still on his marrow-bones. 'Sim Duffles,' says the visitation, 'I'm come from the other world.' 'I see you be, sir,' says Sim. 'And I takes you back with me unless you goes 'on the square' to-morrow. I shall be behind you, to-morrow, when you ride. I shall start with you, follow you to the winning-post, and if I sees anything queer, look out, Sim Duffles;' and then the ground opened, and he vanished in a regular volcano of fire!"

The listeners had their eyes and mouths wide open, and they drank in every word that Agony Jack uttered.

"But that ain't all," continued Agony Jack. "Sim got up and walked home, in a perfect state of *delirium tremours*, and, saying nothing to nobody whatsoever, went slap off to bed. He got up early in the morning, and went and looked at his hoss. The hoss looked as fresh as a mornin' in May, and when Sim went up to him, he winked. Blessed if the hoss didn't wink! That there hoss is bewitched, thought Sim; and he came out of the stable just as though he was swipecy. Howsomever, the guv'nor didn't notice it, and the races came on. The hosses went to the post, and Sim amongst 'em. Off they went, and all the way Sim was looking over his shoulder, behind him. Everybody cried out, 'There's a pretty game Sim Duffles is up to!' 'Look afore you!' shouted one. 'Do you think Old Nick's at your tail?' shouted another. 'Do you expect your hoss's tail's a-goin' to drop off?' cried somebody else, but Sim paid no attention to 'em. He still looked over his shoulder; they soon got to the winning post; Sim was a long way behind in the rush, but his hoss rattled in past the chair like mad. Sim couldn't pull his hoss up, and he run agin a post, dashed Sim off and broke his leg, and he's never been able to ride since. There, now; what do you think of that?" said Agony

Jack, drawing a long breath, and looking quite white from his exertion and excitement.

"Well, I think," said one gentleman who had smoked intensely during the recital, "that Sim Duffles must have been precious 'lushy.'"

"Lushy!" cried Agony Jack; "it was the visitation."

And they all agreed it was the result of "the visitation;" but whether the recital of Mr. Sim Duffles' mishap and interview on the heath will have the effect of destroying a taste for roping amongst Agony Jack's auditors, is a question we will not at present speculate upon.

At the close of Agony Jack's story, Mr. Sparke and his companions rise and leave the room, and so affecting has the story evidently been, that they do so unobserved. Denzil Raikes, however, has scarcely left the place, and has not arrived in the street, when he suddenly returns; and, being followed by Mr. Van Bruggen and Mr. Sparke two or three minutes afterwards, they discover him in earnest conversation with Agony Jack. Seeing Mr. Van Bruggen and Mr. Sparke at the door, he rejoins them, and then the latter says—

"You seem to take a great interest in that nondescript; is he giving you the tip?"

"All in good time—all in good time," Denzil Raikes replies, rather abstractedly. "By-the-bye," he adds, with more animation, "I am going to see his grandmother!"

"Whose?—Agony Jack's!" cries Mr. Sparke.

Denzil Raikes smilingly nods an assent.

"Why, what the devil's that for?—are you going to set the family up in life?" Mr. Sparke inquires.

"Perhaps so," said Denzil Raikes; "if it should be what I half suspect; but the bare idea makes me gasp—come on."

"Upon my soul, you are very mysterious, Mr. Raikes," Mr. Sparke observes. "But come along, and I will show you some more scenes."

They are in the High Street again, and presently they arrive at what appears on the outside to be a private house. They enter, and find the hall is guarded by a janitor who eyes both Denzil Raikes and Mr. Van Bruggen very closely, but as Mr. Sparke is a character who is well known there, his presence is sufficient warrant for their admission. At the end

of the entrance-hall they enter a magnificent apartment splendidly fitted up with luxurious sofas and chairs, and hung round with mirrors, while from the centre depends a massive chandelier brilliantly illuminated. Across one end of the room is a hazard-table, round which, at the moment Mr. Sparke and his friends enter, are seated some of the flowers, or the weeds, according to the fancy of the observer, of the British nobility. There are four or five earls, as many viscounts, one baronet, whose father was a mighty statesman (how speedily degenerate may a great name become), and the remainder are "gentlemen sportsmen." They are all heavily playing. The dice-box rattles fast and ringing, and at every throw whole heaps of money, to gain which whole colonies of labourers have to till the land, change hands, and are swept along the table like fallen leaves. The baronet especially plays heavily, and apparently recklessly, and so he has the name amongst his confreres of being a jolly good fellow, while he is in reality the narrow-minded gambler, without one generous sentiment animating his breast. All the patrons of this establishment are observed to be in full evening costume. They have all been dining with a noble earl over the way, and so etiquette and profligacy are strangely—nay, harshly—blended.

Mr. Sparke is recognised by all present; but as he informs his companions that they have other scenes yet to visit, they hasten away after a few moments' observation of the play that is going on at this aristocratic table.

They reach the street again, and they turn up another dark lane, until they come to a house of public entertainment. Stopping at the door thereof, Mr. Sparke says—

"Now, you will have a scene here."

He conducts them up stairs, and they reach a room in which is an excited assemblage round a table, on which the rattle of the dice-box is heard. This is a hazard table of the lowest class. It is so crowded that, in order to see what is going on, Mr. Van Bruggen and Denzil Raikes are obliged to mount a chair and look over the heads of those immediately before them. It is a scene, as Mr. Sparke had said, worth looking upon. It is true; the company present only play for silver; but there is all the wild excitement that the pursuit must ever produce, be the stake an estate or a shilling.

Several of those who are at the table have taken off their coats and cravats; and the prominence of their eyes, the deep flush of their cheeks, and the hoarse voice, bespeak the intensity of the feelings by which they are actuated. "Seven's the main," is called, and a five comes up. The betting is then general, and almost instantly the table is covered with silver. The box is rattled, and the dice thrown out again and again, and presently the seven comes up. The money is grasped by those who have won it, and one of the company bursts through the crowd with frantic gesture, declaring, as he does so, in a voice made harsh by excitement, "that his luck would break the Bank of England." He rushes down stairs, no doubt penniless; but his exit is unnoticed by those who are at the table, and the play goes on again as though nothing had happened. Again and again the box goes down, and again and again is the table covered with money. Presently another unfortunate being has lost all he has, and for a moment he looks with desperate calmness on the table as though he were in meditation on the scene. The box goes down again, and then he strikes his forehead violently with his clenched fist, and forces his way through the crowd.

Such an exhibition would seem to be common in the place, and familiar to those who frequent it, for they deliberately make way for the victim, and close round the table again as the play goes on, and they risk "the hazard of the die" throughout the live-long night.

The scene is not unfrequently varied by an appeal to force. A dispute arises, and the blow quickly follows the word. The fight is a variation to the feelings of excitement which exist, and the row instantly becomes general. The table is broken by one or two jumping upon it; the chairs are converted into weapons of offence and defence, and the lights having been extinguished and the belligerents exhausted, the room is cleared, and in the course of the next day the place is renovated, and by the evening is fully prepared again for the reception of those who are the supporters of the place.

In answer to Mr. Sparke's laughing appeal, both Mr. Van Bruggen and Denzil Raikes declare that they have seen enough for one night, and all three, therefore, return to the hotel.

CHAPTER XX.

MADLLE. D'ARLINCOURT AT HOME.

ALTHOUGH the Earl of Sackville had informed the countess of all the incidents connected with the accident which befel Madlle. D'Arlincourt at the steeple-chase, which led to her becoming acquainted with the earl, he had not informed her that since the other accident which led to her introduction into the drawing-room of Sackville House in town, he had become exceedingly intimate with that young lady, and that he had visited her at her own house. Such, however, was the fact; but it would, under the circumstances, have been scarcely—well, politic, we will say—for him to have informed the countess of it. The countess has, however, frequently repeated her desire again to see the charming young lady, who seemed to possess the faculty of enchanting all with whom she came in contact. She has not been a worshipper at the church of St. Bottlenose since the occasion which produced an introduction between herself and the countess. They will, however, meet again; but for the present she is content to enjoy the acquaintance of the earl only, and that, too, surreptitiously, for she has plans of her own—no, not altogether her own; a portion of which the present chapter may probably elucidate.

The Earl of Sackville (the countess is out of town for a week) is engaged to dine with Madlle. D'Arlincourt—he and Mr. Sheraton.

The brougham is at the door, and the two having taken their seats therein, the coachman is directed to drive to the residence of Madlle. D'Arlincourt.

Frequently had the earl enjoyed the delirium of dining with that young lady; for such was the infatuation with which the elegant foreigner had inspired him, that it was a kind of delirium. The previous dinners had, however, been merely decoys; but they had succeeded in entangling him in that net which, on the present occasion, was to be firmly closed round him.

The Earl of Sackville was more than usually gay, and as the wine circulated he became exceedingly animated. At the dessert, which combined elegance with costliness, he rallied Madlle. D'Arlincourt upon her epicurean taste with regard to wine.

"Oh! do I not come from those perfumed groves—that sunny land that gives

the world its richest wine?" she cried, with a smile that enchanted the earl.

"That is an admission that you have never gratified us with before," said the Earl of Sackville. "It is a subject upon which you have always been mysteriously taciturn. Break the spell, I pray you, and with your own lips tell us your history, mademoiselle; it must be romantic, it must be imbued with great interest."

"Ever gallant," said Madlle. D'Arlincourt, with a smile, the melancholy expression of which was assumed.

"The suggestion seems to make you thoughtful," said the earl.

"Alas, it may well do so!" she said, with a sigh.

Mr. Sheraton appeared to be wholly indifferent to the conversation; but it might have been observed that he very artfully plied the earl with wine.

With an apparently sudden burst of animation, Madlle. D'Arlincourt added, "Tell my history? oh, would that I could!—I really know nothing of it."

"Know nothing of it!" exclaimed the earl; "how?"

"Of my early days I know nothing, except that that country, which is supposed to be my native land, was not the land of my childhood."

"Corsica?" said the Earl of Sackville.

"Corsica," echoed Madlle. D'Arlincourt; "the land, you know, of the Vendetta."

The Earl of Sackville smiled.

"Do you believe in such a thing as the Vendetta?" Madlle. D'Arlincourt inquired, throwing one of her sweetest smiles upon the earl.

"If all the Corsicans were like you, how could I believe in such a thing?" the earl inquired, gazing with undisguised admiration upon his fair questioner.

"That is no answer, my lord," she said, playfully. "By-the-bye, Mr. Sheraton there, who seems so wrapt up in himself that he can pay no attention to us, has told me that your family have, my lord, in its time been the victim of a vendetta."

For a moment the earl's countenance was clouded with an expression that it would be difficult to describe. Only for a moment, however, for the sparkling wine was accomplishing its mission, and the cloud instantly passed away as he exclaimed, "Yes, a family tradition."

"Why, then, we both have some mysterious tradition connected with our history—well, that is a remarkable coincidence."

The Earl of Sackville, although he smiled at the suggestion, was evidently not pleased with it; or, at all events, it gave rise to feelings in his heart which were not pleasing to him.

"But tell me," he exclaimed, "what you know of your history."

"As a very young child," she said, "it is just on the verge of my recollection. I was the petted darling; I can recollect it, although I was so young. In a house of great extent, with great trees round it, and with all the luxuries with it that wealth can produce, it is like a dream long past, and then my recollection is at fault, for after some time I am in the land which I suppose I must consider the land of my birth, and I call a lady and gentleman mamma and papa who are not so; and then I am in the house of mourning, and these two are dead." And here she drooped her beautiful head in real anguish.

"But let us change the subject," she suddenly exclaimed. "You have told me nothing about your great horse that is in the great race. How is he getting on?"

The Earl of Sackville was desirous of changing the subject too, and he exclaimed, "Oh, he is going on gloriously! you must be there to see him win—and he will win, supposing our friend Sheraton here makes everything right that he has in hand;" and the Earl of Sackville laughed at Mr. Sheraton, who passed the decanter to the earl.

"Pray, what has Mr. Sheraton to do with it?" inquired Madlle. D'Arincourt.

"Oh, he has everything to do with it. Why, don't you know that the horse reservedly belongs to him?" said the earl.

"Oh, yes, I know all that; but what is that you say he has in hand?" Madlle. D'Arincourt wished to know.

"Ah! you must not inquire too closely into matters of this sort," said the Earl of Sackville; "they are things that ladies cannot understand."

"Oh! do not be too sure of that!" cried Madlle. D'Arincourt, rising from the table; "but I see you are determined to be mysterious, so I shall get Mr. Sheraton here by himself some day, and see if I cannot extract the secret from him."

"He shall never come here alone," exclaimed the earl; "that is the only thing I will not trust him in."

"Well, then, I suppose I must get you alone, and see if I can accomplish my object with you;" and she laughed out merrily as she said this.

"Oh, willingly!" eagerly exclaimed the earl; "and I will take you at your word. Now, that is understood."

Madlle. D'Arincourt had walked towards a small papier-mâché table, upon which was lying an elegant pearl box. She took hold of the box apparently by accident; the lid came open at the touch, and again apparently by accident, a pack of cards tumbled out of the box, and were scattered upon the carpet.

"Oh, dear me! how clumsy of me, to be sure!" cried Madlle. D'Arincourt, in well-feigned simplicity; and she was about to stoop to pick up the cards, when the Earl of Sackville sprang forward and gathered them up for her.

"Quite a suggestive accident," he exclaimed, as he placed the cards on the table. "What do you say, mademoiselle? Come, a challenge! and what shall the game be?"

For an instant there was a kind of subtle twinkle of the eye, if we may use such an expression, as the dark-eyed beauty looked, with but one glance, however, at Mr. Sheraton. She replied to the earl, with an admirably assumed air of indifference, "Oh, my lord! I am a perfect novice; I know scarcely any game. It is true, in Paris, we used to while away the long evenings with a game, but there is but one that I know anything of."

"And what is that?" inquired the earl.

Again there was the peculiar twinkle of the eye, and the glance at Mr. Sheraton, as she diffidently replied, "*Ecarte*."

"*Ecarte*!" exclaimed the earl, who, by this time, was quite flushed—a double intoxication, indeed, creeping upon him. He was dazzled by the charms of the beauty before him, while the wine, which had been so artfully plied by Mr. Sheraton, was doing its work upon his brain.

"*Ecarte*!" he exclaimed, in a rapturous tone; "the very game, of all others, that I like. Sheraton!" he cried, turning to that gentleman, "will you come and guide me, and stake for me?"

"No, no, my lord; I will not," Madlle. D'Arincourt cried; "I cannot be any match for your lordship; I protest, I will not."

But the smiling beauty allowed herself to be gradually persuaded, and presently she was seated opposite to the earl at a small table, and speedily they were deep in the mysteries of the game. Mr. Sheraton stood at the earl's elbow, and directed his play. How little did that noble lord dream that opposite to him sat one who,

by her dexterity, seemed to have the chances which are incident to cards absolutely under her control and direction! Mr. Sheraton was equally an adept with her, and, probably, it was this congeniality which had originally brought them together.

Need we point to the result of this evening's scene to the infatuated earl? His senses were bewildered by the wiles of the beautiful Corsican, and fascinatingly she led him on, step by step, to what in another man of lower fortune and more limited means would have been utter ruin.

At first the games were pretty evenly balanced, and Mr. Sheraton kept the account, and marked it with scrupulous accuracy. Gradually it turned against the earl, until late in the evening the grand total against him stood at upwards of twenty-eight thousand pounds.

But the fearful amount seemed to have no depressing effect upon the earl, who declared that he would liquidate it on the spot. But how? Of course he had not that amount with him, and Mr. Sheraton said it was absurd to think of discharging the claim that evening, as to draw a cheque not in the recognised form would seem strange for such an amount, and might lead Madlle. D'Arlincourt into unpleasantness. And then, as though by mere accident, he mentioned the name of the earl's bankers. Immediately upon hearing it, Madlle. D'Arlincourt laughed merrily, and exclaimed—

"Why, what a funny thing—they are my bankers, too!"

"Dear me, that is a remarkable coincidence," cried Mr. Sheraton. "Why, then, you doubtless have a cheque-book?" and a slight tremor might have been observed in his voice, by a close observer, as he said so.

"Oh yes," she replied; "here it is," and she drew the book from a drawer in one of the side tables.

The Earl of Sackville gazed with a kind of rapture upon her. He was thoroughly and completely fascinated. Strange feeling in such a man—inexplicable effect on such a mind!

"The fates seem to conspire to compel the settlement at once," said Mr. Sheraton, as he took the book. "Shall I fill in the amount?"

"Do, Sheraton, do!" returned the earl; and then he said to Madlle. D'Arlincourt, "What a friend he is, isn't he? What should I do without him?"

The Earl of Sackville mechanically

signed the document, and as Mr. Sheraton handed it to Madlle. D'Arlincourt, there was a perceptible trembling of the hand, which, under the circumstances, was not unnatural.

It was late before the Earl of Sackville could tear himself away, and when he and his attached friend did rise to leave, Madlle. D'Arlincourt accompanied them down the staircase.

"You will remember our compact," cried the Earl of Sackville.

"Oh! most truly," she laughingly replied; "and perhaps I may anticipate it one of these fine mornings at your own residence."

"Oh, do!" he cried, in a tone of rapture.

"I intend to accompany you to the great race," she said, "and as it will soon be here, we must make arrangements. Good bye—farewell."

The door was opened by a brilliantly-attired footman, and as the earl and Mr. Sheraton descended the steps, the latter and Madlle. D'Arlincourt exchanged glances which spoke of triumph.

CHAPTER XXI.

DENZIL RAIKES BECOMES ACQUAINTED WITH MR. SHERATON.

THERE is great excitement in the sporting world, and all the sporting houses in London are doing a great trade. The great event of the year, the world-renowned Derby, is at hand, and the excitement of which we speak, although connected with that great event, is of an unwonted character. Arbitrator, from his performances in the autumn of the year before, has all through the winter been in the position of first favourite, but he has now been suddenly supplanted by an unknown horse belonging to Mr. Sheraton, a horse without a name. It has suddenly transpired that this unknown, nameless animal has been backed simultaneously in every large town in the kingdom, for such an immense amount of money, that if he should win a million sterling will not discharge the claims of his owner. At Mr. Sparke's the excitement is intense; for it is now pretty well known to all that gentleman's circle of friends and acquaintances that John Busby and his friend Willum, who have the care of the unknown colt, put up at the Horse and Jockey when they are in town. This fact has been a great card for

Mr. Sparke, and his house is crowded every evening by sporting men, who are very desirous now of cultivating John Busby's acquaintance, and who go to Mr. Sparke's on the chance of meeting him.

We are within a week of the great Derby, and John Busby, with Willum, is again at Mr. Sparke's, on his way through town to Epsom. Speedily it is noised about that he has arrived, and in the evening the bar-parlour is crammed to excess. John Busby and Willum feel their importance, and they remain with Mr. Sparke in the snugery behind the bar.

Since we last saw Denzil Raikes, he has become exceedingly intimate with Mr. Sparke. In fact, they are closely associated, and they have been so ever since the trial at which they were present on Newmarket Heath. It has been remarked, too, that Denzil Raikes has been continually in conversation with Agony Jack. Both these strange and opposite characters are constant visitors at the Horse and Jockey, and Agony Jack especially, for thereat he finds a ready market for the cards in which he deals, and from which he gains a livelihood. The secret of the interest which Denzil Raikes manifestly takes in Agony Jack, even Mr. Sparke has been unable to fathom; for when he has questioned Raikes upon the subject, he has invariably given the same answer, "All in good time, all in good time." It is clear, however, to Mr. Sparke that Raikes is making some secret investigation. Indeed, he has gone so far on some occasions as to tell Sparke that probably he may some day need his assistance on some matter as yet not ready for development.

Denzil Raikes has entered into a kind of compact with Mr. Sparke, that whenever John Busby comes to town, he shall be apprised of the fact, and invariably, when John Busby has been in town, Denzil Raikes has spent the evening with him at the Horse and Jockey.

Mr. Sparke has informed John and Willum that he expects Mr. Raikes to favour him with a call that evening.

"Blest if I don't think he's allers a-calling here," Mr. Willum observes.

We should have stated that the usual ornaments of Mr. Sparke's table—spirits, pipes, and tobacco—are prominent objects in his parlour, and both Willum and John have their pipes in their mouths.

Now John Busby, ever since his first interview with Denzil Raikes, has looked upon that individual as a particularly

mysterious personage, and has always felt a kind of awe in his presence. He therefore rebukes Willum solemnly for speaking of "a gentleman as comes from t'other side o' the world, and has to do with a out-an'-out favourite."

Willum observes, between the puffs of his pipe, that he has only spoken what appeared to him to be the fact; but if John didn't like it, he wouldn't argue the matter.

"No, and that's true for you, my young smiler, for when you gets into a argiment you generally bolts," John Busby observes, winking upon Mr. Sparke.

"Just like you, John, when you be at the prog," replies Willum.

"There you're wrong again, my young undeweloped swell," says John Busby; "I eats fast, it's true, but I never bolts."

"An' drinks too, eh? wot do you say, Mr. Sparke?" Willum rejoins.

Before Mr. Sparke could say what he was thus required to say, John Busby cried—

"Willum, wot a cove eats and drinks, and how he eats and drinks, ain't nothin' to such fast young buffers as you; and the less you say upon sich delicate pints the better. That's my opinion, and that I sticks to."

John Busby was apparently getting a little excited, and probably another remark of "Willum's" would have got him considerably out, especially as Willum's observations were bordering on the personal. Fortunately, therefore, just at this moment, the man behind the bar put his head in at the window, and informed Mr. Sparke that a gentleman desired to speak to him. Mr. Sparke having left the snugery in obedience to this summons, John Busby and Willum were not a little surprised to hear him exclaim—

"Well, I'm blest! this is the very last thing I should have expected, except your ghost. Why, how are you, Mr. Nixon? Walk in, sir. You'll find somebody inside that you've seen before."

And Jonas Nixon, the next minute, presented himself in the snugery before the astonished gaze of John Busby and Willum.

"Well, sir," repeating Mr. Sparke's words, identically the same, "I should as soon have expected to see your ghost, sir," exclaimed John Busby.

Jonas Nixon smiled, and said that as he had to pass the night in London, on his way to Epsom, and knowing that John Busby always put up at Mr. Sparke's,

he had come up to have a quiet evening with them.

The look of undisguised astonishment with which John Busby received this announcement was so marked that Jonas Nixon could not refrain from laughing outright. Jonas had not thought it necessary to inform John Busby, or any of the friends he had so unexpectedly joined, that the visit which he had paid them had been a matter of discussion and arrangement, that very afternoon, between himself and Mr. Sheraton. That gentleman, in order to carry out the proposition which the Earl of Sackville had made to him respecting Denzil Raikes, had sent for Jonas Nixon, and after various suggestions, and as the result of a rather lengthy discussion, it was arranged between them, with a view to Mr. Sheraton's becoming acquainted with Denzil Raikes, that Jonas Nixon should proceed to the house of Mr. Sparke, ingratiate himself with that gentleman and Raikes, who was known to be a regular visitor at the Horse and Jockey on stated occasions, and that late in the evening Mr. Sheraton should himself drive up to that hostelry, to make believe that he was seeking Jonas Nixon on important business, and that he should in this way be introduced to Denzil Raikes, the rest to be left to Mr. Sheraton himself.

CHAPTER XXII.

JONAS NIXON UNBENDS, AND RELATES A STORY.

JONAS NIXON was very politely invited to take a chair, which he did, and he called for that spirituous support which, it was well known, the Horse and Jockey could supply. For a short time after his arrival, his presence would seem to have had a depressing influence upon both "Willum" and John Busby. Presently, however, Denzil Raikes, who had, no doubt, been sent for by Mr. Sparke, arrived. He was introduced to Jonas Nixon, and, in a very short time, the whole party became very convivial in that snuggerly behind Mr. Sparke's bar.

"You haven't got a bad crib here, Sparke," said Jonas Nixon.

"Well, I've made it a pretty good one, you see," returned Sparke.

"And I should fancy that you are about the man to do it, Sparke, eh!" and Jonas Nixon laughed expressively, as though there were some secret meaning in his remark.

"Been a traveller, I believe?" said Jonas, turning to Denzil Raikes.

"Yes, I've seen a few countries on the face of the globe," replied Raikes.

"Seen much racing in your time?" inquired Jonas Nixon, with a good show of simplicity; for, of course, he knew how intimately connected with the American horse Raikes was.

"Well, I have seen a little of it, in connexion with my friend Sparke here, since I returned to this country," replied Denzil Raikes, smiling.

"Yes," joined in Sparke, and nudging Jonas as he spoke; "and the first bit of racing he was put up to was the steeple-chase down by Sackville Chase."

"Ay, ay!" said Jonas Nixon, with a chuckle, and returning the nudge to Mr. Sparke; then, turning to Denzil Raikes again, he said, "Heavy game that, sir; a very heavy game."

"It certainly was; I cannot deny it," said Denzil Raikes; "and I must confess to having learned a dodge or two—as, I believe, you call it—from our friend Sparke."

Jonas Nixon was not at all gratified to hear this, but he did not say so. He seemed particularly anxious to keep Denzil Raikes in conversation, and to ingratiate himself with him.

"Ah!" he said, "there have been rum games in connexion with steeple-chases; you've seen a few in your time, Sparke—eh?"

Mr. Sparke enjoyed the compliment too much to acknowledge it in words, but he smiled his satisfaction.

"But, Sparke, my boy!" cried Jonas Nixon, who seemed to become more convivial and conversational as the evening advanced, "you never in your born days saw such a game as the steeple-chase. I once saw, not far from our place, a real steeple-chase run from the steeple itself—leastways from the churchyard."

"What were that, sir?" inquired John Busby, while Willum gazed with eager expectation at Jonas Nixon.

"It was the out and outerest, rummiest go I ever saw in all my life," said Jonas Nixon. "It's a good many years ago, now, that what I am going to relate occurred; but it was the funniest affair, I think, I ever witnessed," and then Jonas related the following story of

A STEEPLE-CHASE FROM A CHURCHYARD.

"In our neighbourhood, then, there lived a regular, upright, and straightfor-

ward, jolly old farmer, whose name was Pountney; one of the right sort he was. He farmed a good bit of land, always had first-rate stock, and was particularly fond of steeple-chasing. He had one or two good hunters himself, but he always seemed to take more pleasure in seeing the chase than in taking part in it. As to steeple-chasing, he was always in his glory at that, and he made it a point to be present at every steeple-chase that took place within a hundred miles of his house. He liked it for the sport alone, for he never speculated upon it much. The old chap had in his younger days been married, as I have heard, but his wife died early, and he never supplied her place with another. But although he had no children of his own, his sister had four sons; and these four sons were brought up on their uncle's farm, and it was understood by all the neighbourhood round, that, at the old chap's death, the property would be distributed amongst them; and it was very well known that the jolly old fellow had saved a good deal of money independently of the farm, which was his own property. The four nephews were fine, stalwart young men, industrious too, and they were treated just as though they were sons of old Pountney. When the old man went to the different steeple-chases, he would take one of the boys, as he used to call them, with him, giving each a turn. At home he always kept up a jolly house; and at Christmas time the place was open to all the neighbours round. Old Pountney was a thorough-bred English farmer, a fine old English agriculturist; and at Christmas time his great delight was to make all around him happy and comfortable, and jolly and jovial, and all were welcomed at the old farm-house. On such occasions, his great delight was to set the younger members of his neighbourhood to a little foot steeple-chasing across the great farm-yard, and into the meadow beyond. He would establish stakes of five shillings each, given by himself; and glorious fun it was to see the youngsters jumping the mounds and the hedge into the meadow, and the ditch beyond, and coming in on the opposite side of the farm-yard to the winning-post, where jolly old Pountney would station himself as judge, and immediately after the race was over award the prize to the successful competitor. If the weather happened to be dirty, which was usually the case, he enjoyed it all the more. Nothing de-

lighted him so much, when the ground was muddy and deep, and holding, as to get half a dozen of his labourers to run a long steeple-chase for a sovereign, and if any of them floundered in the mud, he roared again with delight. Old Pountney's house was situated in a beautiful valley, with a brook which meandered through the grounds, and which was very winding. In the distance, on an eminence—it must have been about two miles off—stood the parish church, with its well-filled churchyard round it, looking like a great mound in the distance. Often would the old man stand and look at it from his front door, and say to his visitors, while a twinkle might have been observed in his eye, 'What a fine country it would be for a steeple-chase, from the old church yonder, down to this very door—wouldn't it?' As I have said, the church was about two miles off, straight across the country; but by the road, which was circuitous, it was more than three. Well, years rolled on, and at length the old man was taken ill. He felt that his time was come, but even then he was jolly; said he'd had a long spell of it, and it was time that he was reaped. On his death-bed he sent for an attorney, and had his will made, so as to provide for his four nephews; and this having been done, he gave special instructions about his funeral, and more particularly that his will should be read before the funeral left the house, and that all his neighbours should be invited to attend at the reading of the will, as it was his intention to provide something for all; and when he said 'provide something for all,' it might have been observed that a faint smile stole over his countenance expressive of an inward enjoyment. Shortly after this the old man peacefully and tranquilly died, and the day for the funeral was fixed. Agreeably with the old man's desire, all his friends and neighbours were invited, and a large number of them attended; and as many as could get in assembled in the large room, and at the appointed hour the old man's will was produced, and opened by the legal functionary who had drawn it. All listened with respectful attention to the reading, which was immediately proceeded with. First of all, the deceased left his money, the amount of which was stated, to be equally divided between his four nephews. He then said that he felt some difficulty about the farm, which ought to go only to one, and he did not know which to choose, for he liked them

all equally; in order, therefore, to settle this difficulty, and to provide something pleasing for his friends and neighbours, he had hit upon a plan by which the farm could be satisfactorily disposed of, and it was this:—First of all he should require his four nephews, attired in long cloaks and flowing hatbands, to follow him to the grave and to pay respectful attention to the funeral service that would be read over him. The moment that was concluded, they were to start fairly, in their cloaks and hatbands, and the one that reached the farm-house first was to be the possessor of the farm. For a moment all those who were assembled looked with ludicrous astonishment at the person who was reading the will, and then burst into a roar of laughter. The attorney was requested to read the clause of the will again, which he did, and one which was appended to it, which the testator called ‘the conditions,’ which were that the competitors should run in their cloaks and hatbands, and that none should take the high road, but go across the fields. That the one who came in second should receive 100*l.* from the winner, the third 50*l.*, and the fourth 50*l.*, so that he should pay for the farm 200*l.*—a stake, as the testator added, worth running for. Well, the funeral set out, and a jovial lot you may well understand they were. Long before the procession had arrived at the church, the news of the strange will the old fellow had made had spread in all directions, and so the church-yard was filled with spectators, much to the astonishment of the parson who had to perform the service. Outside the church-yard was a considerable number of horsemen, who had come with the intention of seeing the steeple-chase, and following it up. Well, the coffin was lowered into the grave, and the funeral service was proceeded with; and it was a sight indeed to witness the four brothers, all about of a size, looking eagerly towards the house in the distance, and evidently thinking which would be the best route to take. The nearer the service got to a close, the more manifest this was. When the clergyman had uttered the last line, he was astounded by the shout that was set up by all the spectators, and he stood aghast when he saw the four brothers dash away as though they were mad, tucking up their cloaks and tearing down the church-yard as hard as they could split. He, too, however, laughed heartily with the rest as he saw the brothers leap the

church-yard wall abreast, and take to the field beyond. All the horsemen followed at their heels, and a good many of the pedestrians. Never was there such a steeple-chase seen. The four hatbands waved in the wind, and the cloaks in the distance gave the competitors the appearance of running in black sacks. This appearance, however, was soon changed, for one of the brothers tucked his cloak up and wound it round his body under his arms, and this example the others immediately followed, and then they all looked as if they had swimming-belts on. At the first hedge one of the brothers, who was leading, split his trousers all down the leg in front, while another, in taking the leap, floundered on all fours into the mud on the other side, and thereby changed his personal appearance and hue instantaneously. On, however, they tore at a glorious pace, and they approached the brook where nearly all the parish had assembled. As of course this was the great leap of the line, no little curiosity was manifested about it, and when the competitors arrived at the field in which the brook was situated, there was a tremendous shout, and all were in a great state of excitement. Up to this point the brothers had all kept together, and this order of things was not changed until reaching the brook. The water had been much swollen by recent rain, and so the leap was much greater than usual. On they came, however, full of determination. They all arrived together, took the leap together, and all jumped slap into the middle of the brook. The roar that this occasioned might have been heard a mile off. The competitors, however, were not damped in their ardour. They scrambled to the other side, got on the land again, and again made the running in a most ludicrous pickle. By the time they arrived at the hedge leading into the farm-yard, they were a mass of mud, each of them. The final struggle had now to come; they had kept tolerably well together, and now the youngest of the four made a desperate effort, cleared the last hedge in advance, dashed across the yard, and came up to the door where the attorney was waiting as judge, and won the farm by half a dozen yards.”

This story of Jonas Nixon amused his auditors mightily, and Willum asseverated that “bust his buttons if it warn’t the spreeishist go he’d ever listened to;” and then, after a moment’s thought, he cried, “Lord! shouldn’t I like to a seen ‘em

taking the creek!" and he laughed at the picture that was suggested to his mind, and so did the rest of the company. They were in the midst of their hilarity, when it was announced that a gentleman wished particularly to see Mr. Nixon.

"Why, who could have known that I was here?" exclaimed Jonas Nixon, with well-feigned astonishment. "Ask him his name," he said to the man at the door.

The man did as he was desired, and immediately returned with the announcement that it was Mr. Sheraton.

"Mr. Sheraton!" cried John Busby, in real excitement.

"Muster Sheraton!" exclaimed Willum, equally surprised.

"Mr. Sheraton!" said Jonas Nixon, as though he were surprised too. "Ask him in here; eh, Sparke?"

This was just the very thing that Sparke would desire to do, and a close observer might have discovered a gleam of satisfaction in the countenance of Denzil Raikes.

Mr. Sheraton was accordingly shown in, and Jonas Nixon introduced him to the company.

"Dear, dear," thought Willum, "how very perlithe he is!" but Willum did not say anything.

"Genelmen all," said Jonas, "this is the genelman as is the owner of the favourite Castways. He ain't such a good favourite as the Yankey Doodle; but never mind, you'll see what you shall see, wont they, sir?" (This to Mr. Sheraton).

Mr. Sheraton smiled blandly to all around, and said, that he and his friends had got their money on the colt advantageously placed, averaging very long odds indeed; therefore there was no necessity to make any further secret about the horse. "He is indeed," he said, "a wonder; and when he appears, you will all be astonished at him."

"Here's a gent here as wont be particularly pleased at what you're a-sayin' of, sir, I'm a thinkin'," said Jonas.

"Indeed! how is that?" inquired Mr. Sheraton.

"Why, this gent here as is a-sitting next to me, is Mr. Van Bruggen's most intimate friend."

"Indeed!" cried Mr. Sheraton, in simulated astonishment.

"Oh, sir," said Denzil Raikes, "your

friend is quite in error, I can assure you, for I am glad to hear that you have got such a clipper!"

"Sir, I am pleased to hear you say so," said Mr. Sheraton.

"And I was already aware of the fact," said Denzil Raikes.

"Indeed!" cried Mr. Sheraton, glancing at Jonas Nixon.

"You know'd it?" exclaimed that individual.

"I did," replied Denzil Raikes, coolly; "I knew all about it."

At this point Mr. Sparke went hastily across the room, pretending to take something from the table that was in front of Denzil Raikes, but in reality to tread upon that gentleman's toe, as a warning to him to be cautious.

"I hope you wont think me too curious in asking how you knew this?" said Mr. Sheraton, with his bland smile.

"Oh, certainly not," replied Denzil Raikes; "you are doubtless acquainted with Lord Belfleur?"

"Lord Belfleur!" cried Mr. Sheraton, "of course I am."

"So am I," said Raikes, "and so is Mr. Van Bruggen, who knew the young lord in America."

"Then, I suppose they frequently meet?" Mr. Sheraton inquired.

"Very often," said Denzil Raikes; "and let me tell you this much, perhaps you don't know that Lord Belfleur has a higher notion of our American horse than he has of your incognito; but perhaps that's prejudice; he has seen a good deal of the horse, and has taken a fancy to him. I should like you to see him, too."

If Mr. Sheraton had known his new friends all his life, he could not have been more at home with them than he was in half an hour, and the whole party made a night of it. When they broke up, Mr. Sheraton said he was delighted to have made the acquaintance of Denzil Raikes, and pressed him to dine with him the next day but one. Denzil Raikes consented to do so. He said he had rather an important engagement that morning, which might delay him some time, but he would be with Mr. Sheraton at the time appointed.

"An appointment?" said Mr. Sparke, inquiringly.

"Yes," replied Denzil Raikes, "with Agony Jack's grandmother."

(To be continued.)

26 OC63

NO MORE PILLS OR ANY OTHER MEDICINE.

PERFECT digestion, strong nerves, sound lungs, healthy liver, refreshing sleep, functional regularity, and energy, restored to the most disordered or enfeebled—removing speedily and effectually indigestion (dyspepsia), cough, asthma, consumption, habitual constipation, diarrhoea, all gastric derangements, hæmorrhoids, liver complaints, flatulency, nervousness, biliousness, fevers, sore throats, diphtheria, catarrhs, colds, influenza, noises in the head and ears, rheumatism, gout, impurities, eruptions, hysteria, neuralgia, irritability, sleeplessness, acidity, palpitation, heartburn, headache, debility, dropsy, cramps, spasms, nausea and sickness even in pregnancy or at sea, sinking fits, bronchitis, scrofula, tightness of the chest, pains at the pit of the stomach and between the shoulders, &c.,—by

DU BARRY'S DELICIOUS HEALTH-RESTORING REVALENTA ARABICA FOOD

We quote a few out of 60,000 Cures.

Cure No. 58,216, of the Marchioness de Bréhan, Paris, 17th April, 1862.—“In consequence of a liver complaint, I was wasting away for seven years, and so debilitated and nervous that I was unable to read, write, or in fact, attend to anything, with a nervous palpitation all over, bad digestion, constant sleeplessness, and the most intolerable nervous agitation, which prevented even my sitting down for hours together. The noises of the street, and even the voice of my maid, annoyed me. I felt dreadfully low-spirited, and all intercourse with the world had become painful to me. Many medical men, English as well as French, had prescribed for me in vain. In perfect despair I took to DU BARRY'S Revalenta Arabica, and lived on this delicious food for three months. The good God be praised! it has completely revived me, I am myself again, and able to make and receive visits, and resume my social position. Considering it a duty, in the interest of suffering humanity, to give all possible publicity to this, in my humble opinion, invaluable remedy, I authorise you to publish my appreciation of its efficacy. Accept, sir, the assurance of my deepest gratitude and of my highest consideration.—MARCHIONESS DE BRÉHAN.”

Cure No. 71, of dyspepsia, from the Right Hon. the Lord Stuart de Decies, Lord Lieutenant of the County of Waterford: “I have derived much benefit from your excellent food.—STUART DE DECIES, Dromana, Cappoquin, County Waterford.”

Cure No. 54,816, from the Rev. James T. Campbell, Syderstone Rectory, near Fakenham, Norfolk.—“In all cases of indigestion, and particularly when the liver is more than usually affected, I consider it the best of all remedies. It regulates the bile, and makes it flow, in cases which would not admit of mercury in any shape. In short, a healthy flow of bile is one of its earliest and best symptoms. You can make what use you please of this communication.—I am, gentlemen, &c., JAMES T. CAMPBELL.”

Cure No. 52,422.—“Bridge House, Frimley, Surrey.—Thirty-three years' diseased lungs, spitting of blood, liver derangement, deafness, ringing in the ears, constipation, debility, shortness of breath, and cough, have been removed by your Revalenta Arabica. My lungs, liver, stomach, head, and ears are all right, my hearing perfect, and my recovery is a marvel to all my acquaintances.—JAMES ROBERTS, Timber Merchant.”

Cure No. 49,832.—Of fifty years' indescribable agony from dyspepsia, nervousness, asthma, cough, constipation, flatulency, spasms, sickness, and vomiting, Maria Joly, of Lynn, Norfolk.

Cure No. 47,121.—Miss Elizabeth Jacobs, of extreme nervousness, indigestion, gathering, low spirits, and nervous fancies.

Cure No. 56,814.—Mr. Samuel Laxton, Leicester, of two years' diarrhoea.

The Food is sold in Canisters, 1 lb., 2s. 9d.; 2 lb., 4s. 6d.; 12 lb., 22s.; 24 lb., 40s. Super-refined quality, 1 lb., 6s.; 2 lb., 11s.; 5 lb., 22s.; 10 lb., 33s. The 10 lb., 12 lb., and 24 lb. Canisters carriage-free on receipt of Post-Office Order by BARRY DU BARRY & Co., 77, Regent Street, London; 26, Place Vendôme, Paris; and 12, Rue de l'Empereur, Brussels; FORTNUM & MASON, 182, Piccadilly; AUBIN, 61, Gracechurch Street; also PHILLIPS & Co. (Tea Dealers), BATTY, PETTY, & WOOD, London; and all respectable Grocers and Chemists.

ACCIDENTS

BY ROAD, RIVER, OR RAILWAY,

ACCIDENTS

IN THE FIELD, THE STREETS, OR AT HOME,

MAY BE PROVIDED AGAINST AT

64, CORNHILL, LONDON,

BY TAKING A POLICY OF THE

RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY,

WHICH HAS ALREADY PAID

£140,000
COMPENSATION

FOR

ACCIDENTS OF ALL KINDS,

TO PROFESSIONAL MEN, TRADESMEN, &c.

IN 75 FATAL CASES, & 6,880 CASES OF PERSONAL INJURY

Rates and further particulars can be obtained at the Railway Stations, of
any of the Local Agents, or at the

HEAD OFFICE, 64, CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.

*Railway Passengers' Assurance Company,
Empowered by Special Act of
Parliament, 1825.*

WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary.